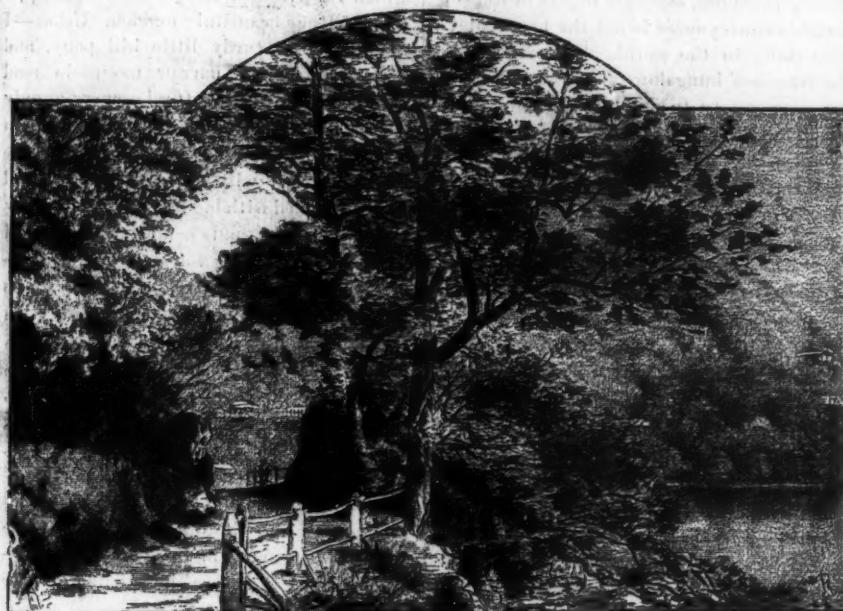


# NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

OCTOBER, 1880.

TO PINDRI AND BACK.



VIEW OF NYNEE TAL.

THE North-west provinces of British India, with the exception of Kinnaur and Gurhwal in the Himalaya Mountains, are flat, monotonous, and, in their physical aspects, exceedingly uninteresting and unpicturesque, while from April to October their climate in temperature is almost unendurable. Even when shut up in the dark, thick-walled, windowless bungalows, with all the customary appliances for cooling, there is more or less discomfort from heat, and *ennui* and *lassitude* are unavoidable.

Hence, to an old resident especially, there is nothing more refreshing or invigorating than a tour in the mountains during the

hot season. Would you not, dear reader, enjoy such a rural excursion? Come with me, then, on a tour among the lofty guardians of the north, and let us find Him-aliya, "the abode of snow," and climb to where Pindri's frozen river slowly seeks the valley, to be dissolved into a mountain torrent, dashing down its rocky channel.

On an unusually hot August evening the old four-wheeled, box-shaped public conveyance with its two hard-used but ill-fed looking horses was at my door in Setapoor, Oudh, and after eight long, sleepless hours, divided between waiting for the dawn and drinking cold tea (nothing stronger) out of

a black bottle, I was put down for refreshments and a few hours' rest at the beautiful American mission-home in the city of Lucknow. The night train on the Oudh and Rohilkund Railroad got me to Moradabad, the extremity of the line, by 8 o'clock A. M., when, taking the stage at 6 P. M., I was, after a good shaking up, in Kalidungi at four next morning. This place is right up against the hills, and the heat of the plains was ended. Two hundred and fifty miles during three hot, sleepless nights in uncomfortable conveyances is not the most enjoyable thing in the world. But as I sat in the travelers' bungalow taking my toast and tea, preparatory to climbing the mountain to Nynee Tal, how pleasant and refreshing it was to look out upon the gray mountain-side and get a good, long breath of pure mountain air! Before me in all their solemn grandeur stood earth's loftiest mountains, rising so abruptly from the floor-like plains that I could almost walk upon the level and place my hand upon their rugged sides. In the midst of a vast continent of lesser mountains, amid perpetual snows glistening and sparkling in the sunlight, rises the central chain, more than one thousand miles in length, eighty in width, and rising to a height in some places exceeding two thousand eight hundred feet above the sea level. To the Hindoo these mountains are sacred.—the chosen abode of the third person of the Hindoo trinity, who threw them up as a hiding-place upon his retreat from Lauka, the present Ceylon; the source of the sacred and deified Ganges and Jamna, which issue from the eternal snows amid scenes awful and sublime; the locality of numerous noted shrines and bathing places, such as Badrinath and Kidrinath, to which millions of pilgrims and devotees annually resort, thus showing the continued vitality of Hindooism; the haunt of mysterious evil spirits, who, by feigned sounds, allure travelers to destruction; the Hindoo, superstitious and credulous, but always religious and devout, lifts his eyes unto the hills and worships and adores.

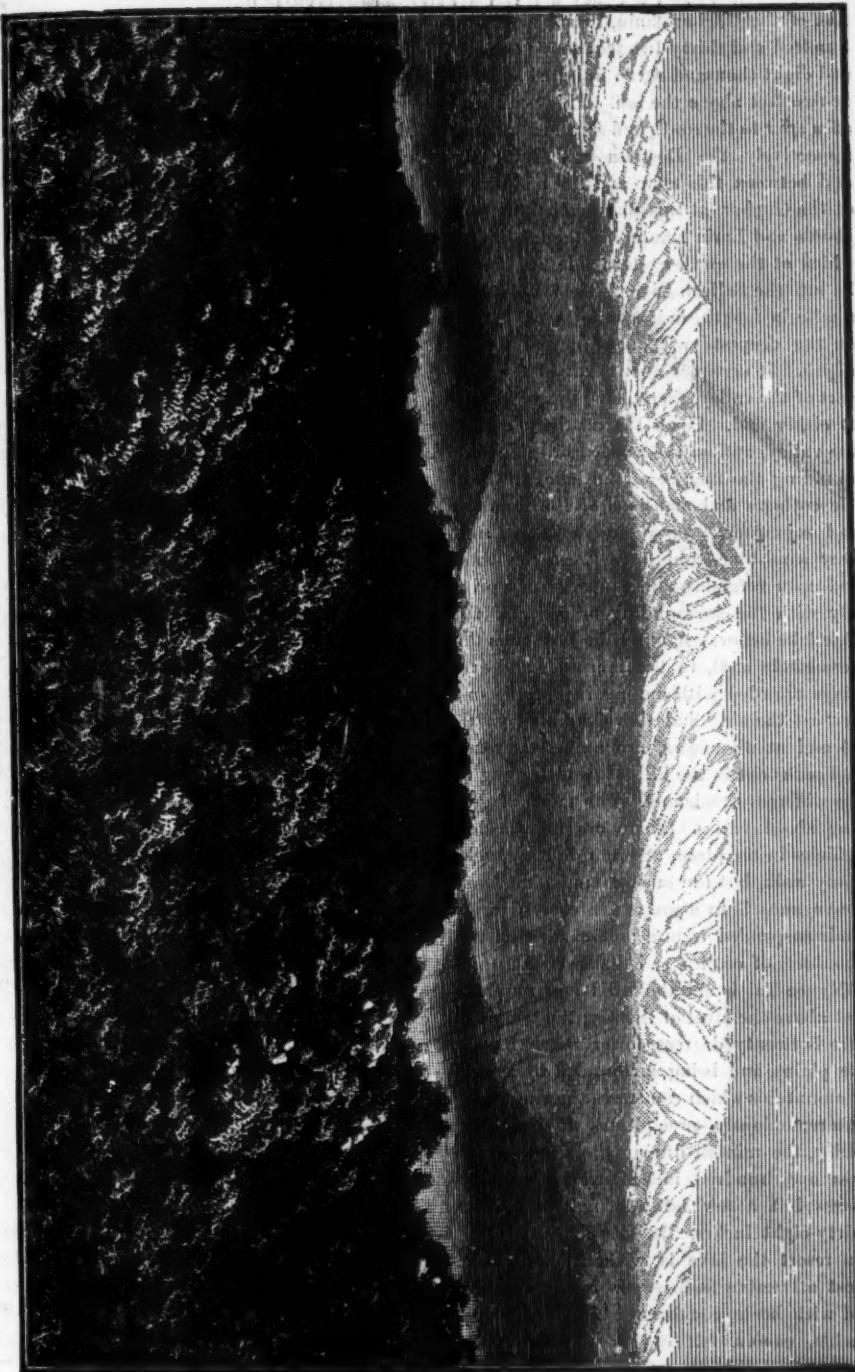
Among the many curious traditions relating to the origin and accounting for the ap-

pearance of this great continent of mountains, there is none more quaint and original than that one in which it is stated that when the Almighty had formed "the earth and the world," and with his apron full of mountains was distributing them over the globe and came to the North of Hindostan, he grew weary of his task and dropped the whole of them from his lap, and thus was formed the Himalaya range.

At dawn—in India a most lovely hour, which the Hindoos have deified in the person of the beautiful maiden, Ushas—I mounted my sturdy little hill pony, and proceeded up the narrow mountain road amid such exquisite natural scenery as only such mountains can afford. Tall oaks, such as would be worthy "the building of the ship," covered with moss and ferns, and often festooned with big-leaved vines; stately perennial pines and hemlocks; beautiful wild flowers, rushing torrents, fearful precipices, cascades, and waterfalls, lofty summits towering above the path with projecting rocks threatening destruction; pure, fresh, cool air, a sky as blue as indigo; long-tailed, comical-faced, gray-whiskered monkeys, springing from tree to tree; birds singing and chirping and flying every-where; and, as I ascended, the ocean-like plains in view stretching away off toward Bareilly and Moradabad, and the outline of the mountains unfolding, and the prospect enlarging—all combined to arouse the spirits and give new life and vigor.

At Mangoli traveler's bungalow, midway between Kalidungi and Nynee Tal, up out of the physical and mental mists and impurities and unwholesomeness of the heated plains, I breakfasted at 9 o'clock, and pushing on, only stopping to gather some rare ferns at the wayside, reached the beautiful Sanitarium of Nynee Tal at 12 o'clock, and thus concluded the first stage of the mountain journey.

Naine Tal is a pretty little lake, named after the local goddess, Naine, lying sixteen miles up in the mountains in a picturesque valley in the Gaghār range, near the center of British Kinnar. Mount Chena on the north side of the valley is the highest eleva-



THE TERANGOLI RANGE.

tion of the Gaghar chain, two thousand one hundred and thirty-two feet above the lake, and eight thousand seven hundred and thirty-two feet above the sea. This peak sends off a spur to the south and south-east, named respectively the Deopâta and Ayarpâta; and between this spur and the main range of the Gaghar, at this place called Shere kâ Dauda and Laria Kâuta, lies the tal, or lake, which at the south-western side has its outlet into the Balleah River. The lake is about a mile in length, half a mile in width, and at the deepest part one hundred feet in depth. It occupies about half of the level part of the valley, there being native bazaars at either end. Upon the northern end of the valley, and on the wooded hill-sides surrounding the margin of the lake, are built the cottages and mansions of the residents and sojourners. They are built of soft, gray sandstone, and have sheet-iron roofs and open verandas, and contrast very prettily with the surrounding foliage and the blue lake below. Around the lake runs the promenade mall, in the mornings and evenings crowded with interesting people out to "eat the air," and above, running parallel and at all angles, are numerous roads and paths cut in the hill-side and leading to the different residences. The mode of getting about varies. There are no wheeled vehicles in the place. Some ride horseback, many walk, but the most common mode of conveyance is in a *jampan*, a covered arm-chair suspended from a pole carried on the shoulders of coolies, called *Jampanis*.

Nynee Tal is six thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea; the temperature is twenty degrees lower than that of the plains, and being surrounded by a wall of mountains which condenses the vapor and unceremoniously precipitates it into the valley, the rainfall during the season averages one hundred inches, while in other places but a few miles distant it is but thirty-eight inches. In this lovely mountain resort the lake is, without doubt, the most attractive feature. It is usually dotted with boats, row-boats, skiffs, sail boats, yachts, canoes, full of happy ladies, gentlemen, and children enjoying an hour's sail

or out for an evening's exercise. Ascending from the lake to the summit of the surrounding mountains a most magnificent prospect is presented. Snow seat, the land slide, and Mount Chena afford sights worth circumnavigating the globe to behold. From Shere kâ Dauda can be seen on the one hand the vast level plains stretching away off for scores of miles like the "dark, deep, blue ocean," and on the other hand range on range of mountains like the "dark, deep, blue ocean's" mighty waves by some enchanter's hand congealed, each range more lofty and magnificent than the last, until the eternal snows sparkle and glisten against the sky—one of the grandest sights this world affords. But go and see the sun rise from the summit of Mount Chena. Although it is a good two hour's climb, and one must rise at two o'clock in the morning, all the exertion and weariness and inconvenience is repaid by the magnificent view obtained. The Tra-söoli range, a long, sharp, sparkling ridge of the whitest snow, extending for more than two hundred miles in view, bursts upon the sight as you come suddenly to the summit. The king of day comes forth in his chariot of gold, casting the glory of his royal presence upon the plains, transforming them into the richest colors and making the "mountains break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands." Right down, two thousand feet below, so that you could almost leap into it, glistens the lake, bathed in morning light, with the tiny white sails of the boats moving slowly over the mirror like surface, the bazaars at either end, the white walled, black and red roofed houses among the dark green trees on the mountain sides, with the gray serpent-like roads winding here and there among them; all so dreamy and calm and silent and peaceful and cool, with so much of the Swiss scenery about it, that it is difficult to believe, if the pale faces of those just from the plains were not convincing testimony to the fact, that, but a few miles below, the thermometer is 180° and thousands are panting for breath. It was to this beautiful hill station, then for the first time being used as a sanitarium, that Dr. William Butler,

founder of the prosperous American Methodist mission, fled for his life from the mutineers of 1857, who in Bareilly burnt his house and scattered his flock. But in Nynee Tal he turned a sheep-house into a chapel, and preached the Gospel to the fugitives. There is now a prosperous English and native Church, flourishing schools, and property belonging to the mission valued at fifty thousand dollars.

After feasting my eyes for a few days upon this lovely scenery, which I have described, I continued my journey, in company with three genial and cultivated, withal enthusiastic, fellow travelers, towards our much talked of objective point, Pindri Glacier in the Trasooli range. Our preparations were simple and outfit inexpensive. Three boxes of provisions, such as hunter's beef, biscuits, cheese, and jams, four bundles of bedding well wrapped, twelve coolies to carry the boxes and bundles and a peon to look after the carriers of the boxes, and a cook to cook what was in the boxes, made up the sum total of our caravan. At nine o'clock, on the rainy morning of the 6th of September, we set out, alpenstock in hand, and umbrella over head and thick commissariat boots under feet, and had an invigorating march of fourteen miles to the traveler's bungalow at Ramgarh between Nynee Tal and Almora. The first six miles were down hill through a fine old oak forest, past a stock farm, to Bharméli where we breakfasted "all seated on the ground," in the rude porch of a little native shop. Then three miles up the mountain side, from which we had a fine view of the two little lakes, Bhim Tal and Malawa Tal, nestling in the valleys on our right and shining like mirrors under the noonday sun. Near Ramgarh we turned aside and visited a fruit farm and tea plantation, where we got some fine apples and walnuts and saw the common but valuable tea plant covering the terraced fields. Next day, rising early and throwing two marches into one, we went to Almora. The first half of the march was mostly up hill to Peora traveler's bungalow, where we breakfasted at 11 A. M. in the veranda, "bleak Almora's hill," as Bishop Heber

called it truly, plainly in view eight miles before us. The little watermills on the streams, rice fields, with their yellow waving grain ripening to the harvest, a great pile of iron ore by the roadside near half-finished works abandoned for want of fuel to melt the ore, and a magnificent view of the snows as we came suddenly to the summit of a ridge, were some of the interesting things by the way. A three miles' walk down through a pine forest to the Kosi River and five miles up a wearisome hill, brought us, at 4 P. M., to the capital of Kumaon, where we spent the next day, a delightful Sabbath of rest, in the home of friends. Almora is a Hindoo city taken from them by the English after severe fighting, and, with the whole of the provinces of Kumaon and Gurhwal, annexed in 1813. It is situated upon a rocky barren knoll five thousand four hundred and ninety-four feet above the sea, being one thousand feet below Nynee Tal, and thus warmer and drier, not so picturesque but healthier. On Monday we had a hot nine hours' march to Takula bungalow, stopping by the way at Buisar Fork for breakfast. At an old temple near the end of the march, I saw one of those saddening sights one so often sees in India. An old Hindoo devotee was fulfilling a vow made to his god to hold his right arm in a perpendicular position for fifteen years. There he sat at the temple door, maimed for life, asking alms of the passers by, a living illustration of the hardships and tyranny of Hindooism.

The fifth day out from Nynee Tal we got to Baghishwar, "the Garden of God." Thirteen miles down hill, along a level, up a steep, down a long hill through lofty pines and past a beautiful waterfall to the rapid noisy Surfu River; then up its fruitful rice covered valley through the old town and over the bridge, tired and hungry, to the nice stone traveler's bungalow on the bank of the stream. Baghishwar is the most important town between Almora and Pindri, but we found it almost empty, the residents being in Almora trading or in their fields gathering rice. There are two fine old temples here, full of grotesque gods and god-

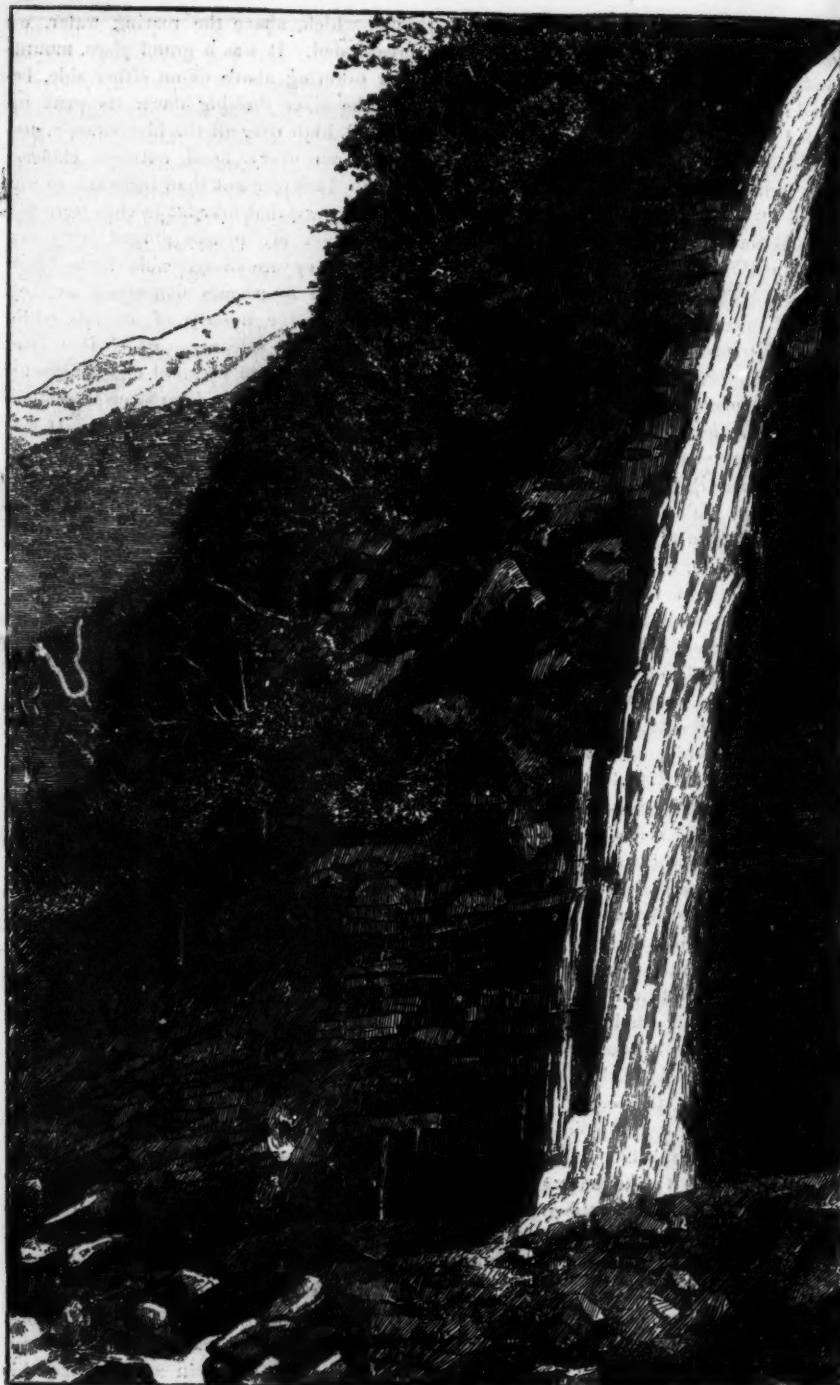


ALMOHA.

deesses. After much persuasion and "*bakhish*," I prevailed upon one of the old temple priests to part with a curiously carved arm of the goddess Lakhshmi, which I carried away as a relic and afterwards had the honor of presenting to General Grant during his tour in India. I was amused at the curiosity of a shopman who had by some means obtained the cover of a "*London Punch*" with a picture of the comic old gentleman on the outside. With an air of mystery and with great interest, he brought forth his treasure to inquire "where that peculiar race of men were to be found, one of whose pictures this was." The Surfu Valley is hot, but the scenery is fine, and sport, such as shooting and fishing, is good. There rushes, walnuts, wild honey, and plantains are in abundance. Our next march was right up this valley fifteen miles to Kapot, where, in the little two-roomed house, with one of the rooms already occupied, I tried with indifferent success to sleep upon the soft side of a small dinner table. Our supply of English bread gave out at breakfast, and for the rest of the march our "staff of life" was the native "*chapaty*," of which we consumed in all some four hundred. It is wonderful with what ease they are made and with what dispatch consumed by a hungry man. A native strikes fire from his steel, makes dough of his pound of coarse flour with water from the running brook or adjacent well, makes a little ball the size of a walnut, pats it quite thin between his (often dirty) hands, claps it on an iron plate or thin stone over the fire, bakes it brown, and eats it and half a dozen like it, in half an hour. So far our route had been comparatively level, but now we were to have it rougher, the scenery bolder and more romantic. Our next point was Loharkhet, or "blacksmith's field," on the side of a mountain over which we must pass to reach the Pindri River, as the greater part of the route lies in the valley of the Surfu, and up the more contracted and rocky course of the Pindri. We walked some four miles up the Surfu, then over a sharp ridge and down to the Surfu again, and along that stream for four miles more to a pretty bridge,

upon which, above the roaring water, we breakfasted. It was a grand place, mountains towering above us on either side, below the river dashing down its pent up channel, high over all the blue canopy, and around on every hand nature's choicest works. Less pleasant than these things was the discovery, that four fat leeches were fastened upon my person, gorged with my blood. They are disagreeable little black worms and sometimes dangerous, as they often enter the nostrils of animals while drinking at the streams in which they live. Leaving the Surfu we went eight miles up steps. The mountain is so steep that stone steps have been built up its side. It was the longest and most wearisome going up stairs I ever did. But the higher we went the lower the thermometer and the fairer and broader the view. From the summit is visible a continent of mountains, the peaks of the highest capped with the eternal snows. The beautiful evergreen oaks are festooned with long white moss, giving them a venerable appearance, the hill-sides are covered with strawberries, while magnificent ferns of the most beautiful species abound everywhere. Dakavi, our next halting place, is in the midst of a field of these ferns some of whose leaves are six feet in length. On the 14th we marched from Dakavi past Khati to Dewale at the junction of Pindri and Kapini rivers. The march between Khati and Dewale was the most romantic we had.

The lofty, thickly wooded mountains lift their heads on either side of the narrow rocky valley, down which, from its source but a few miles above in the glacier, rushes and tumbles and roars in frantic haste the ice cold and muddy Pindri, crossed in three places by rude temporary bridges which shook beneath our feet and threatened our certain destruction. We rested during Sabbath at Dewale. Every thing is bold and grand about the place and almost compels a man to say, "I believe in God." It is very easy to realize the Creator at Dewale. No wonder Jesus went up into a mountain to pray. Ararat, Sinai, Carmel, Pisgah, Tabor, and Olivet mark earth's most sacred spots. And standing in a place like this



WATERFALL ON PINDRI RIVER.

one almost instinctively sings with Dr. Bonar:

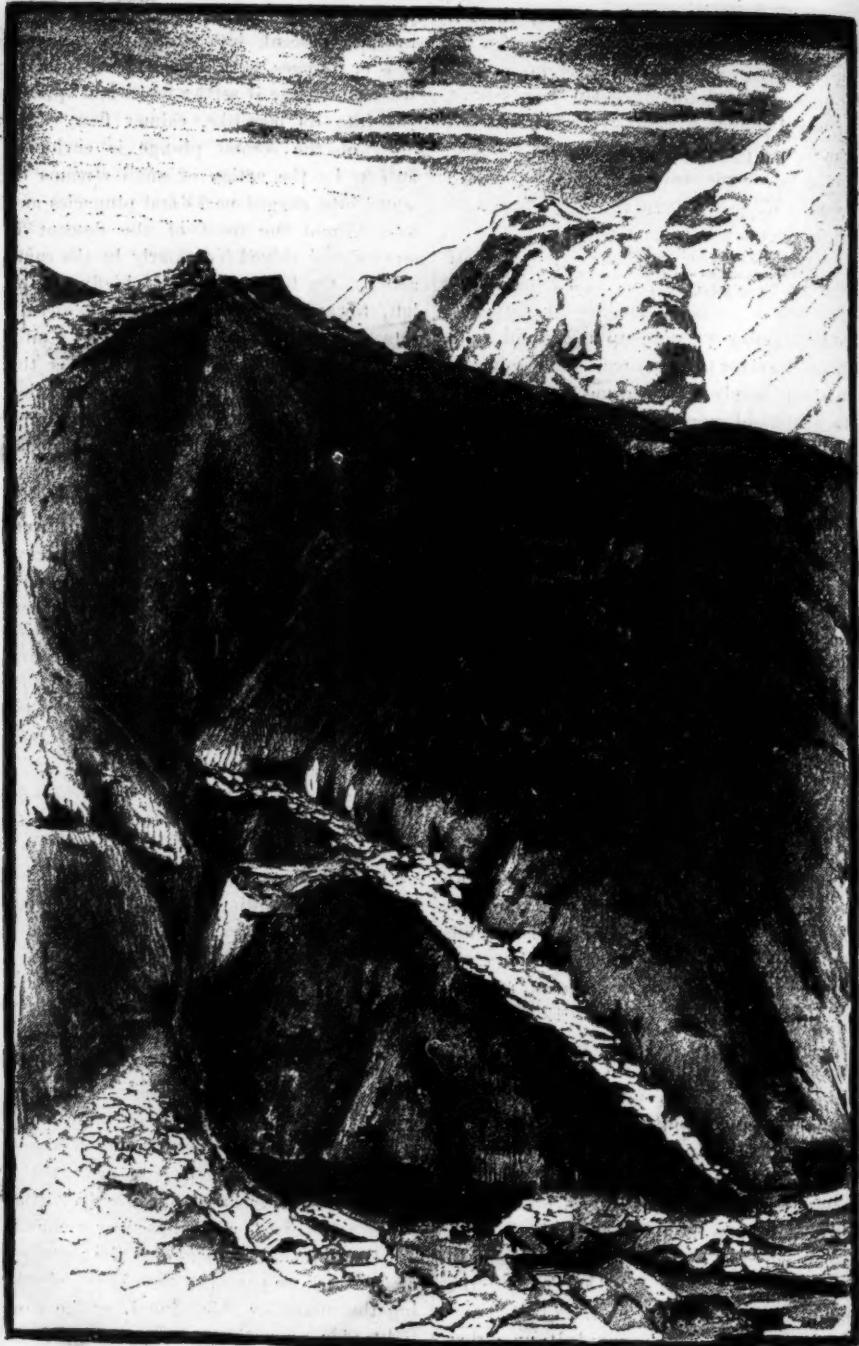
"I stand upon the mount of God  
With sunlight in my soul:  
I hear the storms in vales beneath,  
I hear the thunder roll;  
But I am calm with thee, my God,  
Beneath these glorious skies;  
And to the height to which I stand  
No storms nor clouds can rise.  
O, this is life! O, this is joy!  
My God to find thee so;  
Thy face to see, thy voice to hear,  
And all thy love to know."

On Monday we were up at 4 A. M., and off up the river to its source—Pindri glacier. It was a lovely morning, not a cloud, and the grand old snows right in front sparkling like diamonds. With hurried step and many a joyous shout, breathing the pure morning air and drinking the cold water from the mountain streams, we passed on up the valley to the base of the snowy range which seemed from Dewali but two miles distant, so clear was the air, when in fact it was twelve. We passed upon our right and left beautiful cascades and cataracts, small streams of pure water flowing over the perpendicular sides of the mountains and dashed into spray at their foot. Soon we were climbing the rough sides of a huge block of ice, as large as a house, washed down the river, then an ice-bridge, and in a few minutes were at Parkeya travelers' bungalow. Parkeya, like Dewali, is beautiful for situation, and has this additional recommendation, that it is in the immediate vicinity of the snows. There they stand, the lofty, silent, grand old Trasooli range of mountains, piled up against the sky as enduring as time and as unchanging as the foundations of the earth. With keen appetites, but breakfasting in haste, we seized our alpen-stocks and climbed to the glacier. A better pen than mine has thus described the scene:

"It is a huge river of ice, a frozen waterfall, coming down for miles, a long, high valley, which it completely fills from side to side. The top of it, far back among the mountains, can not be seen from below, and the lofty peaks which guard it on either hand, are covered with huge masses of per-

petual snow. It does not come down in a uniform descent, but makes two immense falls or plunges, with a short, level interval between, before it settles down and spreads out into its lake-like, calmer flow. The crest of the second plunge is curiously broken by the action of small streams of water into rugged peaks and pinnacles and towers, and the front of the descent is seamed and ridged irregularly by the same action. On both sides, but chiefly on the left, toward which the current evidently sets, stretching down into the valley a mile or two after the ice mainly ends, is the "moraine," an irregular bank of high piled rocks and earth, a startling testimony to the real movement of the ice and the tremendous power it exerts. We saw it in its short Summer play-time, when it presents its mildest aspects, and permits adventurous travelers to thrust their sticks into its crevices and clamber about upon its slippery declivities. But in the long Winter, when the storms howl and the snow lies deep, how wild and savage a front it must lift, and how fearful a thing then it would be to look it in the face!"

From the top of the rough moraine we looked down upon the ice-river, reaching away up the valley to the region of unending solitude and down to where the silent sunshine dissolved it into a roaring torrent. As we walked upon the top of the moraine we had fine sport rolling great boulders down its steep side, watching them bound and jump and plunge until they struck the ice below with a heavy sound. At one place there was a great dark cavern, into which after much exertion we tumbled from the top of the ridge a great stone, surprised at the time required for it to reach the bottom, and the far-away sound which came when it did so. We had brought our lunch along, and ate it up there, leaning against the mountain which barred our way, rejoicing in the grand sights around us on every hand. All that day and the next and the morning of the third we passed at the glacier, climbing the mountain sides, watching the sunlight play upon the snow, gathering ferns and wild flowers, and rare and beautiful



THE PINDRI GLACIER.

stones, and drinking in health and inspiration with the atmosphere around us, and the pure water gushing from the mountain side. Pindri glacier is one of nature's workshops. It is a first-class gymnasium, and I am sure there would be less need to "see a doctor for a poisonous draught" if there were a more constant and universal patronage of such places.

The forenoon of the 18th found us, with many a backward glance, on our way down the Pindri River, retracing our steps to Nynee Tal and to the plains of Oudh. Past the beautiful waterfalls, past Dewali without halting, past the snow-bridge, and over the shaky wooden ones, to Khati, where we spent the night amid fields of red cocks-comb, sleeping to the sound of the river. Next day we went up the hill to Dakari and down the stone steps to Lubarkhet, two hard marches thrown into one, which tried our strength to the utmost, and as the men with the food fell to the rear, we got nothing to eat from early morning till night. But we were rewarded for our extra work by receiving letters from Nynee Tal. The enterprising letter post extends to this place, and we had daily mail almost during the remainder of the tour. In fact, the conveniences of these latter days far exceed those of a few years ago, when the absence of travelers' bungalows compelled the traveler to take tents and camp equipage, and an army of coolies to carry it, all involving great expense and no end of trouble. But now the government houses for travelers are built at convenient distances along the route up to the very snows. They are usually small stone houses of two rooms, and bath-rooms and heavy furniture, the whole costing about six hundred dollars, for which a fee of half a dollar a day is charged each traveler who occupies the building. A man is left in charge of each house whose special business it is to attend to the convenience of travelers and collect the dues. Some of these men are peculiar specimens. The old watchman at Dakari asked me for some brandy, but when he was refused and found out from the servants that we were temperance men, he declared

that he had asked for honey. The solid rough-voiced pahari at Lubarkhet wanted some quinine for himself, but when I felt his pulse and told him he had no fever, he said he had forgotten, that the medicine was for his little sister who *had* fever. The hill men are much more robust and active and independent than the plains men, and while more manly in looks and action, they are not so intelligent and are more superstitious. Their language is a miserable dialect of Sanskrit and Hindoo.

We returned on the old route to Baghishwar, where we spent Sunday, the 22d, then turned off to the right up the Goonity River, and went to Nynee Tal via Dwarahath and Ranekhet. This route is an exceedingly pleasant one. Up the Goonity, then along a small stream flowing into it for six miles amid lofty hemlocks, whose great cones lay all about, over a hill richly carpeted with grass, and down to a bridge where we spread our cloth and enjoyed a good breakfast, then down the rich, rice-growing Kosse Valley, whose beautifully terraced sides, fruited with ripening grain, shine white and green in the sunshine, to Samishwar. As we drew near to the bungalow, tired from our fifteen miles' walk, not noticing the position of the bridge over the river, and desirous of reaching the house as speedily as possible, we "cut across," and assaying to obtain the opposite shore on promiscuous slippery stones, were compelled to spend the evening in drying our unmentionables, which, if it did not furnish an agreeable pastime, contributed to our merriment. Next day, on our way to Dwarahath, we visited the Lode tea plantation. One thing which attracted my attention, as I passed up the way to the manufactory, was the tallow tree on either side. This tree is from Chinn, beautiful in appearance, smooth branches, silver leaves, and it grows to the height of twenty or thirty feet. The tallow is obtained by bruising and boiling the cherry-like seed, when the tallow rises to the surface. It is used for burning, for anointing, and for medicine. The tea manufacturing process is simple and inexpensive. The young leaves are picked several times a year, wilted in the sun, heated in



HILL MEN.

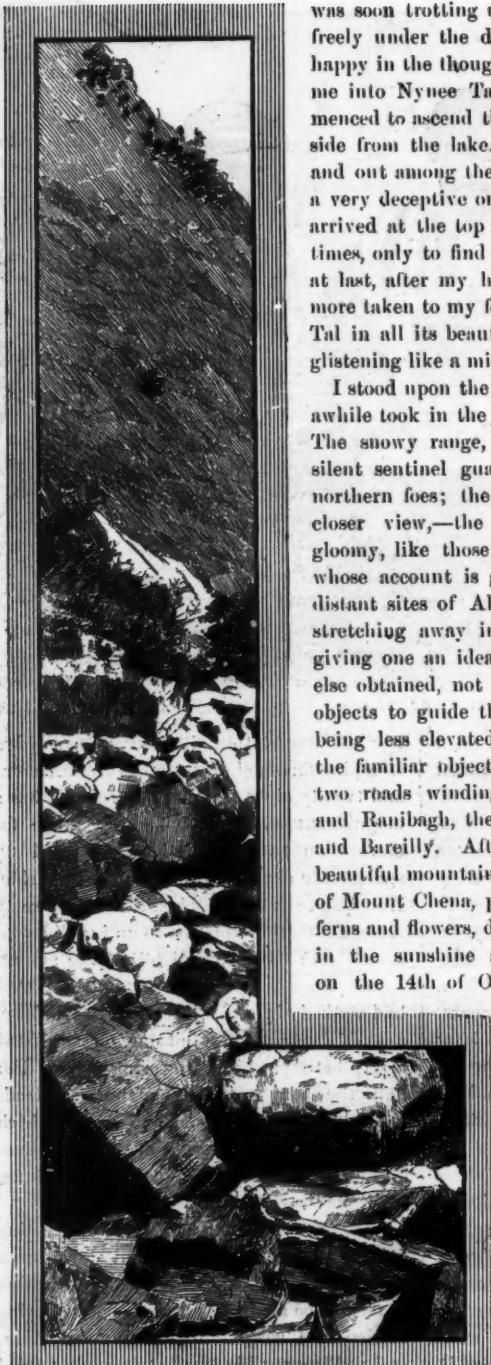


A GROUP OF HINDOOS.

pans over a furnace, rolled by hand on a table, put in the sun, heated and rolled again, dried, fanned, and sifted—the age of the leaf and the fineness of the siftings producing the different brands of tea. The tea manufactured in these Kunnum Mountains is mostly green, which finds a market in Central Asia. Passing along down to a lower valley where the sun was very hot, we sat upon a village wall, surrounded by a score of curious, inquisitive mountaineers, and ate our breakfast; and then climbing over a hill and walking two miles down the other side, we reached Dwarahath, and lodged in a house built there by the American Methodist Mission. Harkua Wilson, a native doctor with an English name, who was educated in America and is now stationed here, got us up a purely native dinner, of which we left but little; and getting a good night's sleep, next day, taking an early start, went on to Ranikhet. It was a walk of nine miles, the last three of which were up a steep hill to Ranikhet at the top. It

is a military station situated upon a ridge in a pine forest, eighteen miles from Almora and twenty-eight from Nynee Tal. It has a magnificent view of the snowy range for more than two hundred miles, piled up against the sky, clear and white as marble. How quiet and cool and healthful this pretty little hill station must be to an invalid who comes from the heat and toil of the monotonous plains! By ten o'clock on the 26th I had walked sixteen miles down to Khaivna, a feverish place and a hot one, on the Koosi river, between high, towering hills. For half the way to Khaivna the road leads right down the bed of a small stream which I was compelled to cross often, sometimes on the back of a coolie, sometimes on stones, and sometimes by leaping.

Taking a lunch at Khaivna and mounting a pony—which had been sent down from Nynee Tal for my especial benefit, but which proved to be about as much in need of being carried as I was—and girding up my loins and pulling my big sun hat over my eyes, I

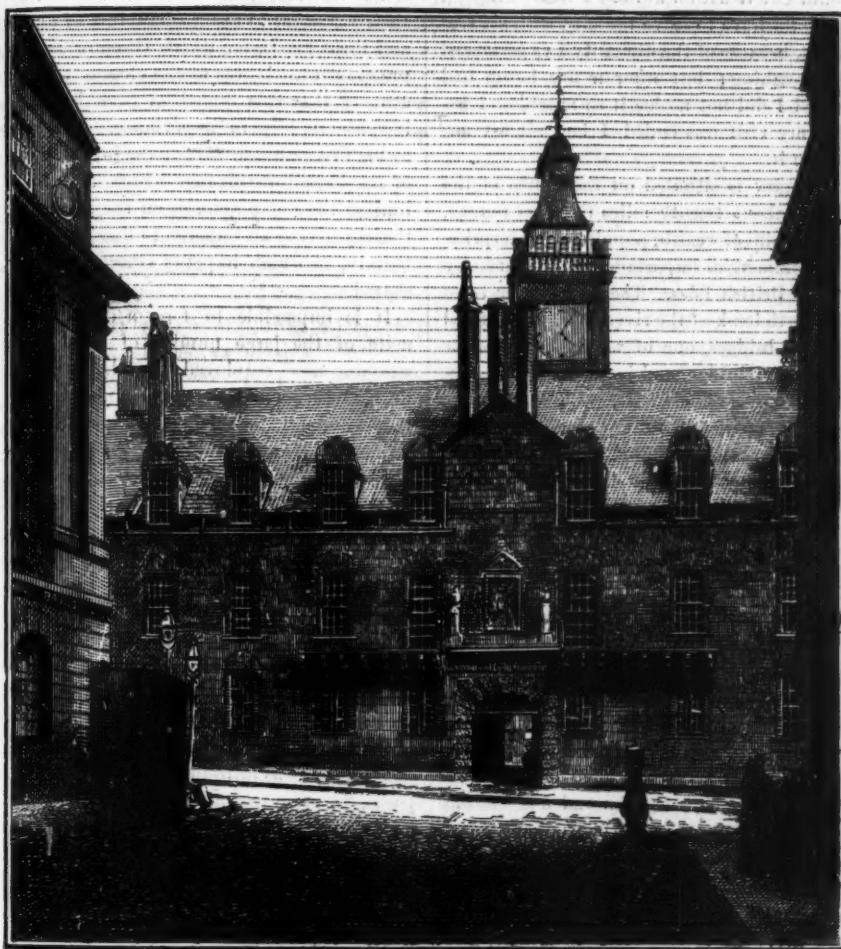


was soon trotting up the valley of the Koosi, perspiring freely under the direct rays of the noonday sun, but happy in the thought that but a few hours would bring me into Nyee Tal. After six miles of level, I commenced to ascend the Gaghār Mountains on the opposite side from the lake. The road, which winds around, in and out among the mountains for six or seven miles, is a very deceptive one, so much so that I was sure I had arrived at the top of the mountain at least half a dozen times, only to find that I must take another turn. But at last, after my horse had given out and I had once more taken to my feet, I reached the summit, and Nyee Tal in all its beauty burst upon my view, sparkling and glistening like a million diamonds.

I stood upon the top of the Gaghār range, and resting awhile took in the whole scene before me on every hand. The snowy range, far off against the northern sky, a silent sentinel guarding this vast empire against her northern foes; the four ranges of smaller mountains in closer view,—the deep, dark valleys so somber and gloomy, like those we read of in Bunyan or that one whose account is given in the twenty-third Psalm; the distant sites of Almora and Ranikhet; the vast plains stretching away in ocean-like majesty and magnitude, giving one an idea of latitude and longitude nowhere else obtained, not even on the ocean, for there are few objects to guide the eye, and the point of observation being less elevated the horizon is more circumscribed; the familiar objects about the beautiful lake, and the two roads winding like serpents down to Kalidunge and Ranibagh, then off in straight lines to Moradnbad and Bareilly. After a few more delightful days in this beautiful mountain retreat, spent in climbing to the top of Mount Chena, picnicing at the Land Slide, gathering ferns and flowers, drying and pressing them, and basking in the sunshine and drinking in the mountain air, on the 14th of October, I had a delightful walk of ten miles down the mountain path to Ranibagh, and next day got to Bareilly, stopping by the way to gather some large white water-lilies, hundreds of which were floating upon the water by the road side; then, taking the train for Lucknow, from which place by means of the "old four-wheeled, box-shaped, public conveyance with its two hard used but ill fed looking horses," I arrived home at Setapoor, refreshed and invigorated from my three months' sojourn in the mountains.

## GLASGOW.

I'll view the manners of the town,  
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
And then return and rest within mine inn,  
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.—SHAKESPEARE.



UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

ON approaching Glasgow, by way of the Clyde, the first things which attract attention are its innumerable high chimneys towering above the mist and smoke. One of these chimneys stands as a giant among all the rest, and is called "Tennant's Stalk." It is erected thus high for the purpose of

carrying off the many noxious vapors, which rise from one of the largest chemical works in Great Britain, and has an altitude of over four hundred and fifty feet. My first impression on entering the city was not favorable; having spent the previous day in attempting to see all the objects and place-

of interest in Belfast, Ireland, and failing to secure a good night's sleep while crossing the channel, I was not in a very good mood for sight-seeing when I reached Glasgow.

It seemed to me that the atmosphere was so filled with vapor and smoke that you could cut it with a knife. I really thought I should have to leave the city without seeing it, because of the difficulty I experienced in breathing; but after a few hours had passed I did not notice it so much, and before my visit was ended I had almost forgotten it.

Glasgow is situated on the banks of the Clyde, about twenty miles from its mouth, and in point of wealth, population, enterprise, and commercial importance is the third city in the British Isles. The city proper is on the north bank of the river, which is spanned by five bridges, one of which is a slender suspension bridge, and is used for foot passengers only. The Clyde, which naturally was not navigable to the city except by shallow or flat-bottomed craft, has been deepened so as to admit ships drawing from twenty to thirty feet of water. Running along the stream is a wide street open toward the water, with sheds, called the Broomielaw. Here may be seen steam and sailing ships from every civilized country in the world, both great and small. The labor required to dig out this noble harbor must have been immense, and is in itself an index to the spirit of enterprise which marks this people. A gentleman whose hospitality I shared during my stay there, told me that when he was a boy, he often waded across the Clyde where now any of our ocean steamships can play about with the greatest ease. Little of the early history of Glasgow is known, and up to the eleventh century almost every thing connected with it is, like itself, involved in clouds and smoke. It now contains over one hundred miles of paved and macadamized streets, with a population of about five hundred thousand. Several of its streets are more than common, they are grand.

The mercantile capital of Glasgow, up to 1775, was chiefly employed in the tobacco trade, with the American colonies, which

added much to their wealth and gave to them the name of "Tobacco Lords," but this was arrested by the breaking out of the Revolution. Even now one may see evidences of their former glory in many fine residences and elegant streets which remain. After the Revolution the citizens turned their attention to the manufacture of cotton and linen goods, for which Glasgow is now pre-eminent. It was at the close of the last century that this branch of trade began to increase rapidly in importance. This was owing in a great measure to the breaking out of the French revolution, which, for a time, limited the manufactoryes on the continent, thereby giving an impetus to those of Great Britain, in which impetus Glasgow largely shared.

It is impossible to form a correct estimate of the large number of hand-loom weavers now employed in Glasgow, but they are supposed to number about forty thousand, and the produce of their labor is estimated at about three million pounds sterling per annum. Power-loom weaving was introduced into Glasgow in 1792, but did not accomplish much for about ten years. "At present twenty-five thousand steam-looms produce a daily average of six hundred and twenty-five thousand yards of cloth, making in a year of three hundred working days, one hundred and eighty-seven million five hundred thousand yards," the probable value of which must be about four millions a year. About the same time that steam-power was introduced for weaving purposes, the spinning of cotton yarn was commenced in Glasgow. This branch of industry has also rapidly increased, there being one million eight hundred thousand spindles in constant motion. The value of the products is assumed to be between four and five millions sterling. But cotton is not the only article of manufacture; silk and rich foreign wools are used, and with much success.

Another source of wealth to the citizens of Glasgow is the iron trade, which has arisen to importance within the last few years; indeed, the "iron lords threaten to eclipse the cotton lords, as the cotton lords formerly

eclipsed the tobacco lords." In 1830 there were only sixteen smelting furnaces, which sent out on an average two thousand five hundred tons, amounting in all to about forty thousand tons for the year. This amount was greatly increased by the invention of the hot blast, by which one-third more iron is produced with less than one-half the amount of fuel, so that in 1860 the enormous quantity of one hundred thousand tons of pig-iron and ninety thousand tons of malleable iron was produced.

Here, too, shipbuilding has arisen to great importance, and Clyde-built steam-ships are of world-wide notoriety! For over a mile below the city both sides of the river are covered with ship-yards, where many hands wield many hammers, creating a jargon which is any thing but agreeable.

In St. George's Square, which, by the way, is the handsomest and largest in the city, are the principal monuments—in the center a Grecian column to Sir Walter Scott, one hundred feet high. Just in front of this is a pedestrian statue, in bronze of Sir John Moore, a native of Glasgow, who fell at Corunna, in Spain, 1809. Who has not read the poem written on the burial of Sir John?

"Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried."

On the right of this statue is a bronze figure of James Watt, the inventor of the first practical steam-engine in Europe. To the left is one of Sir Robert Peel, from the studio of Mossman. Here, too, is an equestrian statue of the good Queen Victoria, to commemorate her visit to the city in 1849, and one to the late prince consort.

While in the city I spent some time in the university, which was founded in the fifteenth century, and whose history is one of great honor. The average annual attendance of students is one thousand. This antique and venerable building is situated in the oldest part of the city, and was erected in the seventeenth century, as is seen from the following inscription: HÆ. ÆDES. EXTRUCTÆ. SUNT. ANNO. DOM. MDCLVI.

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This simple, substantial structure is of stone, made black by age and smoke. Doubtless at one time it bore a very imposing appearance, but time and progress in building have left it in the background. The stone balcony in front is rather a peculiar kind of ancient ornamentation, which can not be appreciated in our day. After gazing at the exterior I passed through the central gate into the courtyard, and, having secured a ticket, entered the Hunterian Museum, so-called, being founded by the celebrated anatomist, William Hunter, who presented it to the university. To go into detail would be impossible; I will not attempt it. Suffice it to say, the collection is, as a whole, one of the finest in the kingdom, and is particularly remarkable for its anatomical museum.

Among the many things of interest are several little machines on which it is said Watt, when a boy, developed his genius. Little did he think of what a power steam should become, and to what perfection his engine in embryo should be brought even in his own day, while working over these first principles; and little did his aunt think that her nephew would ever accomplish any thing for himself, much less for the world! History relates that one day she admonished him after this manner: "Are you not ashamed of yourself, James, to sit moping and idling there? I do believe that at times you do n't know what you are doing. I have noticed you this long time, and not a thing have you done but look at the steam of the kettle, taking off the lid and putting it on again, and watching the steam turn into drops of water. Do, for goodness' sake, leave off this idleness, and set about something useful." How strange are the unfoldings of genius!

On the right of the court is the library, containing about sixty thousand volumes, and on the left are the homes of the professors. The class and lecture rooms are very old-fashioned, and in general much out of repair. It seemed strange to me that a place so richly endowed as the university should linger so far behind the age in modern improvements; but when I remembered that on these old seats, and in these class and

lecture rooms were trained Melville, Baillie, Burnet, Simpson, Hutchison, Black, Cullen, and Miller, I felt as if it would be next to sacrilege to touch a single seat or remove a single table.

One of the best specimens of old ecclesiastical architecture north of the Tweed is the Glasgow cathedral. Few buildings, if any, in the kingdom have stood the storms of so many centuries and come off with so little injury—built in the Middle Ages, yet strange to say its brow bears but few of the furrows of time. Its position is on nearly the highest ground in the city, and at one time must have been singularly imposing in appearance. The yard by which it is surrounded is not extensive, yet judging from the many grave-stones, which cover it so closely, leaving scarcely room for a blade of grass, it must contain more of the sleeping dust than the Necropolis. I wandered for some time over these time-worn and letter-faced tombstones, and thought of the vanity of all human greatness. Near the entrance-gate are several very old tombs, and the quaintness of some of the epitaphs inscribed thereon is worthy of note.

Here is one taken from a tomb, which at one time must have been exceedingly grand:

"Ah me, I gravell am and dust,  
And to the grave descend I must;  
A Painted Piece of Living Clay—  
Man, be not proud of thy short day."

Here is another:

"Ye gasers on this Trophie  
Of a Tomb, send out one groan  
For want of her whose life,  
Once born of Earth,  
And now lies in  
Earth's womb,  
Lived long a virgin,  
Then a spotless wife.  
Here lies enclosed  
Man's grief, Earth's loss,  
Friends' Pain,  
Religion's Lamp,  
Virtue's Light,  
Heaven's Gain."

Here is one somewhat similar:

"Dumb, senseless statue  
Of some lyfless stone,  
Rear'd up for memories  
Of a blessed soul,  
Thou holdst but Adam;  
Adam's Blood Remoans  
Her loss. She's fled,

None can her Joys Controle,  
Oh happy thou for Zeal  
And Christian Love,  
On Earth Beloved,  
And now in Heaven Above,  
1616.

This old cathedral was founded in the twelfth century by St. Mungo, whose name it still bears. It is three hundred and nineteen feet in length by sixty-three in width, and has a spire which rises to an altitude of two hundred and twenty-five feet, in which is a bell which tells its own tale. On the outside it bears the following significant inscription:

IN THE YEAR OF GRACE  
1594,  
MARCUS KNOX,  
A merchant of Glasgow  
Zealous for the interests of the Reformed Religion,  
Caused me to be fabricated in Holland  
For the use of his fellow-citizens of Glasgow,  
And placed me with solemnity  
In the tower of their cathedral.  
My function  
Was announced by the impress on my bosom,  
*Me auditio venias doctrinam sanctam ut dicas;*  
And  
I was taught to proclaim the hours of unheeded time.  
195 years had I sounded these awful warnings,  
When I was broken  
By the hands of inconsiderate and unskillful men.  
In the year 1790  
I was cast into the furnace,  
Refounded at London,  
And returned to my sacred vocation.  
Reader,  
Thou also shalt know a resurrection:  
May it be unto eternal life.

The cathedral is now a Presbyterian place of worship, having come into their hands at the Reformation. Like all such buildings, only a small portion of it is used for Church service, the rest is for show. History relates that during the Reformation, when every thing that savored in the least of popery was destroyed, the cathedral was spared through the efforts of the tradesmen of the city, who threatened the life of the first man who would put on it a hand of violence. Here, too, in 1638 was held the General Assembly, by which the Scottish episcopacy was abolished. The windows of the cathedral are of stained glass, the work of Chevalier Maximilian Ainmüller, architect and inspector of glass-painting at Munich. The subjects on the windows are all Scriptural, and arranged according to their chronological order, com-

mencing with the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise, and going through the Old and New Testaments, the last being that of the apostles and evangelists.

On the north side is a sacred spot, where lie the bodies of many of the Covenanters who were cruelly put to death in the city. Over their dust is erected a tablet bearing the following inscription :

"These nine with others in this yard,  
Whose heads and bodies were not spar'd,  
Their testimonies foes to bury,  
Caus'd beat the drums then in great fury,  
They'll know at resurrection day  
To murder saints was no sweet play."

Just back of the cathedral is the Necropolis—Père la Chaise of Glasgow. The way to it is by a narrow road leading to the little stream called "Molendinar Burn," which is spanned by the "Bridge of Sighs." In front of the bridge is a handsome gateway, built after the Italian style, and bearing the following inscription :

"THAT WHICH IS SOWN A NATURAL BODY SHALL  
BE RAISED A SPIRITUAL BODY."

The Necropolis is a high mound or hill, the sides of which are filled up with trees, shrubs, flowers, and elegant monuments. On reaching the summit, the city appeared at my feet, and the view was one of the most varied and pleasing of any I witnessed in Glasgow. As to beauty of situation, design in arrangement, and the variety and elegance of the monuments which adorn it, the Necropolis stands first in the British Isles. The most conspicuous monument, which never fails to arrest the attention of every visitor, is the column the citizens have erected in memory of John Knox. It is the crown of the eminence. Here, too, are costly monuments of M'Gavin, Dr. Dick, Charles Tennant, James Knowl, and Principal M'Farland. There was a bust on one of the monuments, which arrested my special attention, not, indeed, because of its beauty, but because of the striking resemblance it bore to our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln. I think I never saw two faces more alike, and I should have taken it for granted that here in the city of Glasgow they had erected a monument to the memory of him "who had malice toward none,

and clarity toward all," had I not noticed underneath it the name "John Alexander." The words, too, were much in keeping with the resemblance. I could not help copying them :

"Fallen is the curtain, the last scene is o'er,  
The favorite actor treads life's stage no more;  
Oft lavish plaudits from the crowd he drew,  
And laughing eyes confessed his humor true.  
Here fond affection rears this sculptured stone,  
For virtues, not enacted, but his own,  
A constancy unshaken unto death,  
A truth unswerving, and a Christian faith.  
Oh weep the man, more than the actor, lost;  
Unnumbered parts he played, yet to the end  
His best were those of husband, father, friend."

One day when walking in one of the principal streets my eye caught a sight of the old flag, "The Star Spangled Banner," floating from the balcony of a hotel. Yes, there it fluttered, as gaily and freely as ever I saw it in its own native land! For a time I was bewildered, and said to myself, "Can this be all a dream? Am I still in America? Can this be New York City? Is this that I see before me real or only a phantom? Can it be that I am in a European city? If so, has the banner of the free taken the place of the red, white, and blue?" While thus musing I was instinctively, and unconsciously I might say, drawn toward the place, as the plant is drawn toward the light, when to my great satisfaction without asking a single question, every thing was clearly explained by a sight of our brave naval officer, Admiral Farragut.

There is one sight which I should not fail to notice, that is

#### GLASGOW GREEN.

This is one of the most popular places in the city, and is situated on the left bank of the Clyde. It contains an area of about one hundred and forty acres, and may well be called the "lung of the city." Here, after the day's work is over, assemble thousands of black-faced men from the machine shops and factories of the city, to breathe for a time the free air. And here may be heard discussions upon the various subjects of the day, political and religious. Here may be seen by night or day, "unfortunate females, with faces of triple brass hiding hearts of unutterable woe; sleeping girls, who might

be mistaken for lifeless bundles of rags; down-looking scoundrels, with felony stamped on every feature; owlish-looking knaves, minions of the moon, skulking half-ashamed of their own appearance in the eye of day; and, alas! poor little tattered and hungry-looking children, with precocious lines of care upon their old-manish features, tumbling about the brown and sapless herbage. The veriest dregs of Glasgow society, indeed, seem congregated here. At one place a band of juvenile pick-pockets are absorbed in a game of pitch and toss; at a short distance a motley crew are engaged putting the stone, or endeavoring to outstrip each other in a leaping bout, while oaths and idiot laughter mark the progress of their play." And here is a group standing around a couple of greasy mechanics who are debating the question of the "True Church." One of them is a genuine son of Erin, who, with more noise than logic, tries hard to carry his side; the other, a canny Scotchman, who weighs well his words before he lets them fall from his lips. A little further on are assembled a large number of men and women listening to a woman preaching! As I stood for a few moments to listen I heard her say, "Yes, my hearers, God was glorified by Samson—Samson who slew over three hundred Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass," and, then thinking she had made a mistake, she exclaimed in still louder tones, "Yes, he slew three hundred of the ungodly Philistines with the jaw-bone of a *lion*." This is the kind of preaching which the inimitable Gough pictures out to perfection in his "Street Life in London." "Jacob had twelve sons. Yes, Jacob had twelve sons. I tell you, my friends, Jacob had twelve sons, and they were all boys." Here in the day-

time, when the weather is favorable, may be seen scores of washing women and around them spread out the "snowy produce" of the morning work.

In company with my friend Graham I spent part of a day in visiting Catlicart Castle. This historic spot is about a mile and a half south-west of the city, and the way to it is one of the pleasantest walks around Glasgow. I was highly delighted with the beautiful fields and well trimmed hedges, the swelling hills and verdant meads, which we passed on our journey thither. The castle has but little picturesque; it is simply a strong square tower, with no architectural features worthy of notice. Some parts of its walls are from eight to ten feet thick, and seem destined to stand for ages. It is now roofless, and its sides, both inside and out, are draped with ivy.

"Creeping where no life is seen,  
A rare old plant is the ivy green."

From its windows is a grand view of the vale of Cart and the surrounding country. Timeworn and broken, it stands as a specimen of the measures taken for safe keeping in ages past.

"All ruined and wild is this roofless abode,  
And lonely and dark rainy sheltering tree;  
And traveled by few is the grass-covered road  
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trod  
To his hills that encircle the sea."

A few yards east of the castle is the "Court Knowe," where Queen Mary stood and witnessed the battle of Langside. Up to the close of the last century a thorn tree marked the spot where she stood; but that having fallen into decay an upright slab of stone, with a rude carving of a Scottish crown and the letters M. R., now mark the place. Here we rested while we thought of the battle and the beautiful but unfortunate queen.

## ADMEASUREMENTS.

WHEN science sets up its domain in the midst of the physical universe, and bases *all* its deductions upon the operations of well known laws only, it but simply deals with the brick and mortar of things, and, in its want of analysis, overlooks the supreme power and intelligence that underlie the whole fabric of creation, and that characterize it, throughout its infinite and glorious range, by a harmony of design and a variety of expression possible to a supreme being only.

That this world, in a purely materialistic sense, may properly be submitted to standards of human admeasurements, few will be inclined to deny; but that these are capable of compassing the attributes of the great architect of the work, no *profound* philosopher has ever dared to advance. True, we have our Darwins, our Tyndalls, our Huxleys and our Proctors, who, because of their familiarity with the crust of certain phenomena within the grasp of the natural sciences, doubt the existence of any molding hand or omnipotent power beyond the reach of chemistry or that of the microscope or some great reflector; but these apostles of "the Gospel of Dirt" are offset very effectively by such men as Newton, Faraday, Crooks, Wallace, and other scientists who hold the first rank in physics, and who know that the "potency of matter" is not adequate, *per se*, to the production of even the simplest flower that blooms at our feet. The power that molds the pansy and the intelligence which bestows on it a receptivity for certain colors only, transcend all human admeasurements, and set materialism at naught. All force moves in straight lines. Every curve, therefore, is an obvious manifestation of the direct guidance of these forces by a supreme intelligence to achieve certain ends.

When glancing at the theory of evolution it has often struck us that its opponents have permitted their adversaries to confound or confuse man's mental faculties with

his physical organism to a most illogical and dangerous extent. A basic proposition of the theory of evolution is, that man is more perfect physically than any other animal, because of his having passed through all the stages of development lying between him and the monad, and of his having, consequently, become the inheritor of all the structural excellencies and improvements pertaining to the long line of physical or animal organisms that precede him, and to a higher point of perfection than that attained by any of them. Evolution means this or it means nothing; and as it rejects the inspired record of man's first appearance on this planet, there is nothing left for us but to grapple with it on its own grounds, and to show that, in the adaptation of means to ends, the physical organism of man is not superior to that of many of the "lower animals," but is, on the contrary, inferior in capacity to it, his sole pre-eminence resulting from his spiritual or immaterial nature only.

Take, for example, his organ of vision when compared with that of the vulture, and we find it in acuteness and range so utterly inferior as to awaken our astonishment and almost provoke our jealousy. Here it is obvious that according to the theory of evolution or physical progress, the eye of the bird is developed from that of the man, establishing, so far as the latter is concerned, a sort of involution instead of evolution, or retrogression instead of advancement. In like manner his nose suffers from being placed in juxtaposition with that of the dog, so far as the sense of smell goes. This animal, through the miraculous sensitiveness of his olfactory nerves, traces successfully the footsteps of his master through the intricate windings of a densely thronged and utterly strange city, hours after those footsteps had passed through its streets and found repose beneath some roof. In addition he follows with certainty the trail of the deer that may have outstripped

him miles through many a tortuous path; so that taken in connection with what we have already set forth in relation to the vulture, man, in both nose and eye seems to hold inferior rank in the scale of physical being. Nor does he appear to be more fortunate in relation to his ear; for it is a well known fact that his hearing is not as acute as that of the cat and some other beasts of prey, while his tongue and palate are not so discriminating as those of the cow, that never chews a noxious weed, but rejects it the moment it touches the lips. The sense of feeling being so widely diffused throughout the human system it is not easy to illustrate its inferiority in man, by a comparison with its condition in some of the "lower animals," but we incline to the belief that as man possesses the sense of seeing, of hearing, of smell, and of taste in a degree inferior to that which characterizes the animals already named, his sense of feeling may be placed in the same category with these faculties.

Again, his powers or means of locomotion are greatly restricted when we come to view them in connection with those of the gazelle or the swallow; while his strength is as that of a mite, so to speak, when compared with the strength of the elephant. He can not mount toward the sun like the eagle, nor can he live in the heart of the solid rock like the toad. He is not amphibious like the seal, nor is he as brave as the peccary or the lion. In fact, view the case as we may, we shall find the whole of the testimony of nature or of the animal kingdom running counter to this boasted theory of evolution, and that man, as a mere animal, is not possessed of a single organ, save the brain, that is not over-matched in power and capacity by a similar one belonging to some of his four-legged or two-legged ancestors according to Darwin.

Another flimsy and illogical feature of this untenable theory is, that because the fin of a fish resembles the wing of a bird, and the legs of a bird those of a beast, the one creature, beginning with the first, was evolved from the other. What necessity was there for this gratuitous assumption

when, obviously, without reference to the spheres of their existence, or individual elements peculiar to them, their organs of locomotion, at least, had all to be modeled on the same principle? It is the resistance of the water that enables a fish to swim; it is the resistance of the air that enables a bird to fly, and the resistance of the earth or ground that enables a beast of the field to walk. But before a fish can avail itself of this resistance and move in any direction, its fins must have joints to enable them to beat back the water; and so, also, before a bird can fly its wings must have joints to enable them to beat back the air; while it is equally obvious that the legs of a beast must have joints to enable them to beat back the surface of the earth before the animal can either run or walk. When, therefore, this feature of the mechanism of animal locomotion must necessarily have obtained from the beginning among these inhabitants of earth, air, and water—when apart from it their existence were impossible, what grounds are there for such meager, such poverty-stricken borrowing or lending among these grand divisions of the animal kingdom; and the more so, as the power that bestowed life on the monad could obviously perform instantaneously any or all of the glorious miracles of creation?

But what seems more inexplicable still in connection with this adventurous theory is, that notwithstanding man is alleged to be the product of the combined perfections of all the living organisms that had preceded his appearance on this planet, these organisms still remain, although he himself, in his march of progress, is said to have constituted them individually. If, indeed, they had all disappeared behind him as the cast-off shells of a progressive existence, then might the champions of evolution have pointed with emphasis to the significant fact; but instead of this disappearance, lo, and behold, we still have the oyster and the chimpanzee, and without any apparent indication of further development on their part!

The thing is preposterous, and but simply goes to show to what extent human theoriz-

ing can become ridiculous, and how unsafe it is to submit any of the works of the Creator to the blind, presumptuous, surface-standards of materialism, or to even the most educated and laborious of mere human admeasurements. Man's physical structure is but the workshop of his immortal embodiment,

and, as it furnishes the mechanism through which the latter operates and manifests itself while in this sphere of existence, in view of the necessities of the imperishable and exalted tenant and the fitness of things, it could never have been less perfect than it is at the present moment.

### THE CHANGES IN FOREST GROWTHS.

WHY is it that when a pine wood is cut down it is commonly succeeded by an oak one, and *vice versa*? is a question the answer to which constitutes the staple of an address read to the Middlesex Agricultural Society at Concord, in September, 1860, by the gifted naturalist Henry D. Thoreau. His answer to that and kindred questions is frequently quoted as conclusive and final authority by editors and writers who aspire to the reputation of scientists.

The phenomena so often noticed in New England, and also observed in all the States of the Union, have occasioned much keen questioning and earnest discussion. The hemlock and pine forests in New York, for example, have been followed by dense growths of deciduous trees; and when the hard woods have been cleared off, they have often been succeeded by forests of conifers. Woodland philosophers cherish various theories to account for these changes, which are confessedly mysterious to most observers. Thoreau\* is confident that he can account for all these floral alternations, and Wright† is equally confident that his explanations do not account for the fact adduced, and that the true solution is to be found in the Scriptures only.

Wherever a single forest tree or a whole forest springs up naturally where none of its kind grew before, Thoreau does not hesitate to say that it came from a seed or seeds; and that if any one maintains that it had any other origin, the burden of proof lies

upon the latter. The transportation of the seed from the spot whence it grew to that where it was planted, he says, was effected "chiefly by the agency of the wind, water, and animals. The lighter seeds, as those of pines and maples, are transported chiefly by wind and water, the heavier, as acorns and nuts, by animals." The degree of credence to be given to this hypothesis will be apparent in the light of sundry facts brought forward by Wright and other authors.

"A beautiful thin sack," says Thoreau, "is woven around the seed" of the pine, "with a handle to it such as the wind can take hold of, and it is then committed to the wind, expressly that it may transport the seed and extend the range of the species; and this it does as effectually as when seeds are sent by mail in a different kind of sack from the patent office." Pines "are very extensively raised from the seed in Europe, and are beginning to be here." When an oak wood is cut down, "a pine wood will not at once spring up unless there are, or have been quite recently, seed-bearing pines near enough for the seeds to be blown from them." How near the seed-bearing pines must be, he does not state, nor does he furnish any information of pine-seeds being discovered on their passage through the air, or of their having been found at specified distances from the parent sources.

As for the heavy seeds and nuts, not provided with wings, he does not believe that the trees which bear them, in places where none of their kind were noticed before, have sprung from seeds or other principles spontaneously generated, "or which have lain dormant in the soil for centuries, or

\* *Excursions.* By Henry D. Thoreau. Houghton & Co., Boston.

† *Life: Its True Genesis.* By R. W. Wright. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

perhaps been called into activity by the heat of a burning." He is ready, apparently, to admit that regions like that around the head waters of the Delaware, Alleghany, and Genesee, once covered with heavy growths of hemlock, or with forests of beech and sugar maple, were originally oak forests.

His own local observations in New England are in harmony with the statements of Dr. Hough's report upon American Forestry; such as that "at Clarksville, Georgia, oak and hickory lands, when cleared, invariably grew up with pine;" that "at Aiken, South Carolina, the long-leaf pine is succeeded by oaks and other deciduous trees, and *vice versa*;" that "in Bristol County, Massachusetts, in some cases, after pines have been cut off, oak, maple, and birch have sprung up abundantly." Cases like that noticed by Sir Alexander Mackenzie in his overland journey from Montreal to the Arctic Ocean in 1789, had never come under his notice. That indefatigable explorer found that on the banks of the Great Slave Lake young poplar trees had grown up immediately after the destruction of the previous growths by fire; and remarked: "It is a very curious and extraordinary circumstance that land covered with spruce, pine, and white birch, when laid waste by fire, should subsequently produce nothing but poplars, where none of that species of tree was previously to be found." "Every new tree comes from a seed," is Thoreau's positive assertion; but how the seeds of floral forms, entirely new to certain localities, could have been planted in them, his theory fails to explain. It is perfectly plain that cherry trees may grow from seeds carried in the crops of the thrush tribe; but how come the cherry trees in places where none grew before, and where there are no thrushes? That pines may spring up in contiguous regions from seeds borne by the winds—but how about those in neighborhoods where such seeds have never been observed? That oaks and walnuts come from seeds buried by provident squirrels, but how shall we account for the appearance of oaks and walnuts where none previously

grew, and where there are no acorns or nuts to be buried?

Thoreau is an unbeliever in the lengthened vitality of seeds. "It is well known that it is difficult to preserve the vitality of acorns long enough to transport them to Europe." He agrees with London's *Arboretum* that "very few acorns of any species will germinate after having been kept a year;" that the beechnut "retains its vital properties one year," and the black walnut "seldom more than six months after it was ripened," and adds, "I have frequently found that in November almost every acorn left on the ground had sprouted or decayed."

"The stories of wheat raised from seed buried with an ancient Egyptian, and of raspberries raised from seed found in the stomach of a man in England, who is supposed to have died sixteen or seventeen hundred years ago," he discredits as earnestly as Wright, and for the same reason, "simply because the evidence is not conclusive." Small seeds, he is prepared to believe, may retain their vitality, for centuries under favorable circumstances, and in justification of that belief speaks of having found a species of nettle (*Urtica urens*), some dill, the Jerusalem oak (*Chenopodium botrys*), black nightshade, (*Solanum nigrum*), and the common tobacco—all rare or unknown plants in the neighborhood—in the cellar of the old Hunt House in Concord, which belonged to John Winthrop, first governor of Massachusetts, and which was built in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and demolished in the Spring of 1859. In 1860, the cellar was filled up, and four out of the five species described again became extinct in that locality, "The incidence of conditions" had been unfavorable to their continuance.

Thoreau makes no mention of a large class of thoroughly authenticated facts in forestry that can not be accounted for on the principle that every tree, shrub, and plant is the outgrowth of a living seed—even although the seeds may have a vitality vastly longer than he is willing to concede. The true solution of the mystery is supplied, according to Wright, by the eleventh verse of the

first chapter of *Genesis*, which declares of every vegetable species that its "germinal principle of life, each in itself after its kind, is upon the earth;" and that each specific primordial germ or living unit obeys; the divine mandate, "Let the earth bring forth," whenever the necessary environing conditions occur. "This most remarkable statement of the *Bible-Genesis* will be found to fit into all the vital phenomena occurring upon our globe, explaining the appearance of infusoria, all mycological and cryptogamic forms, as well as all vegetable and animal organisms." If this be so, and so it seems, then Judge Wright has scored another signal victory of the *Inspired Writing* over the materialistic infidelity of the nineteenth century, and has established an additional claim for it to the faith and obedience of mankind—thus making Church and state alike his permanent and grateful debtors. In the cordial tribute of praise which both must accord to him, Professor George P. Marsh, the author of "*Man and Nature*," ought to bear a part, for the reason that the revealed fact, adduced by Wright, presents a theory of plant life unincumbered by the difficulties inhering in that of Thoreau; difficulties felt by Professor Marsh, as the following extract proves: "In these cases the seeds of the new crop may have been brought by the wind, by birds, by quadrupeds, or by other causes; but, in many instances, this explanation is not probable." Vegetable physiology, he affirms, furnishes a record of "numerous instances where seeds have grown after lying dormant for ages in the earth." This is a singular assertion for a precise scientist to make, for he has never found any such seeds by actual observation, and, therefore, conjectures that nature in some occult and thoroughly surreptitious manner has hidden them away in the soil with such skill that no microscope can enable the investigator to detect them. The germs of life are doubtless there, but are not wrapped up in perishable seeds which have been borne by some pre-existing organism. There is no difficulty in accepting this latter opinion greater than those which inhere in Professor Marsh's

theory. If he can not believe that there can be an acorn without a previous oak, neither can Judge Wright believe that there can be an oak without a previous acorn. There can be neither oak nor acorn without a prior germinal principle which develops itself in both. All systems of natural evolution involuntarily illustrate the teachings of the Mosaic record on this particular point.

Another large class of vegetable phenomena also illustrates the theory that the primordial germs of each species are in the earth. It is that produced by soil brought up from wells and other deep excavations, and which often bears plants wholly unlike the prevailing local flora. In 1847 Judge Wright informs his readers that he sunk a well at Waukesha, Wisconsin, a place now famous for its medicinal waters, and that he struck soil which was evidently ante-glacial at a depth of thirty-five feet. That soil, brought to the surface, and exposed to the fructifying influence of sun and showers and winds burgeoned forth into an independent flora, and such as could not be found anywhere in the locality. Unfortunately it did not sufficiently mature to enable him to determine its genera and species. Portions of the same soil were dried and subjected to severe microscopic examination by himself and Dr. John A. Savage, president of Carroll College; but not the slightest trace of any thing resembling seed could be discovered by them. The germs of that strange flora which died before it reached maturity, because of unfriendly climatic and other conditions were in the soil, and had enough of suitable environment when brought to the surface to attempt embodying themselves, but not enough to make the attempt a perfect vegetative success.

Continuous growths of one or of several kinds of trees doubtless exhaust the soil of materials requisite for their perfection, while they reject material necessary for the growth and perfection of other species. But when the first kinds are violently destroyed, either by the lumberman, the fire, or the tornado, and are at once replaced by trees suitable to the soil, but which are nowhere to be found in that section of country, the question

arises, "whence came those new species?" They are suited to the chemical elements of the soil, and to thermometric and hydrometric conditions, but whence came the seed? Any accepted theory of seed distribution fails to account for their presence on the spot. They must then have sprung under the favoring incidence of conditions from primordial germs placed in the earth by the Almighty, and that only awaited this favorable opportunity to develop themselves.

This theory fits in with all the facts and circumstances of arboreal changes wrought out by the instrumentality of tornadoes. In 1845 a violent tempest of that description swept through the forest from Jefferson County, New York, to Lake Champlain. The timber prostrated along its course was mainly beech, maple, birch, ash, hemlock, spruce, etc. Some of these species were replaced by growths of the same kind from natural seed, but in addition to them appeared the poplar, the cherry, and the iron-wood, which previously had not grown near enough to the track of the storm possibly to supply the seed for natural planting. In the "Ohio Agricultural Report of 1872," an account is given of a destructive hurricane whose path "had grown up with black walnut, another and different growth from that prostrated by the force of the storm." Whence came the nuts to plant the storm-track? There were not trees enough in the vicinity to supply them; nor does it appear that the tornado occurred at the season when the nuts were ripe for planting. Did they not spring from living germs concealed in the earth, and only waiting the balance of conditions in aid of development?

In 1837 Judge Wright traced the path of an ancient tornado in South Alabama, and observed that where it had crashed through "a pine forest, a clean growth of oak was buttressed on either side by pine, and vice versa where it swept through an oak forest." Could it possibly have been so discriminating as "alternately to distribute acorns in pine growths, and pine cones in oak growths?" or did it furnish the last condition unfriendly to the continuous growth of one species, and the last condition friendly

to the local growth of the other? If the last, then the primordial germs of both kinds of trees were latent in the soil.

Professor Agassiz, in passing through a dense forest of young spruce trees on the southern shore of Lake Superior, saw that the ground was thickly strewn with fallen birch trunks, which he supposed had succumbed to the force of the winds, and had been promptly succeeded by the spruce, since, as a general rule, an evergreen growth follows a deciduous, and the contrary.

Dr. Franklin B. Hough, in his "Report upon American Forestry," remarks: "It is not unusual to observe in the swamps of the Northern States an alternation of growth taking place without human agency. Extensive tracts of tamarack (*Larix Americana*) may be seen in Northern Wisconsin that are dying out and being succeeded by the balsam fir (*Abies balsamea*), which may be probably caused by the partial drainage of the swamps from the decay or removal of a fallen tree that had obstructed the outlet." But those acquainted with the country testify that the substitution of the balsam fir for the tamarack had been going on extensively prior to the advent of the whites into that State, and that it was probably due to the want of proper nutritious elements in the soil for the tamarack, and to the supply of them for the balsam fir. "The change commenced," says Wright, who resided for ten or more years in Wisconsin, "as soon as conditions favored, and not before. It is safe to say that in none of these tamarack swamps was there a single balsam fir cone, or a single chit to a cone, nor had there been probably for thousands of years before the time when the first balsam fir made its appearance in that section. They came, as all primordial forests come, from germs, not from the seeds of trees. Universally the germ precedes the tree, as the tree precedes the seed, in all vegetable growths, from the lowest cryptogam to the lordliest conifer of the Pacific slope."

George B. Emerson, in his valuable work on the "Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts," speaking of the "exhausted elements" of the soil—the elements needful to the nu-

trition of trees—and in the absence of which they decay and disappear, writes: "This is clearly indicated in what is constantly going on in the forests, particularly the fact which I have already stated [that a rotation of crops is as important in forests as in the cultivated fields], and which is abundantly confirmed by my correspondents, that a forest of one kind is frequently succeeded by a spontaneous growth of trees of another kind." But how is such a succession spontaneous except on the Biblical theory of primordial germs? Spontaneity is not predictable upon the artificial or chance sowing of acorns, nuts, or pine-cone chits. In the strictly scientific sense of the word it is an impossible process. Mr. P. Sanderson, of East Whately, Massachusetts, speaks of "an instance on [his] farm of spruce and hemlock being succeeded by a spontaneous growth of maple-wood," and also cites cases of beech and maple succeeding oaks, oaks following pines, and the reverse; hemlock succeeded by white birch in cold places, and by hard maple in warm ones; beech succeeded by maple, elm, etc. Such cases are common, and in some instances, according to Wright, "they cover large tracts of land, at distances of thirty, forty, fifty, and even hundreds of miles from any native forests from which seed could have been derived." Whence came they, then, except from the primordial germs implanted every-where in the earth by the great Creator?

Dr. Dwight, in the second volume of his "Travels," mentions visiting Panton, a town near Vergennes, in Vermont, in which was a piece of land once cultivated and then permitted to lie waste, "which yielded a thick and vigorous growth of hickory, where there was not a single hickory tree in any original forest within fifty miles of the place." The native growth was white pine, of which he "did not see a single stem in the whole grove of hickory." How came the hickory grove there? The query puzzled him. Nuts were too heavy to be carried fifty miles by birds, were not eaten by any bird indigeneous to Vermont, and could not have been planted unless the nut-eating bird had been caught on the spot, and the

nut released from its crop. Even that would account for only a single tree, but not for a whole grove. Squirrels as planters were out of the question; nor was it at all probable that the winds had borne them thither and dropped them only in that particular spot. No supposition is left except that indicated in the Bible *genesis*. The notion that the hickory trees came from buried nuts disinterred by cultivation, is absurd and without foundation in any known fact, or countenance from the observation of any living man. As well might we expect a race of Theban kings from the old mummy cases of Egyptian catacombs, after exposing them to the sunlight.

Dr. Dwight was a close and accurate observer, who suffered few, if any, minor points to escape his scrutiny. In the same work he describes another forest, which he erroneously imagines had sprung spontaneously from "the seeds of an ancient vegetation." He says: "A field about five miles from Northampton, Massachusetts, on an eminence called 'Rail Hill,' was cultivated about a century ago (circiter 1720). The native growth here, and in all the surrounding region, was wholly oak, chestnut, etc. As the field belonged to my grandfather, I had the best opportunity of learning its history. It contained about five acres, in the form of an irregular parallelogram. As the savages rendered the cultivation dangerous it was given up. On this ground there sprang up a grove of white pines, covering the field, and retaining its figure exactly. So far as I remember there was not in it a single oak or chestnut tree;" and he adds, "there was not a single pine whose seeds were, or probably had for ages been, sufficiently near to have been planted on this spot." Nor could such seeds—as we know seeds—have been dormant in the soil; for no seed retains its vitality more than two or three years, and especially when exposed to moisture and the attacks of insects. The only explanation is, that the primordial germs of pines, implanted in the soil, were developed into luxuriant arboreal growth as soon as the environments favored their embodiment.

Dr. Hough tells us that in Nebraska he has noticed "ash, elm, and box-elder following cotton-wood. In the natural starting of timber in the prairie region of Illinois, where the stopping of fires allowed, we often see a hazel coppice; after a time the *crataegus*, and finally the oaks, black walnuts, and other timber. These growths are often quite aggressive on the prairies. In Florida the black-jack oak usually takes the place of the long-leaf pine." He neglects, however, to inform us whether there are any predecessors of the same kind in the sections of country to which he refers, but rather leaves us to infer that under the changed chemical composition of the soil, and assisted by hydrometric and thermometric forces, the living germs "burgeon forth," as Wright loves to say, into the form of vegetation described. Had the ground been searched to a depth of one foot or ten feet for dormant seeds it is not at all probable that any would have been discovered. "The new-born forests in these cases (and in the case of extensive areas in Alabama and Georgia where pines, when felled, are followed immediately by oaks of several varieties) do not come from seed, but from the living, indestructible, vital principles implanted in the earth before it was specifically commanded to "bring forth," in the language of the Bible genesis. Sneers, as Wright remarks, will not upset this theory. It must be demolished by some more rational theory that will account for all facts under their attendant circumstances, or it is entitled to universal acceptance, and the Bible, correctly interpreted, to the reverent trust of even Spencer, Darwin, and Bastian.

This primordial germ theory accounts for the singular phenomenon observed by Professor Moritz Wagner, in his description of Mount Ararat, of "the appearance of several plants on soil lately thrown up by an earthquake, which grew nowhere else on the mountain, and had never been observed in that region before." It accounts for the appearance of samphire and other saline plants at Syracuse, New York, where the brine of the salt-works fell upon the soil. It accounts also for the appearance of

"twelve new species of plants (not including grasses and sedges)," which flourished in a plantation owned by a relative of Mr. Darwin in Staffordshire, England, and which could not be found on the heath of which the plantation had formerly been a part; and it accounts for the floral and arboreal changes so often witnessed in New England, where choked and worn-out pasture-fields are left to grow as best they may, varieties of forest-trees and shrubs suited to their chemical constitution and climatic conditions.

Few questions connected with vegetable physiology have received more recent attention than those associated with the dispersion and migration of seeds. Special contrivances, with a view to these ends, are manifest in the explosive force of some seed-vessels; in the membranous attachments by which some seeds are borne to a distance, in the feathery tufts attached to others, and in the prickly and barbed covering by which still others attach themselves to animals and birds, and by which they may be transported to almost any distance. But the great majority of seeds, and especially those of arboreal organisms, have no such contrivances appended to them and where they fall, there they lie, and germinate or perish. Their vitality is short and rarely exceeds two years. The statement of Professor Marsh "that the vitality of seeds seems almost imperishable while they remain in the situation in which nature deposits them," rests on no basis of experimental knowledge, but simply on the assumption that new species of the flora necessarily originated from seeds and not from primordial germs. The presence of wild-flowers growing in the soil of recently leveled English dykes, the crop of wild mustard or charlock appearing on the surface soil after the superincumbent house has been taken away, are no more proofs that their seeds were in the ground than the appearance of the common plantain about a newly built house is proof that its seeds were in the ground. It follows the domestic household just as the brown rat follows civilization, and its company is quite as inexplicable and sometimes as annoying.

The abundant growth of fire-weed (*Erechtites hieracifolia*) on lands where the dried remains of fallen forests have just been burned is a familiar sight in newly settled districts. Professor Marsh in speaking of it says: "When newly cleared ground is burnt over in the United States, the ashes are hardly cold before they are covered with a crop of fire-weed, a tall herbaceous plant, very seldom growing under any other circumstances, and often not to be found for a distance of many miles from the clearing." How comes the fire-weed there? Its seeds are almost as destructible as thistle-down by fire, and could not survive the intense heat generated by the conflagration of the fallen timber. If the seeds were scattered over the surface after the fire, where did they come from? The most abundant crops of fire-weed appear long before there are any ripened seeds to be scattered, and if they do come from seeds at all, those seeds must have been wasted by the winds, over thousands of intervening miles, from some corresponding latitude or plant zone in the Southern Hemisphere. If this supposition be inadmissible, so is that which suggests that they may have come from "the deeply buried seeds of a former vegetation, quickened into life by the heat," for their initial rootlets hardly extend "to the depth of two-thirds of an inch below" the surface, when they must have utterly perished from the fierce glow of the embers. From what can the fire-weed then have come, except from the indestructible germs which simply await the congenial opportunity to burst forth into luxuriant life? The *Erechtites hieracifolia* makes its appearance in the conditions of the burnt soil, just as *Stramonium* does on the conditions of an extinct charcoal pit; just as *Bacteria* and *Torulæ* do in the proper organic infusions; just as white clover presents its snowy flowers on closely grazed prairies "hundreds of miles away from where there has been a single sprig of clover growing in a thousand years"—from pre-existing vital units, undiscoverable by any microscope, that have been blended with the soil from the beginning.

"The bird theory, so much relied upon in

the explanation of the distribution of non-winged seeds, will not bear examination. All seed-eating birds are gravel-eaters, and the silicious particles taken into the gizzard operate as mill-stones to grind the grist which has previously been moistened in the natural hopper or crop, so that almost all bird droppings are found to consist exclusively of excrementitious matter.

With fruit-eating birds the case is somewhat different. Cherry and other stones, with ordinary seeds, may and do pass into the cloacal discharges. But this fact does not account for multitudes of floral phenomena, which must find their true explanation in some other way. The theory is so defective and unsatisfactory that it has been abandoned by many of its ablest advocates.

Professor George Thurber claims that rivers, ocean currents, mountain torrents and even waves, as well as winds, birds, and quadrupeds, are agents in the dissemination of seeds. He quotes the little leguminous plant, known in the South as the Japan clover (*Les pedata striata*) as an illustration of the agency of war in the distribution of plants. The fact is, that it was known in the South before the war, and that it flourishes there as well as in Japan, because "the same general hygrometric and thermometric conditions prevail throughout the two countries or sections of country. These, added to the necessary telluric conditions, give the required moisture, heat, and soil constituents for the development of the Japan clover in the South, the same as it was originally developed in its native country." Its simultaneous appearance over "all the Southern States," as Professor Thurber puts it, was due to the development of pre-existing vital units under the essentially needful environments.

"This wonderful play of the vital forces of nature," remarks Wright, "is no less dependent on 'conditions' on the necessary pre-existing plasma, chemically balanced soils, organic solutions, etc., than the alleged 'dynamical aggregates,' 'molécules organiques,' 'plastidé particles,' or 'highly differentiated life-stuff,' insisted upon by the physiologists in their materialistic theories of life."

"The beautiful and purely local fern (*Schizaea pusilla*) growing on the pine barrens of New Jersey, affords quite as conclusive proof of the correctness of the Bible genesis of life as the phenomenal appearance of Japan clover in the South." It is found in similar pine barrens in New Zealand in the same latitude of the South Temperate Zone, and under the same local conditions. "Take any accurate or even half-accurate chart of plant distribution on the earth's surface, and it will be found that every-where under the same favoring conditions, plants of the same genera and species make their appearance independently of any known processes of dissemination in the case of seeds. The distribution is not one of seeds, but rather of geographical conditions, thermometric, hygrometric, telluric, and possibly chemical." "Whenever the telluric conditions are the same or similar, in the respective localities named, and the temperature and moisture correspond, the necessary plant distribution follows in obedience to the divine mandate, 'Let the earth bring forth.' This is the one uniform law that governs every-where, and the only one that accounts for all the diversified manifestations of plant-life, now, as heretofore, taking place upon our globe." It accounts for the appearance of all vegetable organisms from the lowly lichen upon the rock "to the lordliest and most defiant oak that ever bared its arms to the storms and tempests of centuries." It accounts for the growth of the same household plants, garden seeds, and general vegetation, in the mountainous regions of North Carolina and Tennessee, that we find in New England, and for the presence of the same delicate-hued, and rarely fragrant flora in the Rocky Mountains that we find in the gardens and hedge-rows of Old England; for the growth of all fungi, whether on decaying timber or soil, or on continuously damp walls, or wall paper; for the rust or "blight" of grain, for all low mycological forms, such as the mold on decaying fruit, bread, paste, preserves, canned fruits, the honeycomb of beehives, and the pupae of moths. It enables us to understand how truffles grow under the branches of trees in

young plantations, the *Tuber aestivum* under beech trees, the *Tuber macrosporum* under oak trees, and the *Tuber brumale* under oaks and white poplars, and how they disappear when the requisite nutrient fails.

The earth, palpitating with life, and evidencing the presence of the Eternal Spirit, brings forth all forms of vegetative organization whenever the necessary conditions are present. The seeds they bear are eminently useful to reasoning man and instinctive brute, but are not indispensable to the production of vegetable growth of which they are the products. Plants appear and disappear just as mushrooms do under friendly or unfriendly circumstances. Mushroom spores are obtained by collecting horse-droppings, mixing them with road sand, putting them under cover, beating them down to prevent overheating, turning them over occasionally, and in due time they generate spores enough to answer all the demands of the collector. These germinal principles of the fungi "are just as dependent on 'conditions' for their development as were the primordial germs of the gigantic cryptogams of the carboniferous era."

Professor Asa Gray, of Harvard University, speaks of the opinions of his distinguished associate, Agassiz, in terms that indicate the essential agreement of that learned scientist with the views entertained by Judge Wright, and which he has primarily drawn from Biblical sources. "Agassiz," says Dr. Gray, "wholly eliminates community of descent from his idea of species, and even conceives a species to have been as numerous in individuals and as widely spread over space, or as segregated in discontinuous spaces, from the first to the later periods." This view, it is needless to add, entirely harmonizes with Biblical genesis. It also explains the "astonishing similarity," remarked by Professor Gray, between the flora of the Atlantic United States and that of Japan, Manchooria, and Northern China. The flora of all these countries are similar, just because the climatic and other conditions are similar. Wherever the conditions are the same or similar the earth brings forth the same floral genera as naturally as cow-

slips grow in the swaly meads created by streams whose course has been newly turned, and along whose banks the black alder is certain to flourish in somber luxuriance. Some pertinent questions will naturally arise in the mind of the reflective reader as he ponders the answers of Thoreau and Wright to the inquiry with which this paper begins. What those questions will be it is

not necessary here to guess, nor to essay response to them as they occur. Sufficient has been adduced to produce conviction in most minds that a correct interpretation of the Mosaic record explains the puzzling alternations of forest growths, and also pours a flood of light on floral phenomena which have hitherto been inexplicable by the majority of spectators.

### THE SCRIBE WHO CAME TO CHRIST.

WE learn from St. Matthew that a certain one of the scribes believed. So also now Christ has some from every rank and profession.

There seems no reason to doubt this man's sincerity. For,

1. He separated himself from his fellow scribes in coming to Jesus thus. Almost all the scribes were bitterly opposed to our Lord. It was hard for this man to go against them, and to take part with one whom they were doing their utmost to hinder. Yet this is what he did. Must he not have been sincere?

This is a proof of sincerity which those who would follow Christ are often called to give. It is hard for any, especially for the young, to go against their companions, and take a different side from those with whom they live or associate; hard in any matter, but harder than ever in religion. Yet this is what we must do, when required.

2. He was not ashamed of making an open profession. Nicodemus, when his heart was touched and he wished to learn more, went to Jesus by night; but this man came in open day before the people; and that, not merely to ask to be taught, but to own himself Christ's disciple. "Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest." No fear of man, no false shame, kept him back. If he felt them at all, he was enabled to overcome them.

It is to be feared that many, though convinced, yet shrink from an open confession of Christ, and keep back, through shame, when they ought boldly to come forward.

Some people even excuse themselves for their want of practical godliness by saying, "I make no profession." But we ought to make a profession, a bold and honest profession, only, of course, a true one. If a man dares not profess what he feels, will not Christ be ashamed of him hereafter? And if he neither feels nor professes, in what state must he be, even by his own showing? True, a false profession is worth nothing; but will any one be saved by not professing?

3. But this man showed another sign of sincerity; he would not wait. He came to our Lord while he was "in the way." Could he not wait for a better opportunity? Could he not follow our Lord to the place to which he was going, and there speak to him? Could there be a worse time for speaking to him than this, surrounded as he was by a number of people, and going along the road? The man's deep and true conviction would not let him wait, he was too much in earnest to put off joining himself to Christ. Other things might bear delay, but not this. He wished to follow Christ whithersoever he went, and wished to begin at once.

Here is a rock on which many split; they do not begin at once. With them, "I will follow thee," means not "I will follow thee now," but "I will follow thee at some future time." They do not act on their convictions at once, they do not seize the present moment, they do not give themselves to Christ and own themselves his while yet the impression of his word and Spirit is upon them; they wait for a convenient season. Does it come? Often not. On the contrary,

words are forgotten, impressions fade, resolutions are broken, and perhaps never again are they so near to Christ as at that moment when they might have gone to him and said, "Lord, I will follow thee," but put it off to another time.

This scribe, then, gave much proof of sincerity, such proof as to make him an example to others. He separated himself from his fellows, he made an open profession, and he made it without delay. As far as his knowledge went he was sincere. The words of Christ had reached his heart, his mighty works had convinced him, and in all the honest warmth of a true feeling he professed himself his disciple.

How was he received? We are surprised at our Lord's answer to his eager words: "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." This seems a cold welcome indeed! We should have looked for something very different; we should have expected a warm, hearty, encouraging reception, instead of what seems a check, almost a rebuke. And this from one who at other times was continually inviting men to join themselves to him, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." "Come and follow me." But he also said, "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me;" and here, perhaps, is the clew to his answer to the scribe.

This man, though sincere, was probably ignorant. He wished to follow Christ, but did not know there was a cross to be borne. Eager as he was, he had not counted the cost. Our Lord would not have him embrace his service thus. "Foxes," said he, "have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." It was no easy life this new disciple was entering on in beginning to follow Christ. The Master was more destitute of outward comfort than even the foxes of the desert and the birds of the air; and such as the Master was, such the servant must be prepared to be. Our blessed Lord, kind and

gracious to all, did not refuse to accept this man as his disciple; he only warned him what it was to follow him. We do not know the end. But we have no reason to think that the man was discouraged. Rather we may believe that he persevered in his wish, and did take up the cross and follow Christ.

Some of the lessons to be drawn from this history we have already glanced at; but let us notice three special points:

1. The words, "I will follow thee," teach us what true religion is. It is following of Christ. Not, however, merely copying his example, but first looking to him, and trusting in him as our Savior; following him, as it were, with our faith; resting our souls upon him, to be cleansed by his blood, and to live by his life; and then seeking to be guided by his teaching, to tread in his steps, to do his will, to live under the continual influence of his Spirit; following whithersoever he leads; not shrinking from taking up the cross at his bidding; willing to part with all for his sake. This is true religion.

2. The scribe said, "I will follow thee." Happy is it when any are led to that decision, when an end is put to all doubt and hesitation, and the step is taken. In his case, becoming Christ's disciple made a great change in the outward life, but it is not so in general. Usually, most outward things go on as before—the tradesman attends to his business, the servant keeps her place, the laborer still works in the fields; yet how great is the change in heart and life, when one becomes a follower of Christ! How great, and how happy! Serious impressions and solemn thoughts and resolutions, if they go no further, do not bring peace. It is only when the heart is truly and decidedly given to Christ that the peace of God is known.

3. But we have an advantage which the scribe up to this time had not, we have been taught the nature of Christ's service. We are to take up the cross and follow him; an easy yoke and a light burden, even though the cross must be borne; for his grace and love make every burden light.

## A SUNDAY IN STOCKHOLM.

THE remembrance which the traveler has of Sweden is to a considerable extent of a morose character. As I sit by the fire and recall the days I wandered through that northern land, there rise before me, in a vague way, apparently endless miles of white rocky ground, and forests of dark pine-trees, varied only by great sheets of water—a fourth part of Sweden, be it observed, is under water. It is the most sombre portion of Scandinavia, wanting the grand mountain ranges of Norway and the open green fields of Denmark. But there are two things which stand out in recollection as bright and cheerful. The happy, lively peasantry, and beautiful Stockholm. The people are vivacious and pleasure-loving, like the French. If they wore blue blouses and cut their hair short as a scrubbing brush, and drank red wine, they might pass for children of fair Provence. As it is, their locks are long, their dress rough home-spun, and their drink is of the strongest. But they are a joyous, kindly, courteous folk, fond of social gatherings, a dance round a May-pole, a marriage, or a market. They are hospitable to the stranger withal, and when he crosses the threshold of farm or cottage he is a stranger no longer; a people full of hilarity and good humor, whom it is pleasant to remember.

But it is worth while going all the way to that far-off corner of Europe just to see Stockholm, as one looks at it for the first time from the Baltic, worth all the tossing on the terrible North Sea, and the days spent up on shipboard in poky cabins, or on land in musty, fusty hotels. When the little asthmatic steamer that has carried you from Gottenborg through long canals and across broad lakes, and by narrow tortuous channels among wooded islands, turns a point, Stockholm comes suddenly into view: a bright, chaste, beautiful city, "kissed," to quote a rapturous guide-book, "on one cheek by the ripples of a lake, on the other saluted by the billows of the sea—" the lake being the Malar Lake and the sea

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the Baltic. Indeed, I do n't know that any capital of Europe is more picturesque than this of Sweden, not "the gray metropolis of the North," nor Constantinople, on the Golden Horn, nor Berne, with her girdle of snow-clad mountains. Stockholm rises from the water embosomed in woods of pine and ash and birch, with a background of gray hills. She sits on her seven islands like a queen.

Ding! dong! clang! clang! go the bells of the city as we stand, this fine Summer morning, looking out on the blue water, and the little skiffs that skim like sea birds along it, and the steamers that puff about like animated onions, for they resemble in shape that excellent esculent. "Going to Church, sir?" says a broad-browed, fair-haired Swede, whose acquaintance we had made in the Gottenborg boat. "There is plenty of room in the churches here for strangers; you can get a pew for your stick, and another for your hat, and another for yourself. People never go to Church in this town except when there is a great preacher to hold forth. There is a smart man to day in the Storkyrka. I'm going there, and will be glad to show you the way." Our friend was a Swede who had been for some time in America. Many of his countrymen cross the Atlantic, and from their skill in forestry make capital back-woodsmen; but when they make a little money, back they come to settle in their native land. Various cute specimens of the American Swede are met by the traveler in Scandinavia—not always to the advantage of the latter. Our friend, however, was a right good, sound-hearted fellow.

The Storkyrka to which he conducted us is the cathedral church of Stockholm. It is a huge, ungraceful building, on which much whitewash has been spent, when a great deal less would have done. It has a vast interior, and the walls are decorated with large pictures by Ehrenstal. The Swedes are very proud of this artist, though his work does not seem to a foreigner in any way worthy of special commendation. He appears, how-

ever, to have had a grim humor of his own. In one of his pictures, representing the last judgment, the faces of the actors in the dread scene are those of the courtiers of his time, and the position of some of them in the great assize is by no means enviable. "I guess," says our Swede, "they would n't give him many dimes for putting them up there!" This is not the only touch of the grotesque in this old church. To the right of the altar is a huge brazen candelabrum, around the column of which is entwined an eel, with the legend underneath, "The eel is a strong fish; with the bare hand you can catch him for sure. He who would keep him must spare neither sack nor coffin." The moral of this allegory, if allegory there be, we are unable to point. The suggestion that it is a hit at the clergy, sleek, slippery, able to elude the grasp of the strongest hand, we reject at once with indignation!

These little jocosities took place while the congregation were gathering themselves together. It was a high festival day, and the Stockholmites mustered strongly to what they term "High Mass." The service, though it bears this name, was Lutheran, for the Swedes are intensely Protestant and have little sympathy with Rome, though they retain many of the rites of the old faith. The clergyman was arrayed in vestments of a very pronounced Roman type: a white "mass shirt," a red velvet cope, a gold cross on his broad back and deep lace trimmings sufficient plenteously to adorn a bride. This was a high day and his raiment was gorgeous; on ordinary days his garb is unostentatious as that of a Scotch preacher and very similar—large white bands and a black gown.

The Swedish Church has a liturgy of its own, and a very beautiful and impressive one it is. We made acquaintance with it afterwards through the medium of a translation. The ordinary Sunday service begins with a solemn invocation, then follows a confession of sin, a psalm, the epistle for the day, and the Apostles' Creed. After this the minister ascends the pulpit, gives out his text from the Gospel, says the Lord's

Prayer, reads the Gospel (all standing while this is done), and preaches his sermon. This is followed by an intercessory prayer and a psalm. The minister then descends to the altar and pronounces the blessing of Moses, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee," etc., after which a psalm is sung and the people disperse. The priest attitudinized a good deal, and occasionally turned his back to the congregation, when his dorsal decoration was very effective. None of the Scriptures are read in the ordinary service except the Gospel and epistle. The people, it seemed to me, did not take much interest in the prayers, and joined in a slow, dawdling way in the psalms; but they appeared to hitch themselves up when the service began, and continued wide-awake all through; at least so I was told afterwards. It was a long, long sermon. My eyes wandered from the altar-piece of marble and gold, and from one of Ehrenstal's courtiers to another. Then a most curious thing happened. The great picture seemed to expand like one of the lakes we had crossed a few days before; the courtiers bobbed up and down in the water; saints and angels, sheep and goats, came together in a promiscuous and highly irregular manner, and finally—I fell asleep! Our Swede had great respect for the sermon and the preacher. A good man and a good sermon! He was long, and had several good chances to stop in his discourse, which he ought not to have let pass, but it was very eloquent. Then followed a story of a minister who made a call on a friend of his, and seemed never likely to cease his conversation, when the dreadful child of the friend aforesaid stepped up to her father and whispered, quite loud enough to be heard by the visitor, "Papa, did n't the gentleman bring his 'Amen' with him to-day?" Sermons in Sweden are perhaps longer than in any part of Europe, not even excepting Scotland, where the interval between the text and the "Amen" is often considerable.

We lean over the parapet of a bridge that leads to the Riddarholm or Knights' Island and talk of good things, especially of the creed, and ritual, and government of the Church at whose services we have just as-

sisted. It is a curious Church in some respects this of Sweden, being probably the most thoroughgoing establishment in the world. Here Church and state are one. There is no dissent to speak of. All Swedes belong to the Church; they are baptized, confirmed, married, and buried by it; and though there is now toleration for other religions, the place is made pretty hot for them. All education is superintended by the clergy. All young people have to be confirmed by the parish priest after special instruction and examination, and no person can be married or get any civil appointment until they have been confirmed and taken the communion. If any criminal is found on his conviction to have been neglected as regards religious instruction the authorities are down at once upon the parson of his parish for an explanation. The clergy visit regularly all their parishioners and catechise them to their hearts' content. The government of the Church seems a mixture of Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, and Congregationalism. There is an archbishop and there are eleven bishops, but there is also a great synod or Church parliament (Kyrkmote), and each parish has a local government of its own (Socken Stammer). There are thirteen hundred beneficed clergy. The Church is moderately well endowed. The archbishop has £1,200 a year, and the incomes of the clergy vary from £100 to £300. Their income is derived chiefly from tithes. "They have a quiet, contented appearance," said our friend; "not like the parsons out West where I was, who have to work for their living, poor boys! and beg for it afterwards, and a mighty hard time many of them have of it, I can tell you." All the clergy are university men, educated at either of the two national universities of Upsala or Lund, and they must take their degree before they can be ordained. They are elected by the congregations over whom they are placed. Three candidates are appointed to preach by what is called the Consistory, and the one chosen is generally presented by the crown. The clergy elect their bishop, or rather they send in three names to the king, who nominates one of

them. The priests have to officiate for some years as curates, and must be each thirty years of age before they can take a living. Formerly the clergy formed one of the estates of parliament, but now (as our friend put it) they have a "talking place" of their own. The doctrine of the Church is Lutheran.

All this and much more to the same purpose we were told regarding the National Church of Sweden, but so far as we could learn this great organization does not produce all the effect upon the morality of the people that might be expected. Not that there is no earnest spiritual life within the Church, but religion is looked upon by the people too much as a formality, and too little as a sacred obligation. A Swede graduates as a Christian by taking out his *schein* or confirmation certificate, and does not feel as if very much more is required of him. Notwithstanding the national establishment, and the marvelously complete system of education, the state of the people is morally deplorable. Drunkenness is every-where prevalent. The love of finkel, fahlun, and other strong drinks of a vitriolic character is very marked. Nearly half the births in Stockholm are illegitimate, and the state of country parishes is often not much better. Yet it was shown not long ago from undoubted statistics that one in every hundred and twenty-six of the population lives by teaching the Swedes their moral and religious duties. The outcome of all their endeavors is far from satisfactory.

One other church we visited that Sunday, where the sermon is preached in a language which every one can understand, and always from the same text. This is the Riddarholm Kyrkan, used as a Mausoleum for the kings and mighty men of Sweden. It is the Westminster Abbey of Scandinavia. There is little noteworthy about the church itself. It is a long brick building, with chapels on either side. The pavement from the great entrance to the altar is covered with the heraldic bearings of the nobles and men of valor who lie beneath. On the pillars are all sorts of hatchments and banners fast turning to dust. In the chapel on the right

side of the altar is the sarcophagus of Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, the hero of Dugald Dalgetty. His body lies in a vault below, and looking through a grating we get a glimpse of the end of his coffin and some of its shining ornaments. All round his chapel are hung the keys of the cities that he captured, the tattered banners, and the drums that he took in battle, and the blood-stained clothes which he wore on the fatal field of Lutzen. The whole arrangement looked like a pawnbroker's shop. Opposite this chapel is that of Charles XII, a hero well known to the school-boy learning French. A cloak belonging to this sovereign hangs on the wall, also a hat with a bullet hole through it. The bullet also went, we are told, through his brain. There is another chapel dedicated to Bernadotte, the brave French general who founded the present royal dynasty of Sweden. He has a great sarcophagus of porphyry, than which it is impossible to conceive any thing of the kind more hideous. There are other royal coffins in vaults beneath—would Herr Engliskman like to see them? Never mind, old man, royal dust is like other dust, we believe! Did n't one of the mightiest of the Cæsars sum up the result of his life in the words, "I have been every thing, and it has profited nothing?" And wasn't it the Empress Theodora that said, "The throne is a glorious sepulchre?" And did n't Abdelrahman the Magnificent close his career with the words, "O man, place not thy confidence in the present world?" And has it not been sung that

"Death lays his icy hand on kings;  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade?"

"Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas!" Most excellent observations, "most true indeed." Yes, old man, we have had an admirable sermon, a very good sermon, a sound orthodox sermon indeed; no doubt about it whatever. "Would n't Herr Engliskman like to see?" No, thank you, old man, not to-day—let us into the sunshine; the air of defunct royalty is not good. We give our ancient friend the mite our poverty

allowed us to bestow, and as he shut the door of the royal sepulcher with a clang he looked as if he could have done with more.

In the evening we made a pilgrimage to the house where the great mystic Emanuel Swedenborg used to live, and in our walk had abundant opportunity of observing how free and untrammelled from Sabbath restrictions the Swedes are in their observance of Sunday. Crowds were pouring onward to the great pleasure gardens of the suburbs. The theater was open, and a considerable amount of loudly-expressed jollity every-where present. As we return the streets are thronged; the boats flash about from island to island; the great palace is lighted up, and there is the reflection of many lamps on the water. The people are gay as the Parisians. We did not find much to remind us of the seer in his old home. Its surroundings are of a very prosaic character. We were shown a kiosk where he had his visions—a shabby wooden shed, painted yellow and green, in a back yard, with a scrubby tree or two in the foreground. They tell, however, rather a good story of him here. He was once being ferried across the Malar Lake by two country girls; instead of giving them any of his conversation, he kept talking, so he told them, to spirits who were with him. "How many have you on board?" they asked. "Twelve," he replied angrily. On reaching the shore he offered coin in payment. "Thirteen marks, if you please, sir; not a stiver less." "And why, pray?" remonstrated he. "Did you not say, sir, you had twelve spirits on board? Are we poor girls to pull them over the lake for nothing?" The visionary, who feared neither ghost nor devil, paid down the fare demanded rather than encounter the clatter of two women's tongues.\* Swedenborg, like some other great prophets, has not many followers in his own country. Any form of religious earnestness outside the national Church is generally found in connection with the Laasare, or "readers," who occupy, in relation to the Establishment, much the same position as the Methodists in England in the time of Wesley.

\* Marryatt, "A Year in Sweden."

They expound the Bible in common colloquial language, and their preachers are full of fervor. They receive, as a rule, very little encouragement from the clergy, and until lately suffered a good deal of persecution.

Our friendly Swede meets us on one of the bridges, and escorts us to the hotel. He has had a "good time" in the Deer Park, a great garden with many cafés and restaurants, where the citizens love to congregate. He has been discussing politics with a Russian Finlander. "Sweden lost her chance when she remained neutral during the Crimean War. She should have joined the allies, and annexed Finland, which was hers once, and should be hers again. The Russian bear is a beast that gobbles up every-

thing; but he will have his claws cut yet, and Sweden will have her own again." He continues his conversation over a liquor called "Poonch Svenska," which is on many grounds worthy of approval; and though he had been in the United States, in Canada, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, there are no people so free, so brave, so honest, so well educated, so religious, as his countrymen. So he asserts; and, making every allowance for prejudice, we may admit there is some little truth in his statement, notwithstanding its seeming extravagance. But when he proceeded to depreciate Niagara as nothing compared with the waterfalls of Dalecarlia we considered it time to go to bed. And it was.

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### "ONLY A DOG."

#### CHAPTER I.

**A**MONG all the lonely villages which are to be found nestling here and there amid the green meadows and corn fields of England, not one could be more lonely than Hollowshore, whose vicar was about to bring home a wife from a large family in London. It lay in a hollow among hills, as if it had been dropped there from the skies; its scattered houses standing apart from one another with varying distances between them. The church, a low, small, simple old edifice, with no pretensions to architectural beauty, stood quite alone, with a quiet churchyard around it, where the dead lay in closer companionship than had been their lot in life. The vicarage, instead of being its near neighbor, had wandered off two or three fields away and rested on the brow of a low hill, from which it looked down on the moss-grown roof of its natural consort and head. The hills alone clustered and crowded together, one behind the other, with soft rounded outlines lifting the clear horizon high up into the air far above the level of the eye; so that to gaze up into the blue depths of the sky you had to raise your head as if you had been dwelling in one of

the narrow streets of the great city where the vicar's wife had been born. Hollowshore was so stationary a village that even in these times of speculation and money-getting, no one had had spirit enough to set up either a shop or a tavern in its quiet lanes. There was not as much as a cottage window with a few common articles for sale in it, or a sign over any door, "Licensed to sell tea and tobacco." Those who needed a row of pins or an ounce of tea must tramp to Sutton, a very small market-town five miles away. And tramping to Sutton meant a long, hot, weary climb over a rough road for half an hour or more, then across a stretch of moor and bog, where the heather was rich purple in the Summer, but where the snows drifted into deep and treacherous pitfalls in the Winter; and after this another long, steep, and rough descent into the valley where the little town lay. Naturally there was a good deal of borrowing and lending in Hollowshore, and an unusually familiar acquaintance with one another's private family arrangements, from the vicarage to the smallest cottage in the farthest limits of the parish.

Their vicar's second marriage had given rise to a great deal of excitement, which reached its height on the day he brought his new wife home. It was said they had been into foreign parts, and Jock had gone with them. It was even rumored that Jock had stood next to the bridegroom in the London church where the marriage had been celebrated, and none of the villagers doubted it. Mr. Churchill had never been seen without him outside his church walls, and every man, woman, and child, loved the beautiful shepherd's dog, dainty and silken-haired, fleet of foot, and sweet-tempered beyond words. It was quite right that Jock should make one at the parson's wedding, for had he not lain at the foot of the bed when his first young wife died, a few months after he came to Hollowshore, she and her new-born child passing away in one brief afternoon? Since then he had had no near home companion except Jock, who had come with the young wife from her north-country home. Jock surely had a right to be thought of when his master married again.

Jock had proved himself the very best of traveling companions, even amidst the perplexities of foreign travel. Nelly Churchill delighted her husband by her praise of him. And now the vicar's dog-cart, which had met them at the little railway station at Sutton, was just turning the corner of the hill from which the hollow of their country parish could be seen. Latimer Churchill and his man-servant alighted, for the road was rough and steep, but the new wife kept her seat. The joyous barking of Jock at the sight of his old home echoed from hill to hill, and was answered by cheer after cheer from the villagers below. The two tinkling bells in the low, square tower rang out their merriest, and a few daring youths fired off guns into the air. Here and there across the deep lanes where the banks alone were as high as one's head, with tall hedgerows growing on their summit, were hung garlands of flowers, and over the churchyard gate was a white flag with the time-honored motto, "Welcome Home," worked in laurel leaves upon it. There were endless shouts of "Hurrah!" and not

the least hearty was the cry, "Hurrah for Jock!" A dog that had traveled in foreign parts was a marvel, and no one liked him to pass without a pat or a word of welcome.

"I never was so happy in my life," said Nelly, as she stepped over the threshold of her new home. "You did not tell me half how beautiful it is!"

Which was the happiest, Latimer Churchill, his young wife, or Jock, it would be difficult to say. Yet it was so that in the midst of all his new, deep happiness the vicar could not refrain from stealing away from his wife's side, when night had fallen and all was still, into the quiet moonlight, which was flooding the valley and casting the dark shadows of the upright head-stones in the churchyard across the silent graves. Jock, stealthily as if he knew his master's purpose, had crept out after him, and they two paused together at the foot of a marble cross under the chancel window. He and Jock had visited this spot thousands of times, never once omitting to pass it when there was divine worship held in the church close by; and here Jock would stretch himself beside it, outside the chancel window, hearing from time to time his master's voice within, until the service was ended, and he came out again to walk with Jock back to the desolate home. It was desolate no longer, his chosen companion and wife was there, and yet he could not neglect the lonely grave on this first night of his return to it.

It was quite plain that Jock had no fault to find with the change at the vicarage. He was large-hearted and could take in many objects of secondary love, his devotion and worship being reserved for his master. His memory was full of loving recollection of every servant or guest who had once dwelt under the vicarage roof. He seemed never to forget a face or a voice. Mrs. Churchill was proud of him, and after her fashion was fond of him. Her love had always pride for its foundation. She was extravagantly proud of her husband, of his repute as a naturalist, his good family, and his good looks, of his popularity in his country parish, and even of the very godliness and de-

voutness with which he fulfilled his daily life and the duties of his office. The humble little village and lowly church and vicarage she was not proud of; but a change was sure to come. The bishop could not leave a man like Latimer Churchill to waste his powers in an out-of-the-way country parish.

Yet she was almost perfectly happy for a while; and so were Latimer and Jock. She was a good walker, like all Londoners who accustom themselves to go about the streets on foot. The late Summer days and the Autumn mornings were deliciously fine, and she was able to ramble about for hours on the hills and uplands, with her husband botanizing and Jock coursing, fleet as a greyhound, among the faded ferns and the broken tufts of gorse. In London she had often drawn pictures of the country life she would lead with Latimer, and now she was charmed to realize her dreams. To have Jock lying at her feet, with his beautiful, half-human eyes fastened upon her face, and her husband lingering beside her, with the clear, blue sky above them, and no sound or sight of common work-a-day life breaking in upon them, seemed to her the perfection of earthly happiness.

The first faint cloud upon her sky, no bigger than a man's hand, arose when she first grew aware of those faithful visits her husband and Jock paid to the little grave under the chancel window. Neither of them could forget the young girl, Latimer's wife when he had been himself only a young priest of four and twenty entering upon his life's career; and still at times his thoughts went back to those by-gone days with that vague, slight mournfulness which "resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles rain." Nelly was ashamed of her pain and could not speak of it; but none the less there was a pain, no deeper perhaps than a pin-prick, when her husband, even with her hand upon his arm, would pause wistfully for an instant as he passed the marble cross on his way to the vestry, and Jock would stretch himself at the foot of it, with those beautiful eyes of his fastened pensively upon it. No doubt in Jock's faithful memory the young face

and happy voice of his little mistress were yet living; and the great mystery which had laid her there, out of sight and hearing, perplexed him still. But it was an ache and a pain to Nelly that there should be any cherished thing in common between her husband and Jock in which she could have no share.

This was the tiny rift in the lute, which could henceforth breathe no perfect harmony. How could she put her pain into words? Even to her own heart so subtle and imperceptible it was, she could not give a shape to the haunting, vexing shadow. The little marble cross grew faintly displeasing to her; it could be seen from one of the windows of her husband's study—a pure white object against the gray old wall of the church; and it was always the first thing her eyes fell upon when she looked out upon the lonely landscape. By and by it grew to fill the whole landscape for her; and the words of a verse chiseled upon one side of the pedestal rang through her brain for hours together. She caught herself repeating them as she went about the house, or sat alone at her needle-work:

"Her fleeting soul to heaven she gave,  
Then slept the slumber of the grave;  
Nor murmured once at God's decrees.  
The smile passed from her pallid face:  
So dies, nor leaves behind a trace,  
The wild birds' carol mid the trees."

The singing of the birds never failed to bring back these last words to her mind, vexing and chafing her. Once more the serpent had entered into Paradise.

## CHAPTER II.

I BELIEVE it is Bacon who says that "Man is the god of the dog."

For years Jock had been his master's companion, following his footsteps into every cottage and outlying farmstead in the wide parish, lying on the hearthrug in his study whilst he thought out the sermons he preached from his humble pulpit, and playing many a frolic with him on the wild hill-side where they were free from the criticism of any human spectator. Latimer's love for his dog was that peculiar blending of tenderness with careful government which is

called forth by a creature that worships you, can see no fault or flaw in you, accepts your judgments as final, and your punishments as merited. He had grown accustomed to talking to Jock as he would have done to an intelligent child, and many of his moods Jock could sympathize with better than a human being would have done. When his young wife was dying Jock had watched in her sick-room and by her death-bed as incessantly as he had done himself; and it was the dumb creature's deep distress that had most fully responded to his own. Latimer did not curiously inquire whether he loved his dog better than his human fellow-creatures: the love was different. It was not the love of an equal, but that of a superior being looking down with unmeasured tenderness upon a creature at his feet.

In the long Winter days, when the snow lay deep in the lanes, and the outlying dwelling-places were difficult to reach, Nelly was obliged to stay at home while her husband and Jock left her for hours together. The heart of the country is very still in Winter, and Nelly, used to all the stir and movement of the greatest city in the world, felt there was something appalling in this utter stillness; it left her to brood upon herself, and the silently growing jealousy creeping in upon her found time to root itself in her nature. It could not work any ill to the little grave under the chancel-window, but it could upon Jock, who would come in from his long pattering in the snow after his master, weary and foot-sore, but as happy as in the bright Summer days, looking forward to nothing else than lying on the hearth in the drawing-room before the fire, taking a sleepy satisfaction in the sound of their voices as they read or talked together. Nelly banished him from the drawing-room, but she could not get him exiled from the study; and as time went on the study became distasteful to her, partly on his account and partly because of the little cross that could be seen from its window.

Does sin stop with ourselves; or does it descend as an evil influence upon the lower animals which we associate closely with our

own habit and lives? Does ill-temper in the master not make the dog snappish and uncertain? Does not the general tone of moral life in a house operate for good or evil on every brain and heart within the circle of its sway? Jock was no longer the free and happy creature he had been. Hitherto he had met with no dislike any where in the parish, which constituted his whole world, and he began to pine. Doors that had once been open to him were now shut; and Nelly's voice spoke to him in sharp tones. The change perplexed him; it awoke in him a feeling of being in fault. He was no longer so fleet-footed or light-hearted as he had been; and if his master was going out he would linger in his quiet corner in the study until he heard himself summoned by a whistle, instead of being first out on the lawn, awaiting his master's tardy appearance with impatience. He was expected to stay more in the stables, and this he felt to be a degradation, after being used to his master's society. His silky black-and-tan hair lost something of its shining lustre, and his beautiful eyes grew dimmer. Much of his happy trustfulness was gone, and he crept about the house and cringed as he had never done before. Jock's whole moral nature was lowered in tone, and it may be that Latimer was carelessly unconscious of the change.

When Spring came round again at last, one of the neighboring farmers gave his vicar's wife a curiously small Bantam cock and hen, which had taken the prize at the last poultry show. Nelly was as proud of them as she was of every beautiful possession belonging exclusively to herself. There was a small croft of soft sward under the study window, where she placed her new favorites, and it amused her and Latimer to stand and watch the ways of the dainty little creatures. Many a time Jock, from the dark corner to which he retreated when his mistress came in, kept his glowering eye upon them, as he listened to them laughing and talking of his despised rivals. Why should not a dog be grieved to jealousy, if the god he worships yields to it?

One Sunday morning, when the two tink-

ling bells were ringing from the low belfry, Jock, by some mischance, found himself locked up in the stable, at the hour when for years past he had never failed to follow his master's footsteps as far as the grave under the chancel window; there to await his return from the mystery of divine worship, stretched above the spot where his young mistress lay buried. Latimer did not miss him till he was half-way to church, and then Nelly, who had not been well of late, would not let him return to the house. He yielded to her objections; but it caused him something like a pang, as if a slight had been cast upon that first dear love of his. Nelly did not wait for him to walk back with her when the service ended, and he was loitering homewards alone when he met Jock crawling through the long grass, which was now growing high and ripening for the hay-harvest. Jock carried the little Bantam hen in his mouth and laid it at his master's feet with a strange, wild, forlorn expression in his uplifted eyes.

"O Jock, Jock!" asked his master, half-angrily and half-pityingly, "what have you done? How did you come to do such a wicked deed as this?"

Poor Jock! He lay there prostrate, heaving deep sighs, and gazing up into his master's beloved face, with half-human eyes, as if he longed for words in which to utter all his heart. But Latimer could not raise him from his abasement. The crime was too real and too mischievous.

"You have deeply grieved your mistress and me," he said gravely. "My poor Nelly! I do n't know what she will say."

He passed on rapidly, leaving Jock alone, stretched across the track his master's feet had made in the long grass. But he did not tell his wife when he reached the vicarage. How to cover Jock's crime and to get her to forgive it he did not know; for the moment he must put it off until after the evening service.

Jock was nowhere to be seen when they went again to Church, and Latimer felt his desertion of the cherished grave more keenly than in the morning. The days were near their longest, and though the sun sank early

behind the high horizon, there was a long cool season of evening light before the dusk came. Latimer turned into his study when he reached home, somewhat weary and depressed. He opened the window over the little croft where Nelly's pets had lived, and leaned out to feel the cool fresh air upon his face. Jock was below, busy. He was filling up a hole he had made, and was scratching the soil into it as quickly as he could; but at the sound of the casement opening he paused, and lay down over the disturbed spot guiltily. His master called him, but Jock did not stir, though his eyes moved and gleamed with a strange light in them. Latimer jumped from the low window-sill and drew near to him. It was as he had feared; immediately under Jock's outstretched paws was the crimson comb of the Bantam cock, which he had been carefully burying out of sight in the ground. Both of Nelly's pets were gone.

"Jock!" he said in a terrible and threatening voice, "you, a clergyman's dog, have broken two of the great commandments! You have been guilty of murder, and you have murdered on the Sabbath day! Go out of my sight! I do not wish to see you again."

So slowly Jock crawled away, with drooping head and almost closed eyes, that Latimer could hardly keep himself from relenting and calling him back. But there was Nelly, who was so ailing just now, and so capricious in her temper, so unlike herself. And Jock had killed both of her new treasures. No; he must say nothing to console Jock, or to raise him from his evident despair. Never had he been guilty of any crime like this before; and he must bear his punishment. Yet it was plain that it was jealousy alone, which is but the dark shadow of every earthly love, that had driven him into this transgression.

Latimer went away to seek his wife, sadly troubled. He had to start early in the morning to a town twenty miles distant, where a visitation was to be held, and he would be absent all the week if nothing went amiss at home. It was necessary, therefore, to tell Nelly this evening, and to

make Jock's peace with her before he left. He sat down at her side and put his arm tenderly round her.

"My darling," he said, "I'm very grieved to grieve you—I'm vexed at heart about it—but poor old Jock has been jealous of your Bantams, I'm afraid."

"What has he done?" asked Nelly, suddenly alert and all alive with jealousy herself.

"I'm sorry to tell you he killed the little hen this morning while we were in church," he answered reluctantly. "I wish I had turned back to look for him."

"Oh, Latimer!" she cried, "what shall you do to him? He must be severely punished, or the other will not be safe."

"My love," he said, "the other was not safe. He has killed it this evening. I found him burying it when I came in from church."

"He ought to be sent away," she exclaimed; "you must part with him, Latimer."

"I could not do that," he said absently; "he was my poor little girl's dog, and I promised her never to part with him."

Nelly did not utter a word in answer. The smouldering fire of jealousy, so long burning in her heart, shot out a swift and hot flame. But she kept silent. She was jealous of what? of the dead. She said to herself she knew now what she had long suspected, that her husband's love for her was nothing as compared with his love for his first wife. She was very quiet for the rest of the evening, and so was he, each brooding over their own thoughts. When the morning came there was little time for conversation; for Latimer had to be away early, and Nelly did not get up to see him start. He gave her a hurried farewell kiss, and his last words were, "Take care of yourself, my dear wife; and forgive poor Jock for my sake."

### CHAPTER III.

NEVER before had the vicar started from home without Jock's attendance, if not for the whole journey, at least as far as Jock himself pleased to accompany him, before turning back to take care of the vicarage

and his new mistress. But this morning he was nowhere to be seen; and Latimer would not whistle for him. It had been his habit to tell Jock where he was going, showing to him the extra official clerical garb he was wearing, and telling him which day he would return; and Jock had always seemed to comprehend him fully, and to be satisfied with the explanation. But Latimer drove away along the road through the meadows without catching a glimpse of his dog.

No one ever knew whether poor Jock had strayed away the evening before, and passed the night on the hills in a strange, unfamiliar misery of guilt and shame, so utterly new in his happy existence, or whether he was blinded and deafened by his profound and bitter sense of banishment from his master's face. It is certain he could not have known of Latimer's departure. Towards the evening, twenty-four long and dreary hours since the commission of his last and crowning transgression, a sad, shrinking, trembling culprit, most abject and most wretched, crept fearlessly through the open door of the hall, and stole to the mat on the threshold of the study. There was not a sound within, not the rustling of a leaf as it was turned over, or the scratching of a pen. Jock must have felt that the place was empty; yet he lay there listening, almost heart-broken, till it was quite dark. Then under cover of the night he crawled stealthily about the house in search of his master, but shunning the spot where his mistress might have been found. Poor Jock! everybody in his once happy home was against him. The maid-servants scouted him the instant he showed his drooping head round the kitchen-door. There was a chorus of accusing voices.

"Who killed poor missis's chickens?" they cried—"yah! out with you!"

Never, never before had it been like this. The awful, inexplicable disappearance of the one being whom Jock worshiped was crushing him down; and this sense of universal execration, in a world that had been so blissful to him, added to the burden of his misery. He was seen no more that night.

The second day was worse. Jock crawled about the forsaken house, shivering, and

hiding into corners at the least sound of a footstep or a voice, and still he could see and hear nothing of his lost lord, whom he had offended, and who had bid him begone out of his sight. On the third day, with a fierce wild howl of desperation, Jock burst into the closed study, and tearing down a coat from where it hung against the wall, stretched himself upon it with his head uplifted in despair, whilst he whined and moaned with half-human cries of distress. The sorrowful lamenting filled the whole house. "I can not bear it any longer," said Nelly to herself.

She made her way to the threshold of the study and stood there looking at him. Jock was silent in an instant, only his dull, blood-shot eyes were fastened upon her, as if imploring some word about his master. The soft silken hair was bedraggled with mud and matted into knots, the bones showed plainly through the skin, the beautiful head was covered with dust. But beneath all this evident wretchedness there was something wild about Jock that frightened her, and checked the feeling of pity that was beginning to melt her heart towards him.

"Jock," she said, "follow me."

There was no tenderness or compassion in her hard voice of command; but Jock's old compliant nature asserted itself, and he lifted himself up feebly and shiveringly to obey. He dragged his trembling limbs after her to an old out-house at some distance from the vicarage—a wooden shed put up in the corner of a meadow to shelter the cattle in the heat of the day; and there she left him, fastening the door with a padlock, and going away without a word. All was lost to him now; and he was cast out from his old home.

Cast out from Paradise, forsaken by the master he worshiped, with a sense of mysterious wrong-doing upon him. It was three days since that terrible transgression of his own had wrought this change, three days since his master's voice had uttered his doom, "Go out of my sight! I do not wish to see you again!" Out of his sight he was: and Jock lay still where his mistress had left him, motionless and heart-broken.

Latimer Churchill did not reach home till Saturday. Nelly had said nothing in her letters to him of Jock's utter misery, hardly caring and hardly daring to do so; but she met him at the gate into the garden, where he alighted from his dog-cart, sending it round to the stables, and there was an expression on her face which startled him.

"Anything amiss, my darling?" he asked hastily.

"Oh, Latimer!" she said, half-criing, "it's Jock. They all say Jock is gone mad."

"Mad!" he repeated.

"He's never eaten or drunk any thing since you went away," she faltered, "and nobody dare go near him. He's like a skeleton, they say— Hush! listen!"

And Latimer, listening, heard a low, long-drawn cry of utter anguish, which made his heart ache with dread and sympathy. Nelly pointed to the shed in the corner of the meadow from which the miserable moaning came, and he strode away, followed by her and the servants, remonstrating with him, and beseeching him not to let Jock out, or to venture himself to go near to him.

"Go back, every one of you," he said sternly; "go back into the house, and leave me alone."

But at the first sound of his voice the desolate, forsaken cry ceased. The servants had hurried back to seek for safety, but Nelly was beside her husband still.

"Go back," he said, as he turned the key in the padlock of the door.

"No, Latimer, no," she answered; "if there's no danger for you there's no danger for me. But he's mad, Latimer; see—look through this hole. Oh, he's quite mad!"

"Jock! my poor old Jock!" cried his master in a voice full of love and grief.

There was a low, soft, piteous moan for answer.

Latimer opened the door and let the broad light of the Summer's day into the shed. Jock was cowering down in the farthest corner, a very skeleton for thinness, with blood-shot, unsteady eyes, and with his parched, swollen tongue lolling out of his mouth. He gazed straight at his master, quivering

and sobbing, yet controlling himself with evident self-restraint. The poor creature was mad; there was no doubt of it.

"Come to me, Jock!" cried Latimer.

Jock crawled towards him, not lifting himself up on his feet, and laid his poor head between his master's knees, as if seeking forgiveness and comfort. Latimer lifted him up in his arms with a grief that knew no words.

"Jock, my man," he said at last with a heavy sob, "there's no saving you. Good-bye, my poor little girl's own dog. Good-bye, my old friend. You would never hurt me; I've no fear of you."

He bent his head down upon the dog's head, talking to him and caressing him, while Nelly stood by him in an agony of terror for herself and him. Then he laid Jock down tenderly in the corner where he had found him, patting his head once more, though Jock was now shrinking from his touch, and was convulsed with the strong throes and agonies of madness.

"All I can do for you now is to put you out of your misery, Jock!" cried his master, in a voice of anguish. He came out of the shed and locked the door safely, his face white, and his lips set firmly as if he could not trust himself to utter a word. Nelly followed him into the house in silence, and into the small lumber-room where his fishing rods and guns were kept. She watched him load one of his guns, with a hard, resolute look on his face, but he took no notice of her.

"What are you going to do, Latimer?" she asked, when he had finished.

"I am going to shoot Jock," he answered, turning almost fiercely upon her; "there's no one else in the parish so sure to kill him instantly. Why did you not send for me home? I ought never to have gone away without forgiving him."

Nelly stole away upstairs, and threw herself, sick and faint, on the bed; but the sharp, cracking report of the gun reached her ears a few minutes later, and forced a shrill scream from her lips. Jock was dead, and his master's own hand had killed him.

Latimer could not return to the house.

He hastened away, swiftly and impatiently, to the hot uplands, where he had never gone alone before since his "little girl" had brought Jock from her north-country home with her. All that short year of that married life had long seemed like a dream to him, a youthful dream full of sweet impossibilities. How far removed that memory had been of late! But it came back upon him with irresistible might in the long, unheeded hours of that Summer's afternoon, as he wandered aimlessly about the purple heath, his nerves still tingling with the shock of destroying the creature he so dearly loved, Jock, whose short, joyous bark seemed to be ringing familiarly in his ears, and whose lithe, fleet form might any moment have sprung out upon him from the thicket of bracken and gorse without surprising him. Could it be true that the dog was gone, and gone forever? For seven years he had been at Latimer's beck and call. "The misery of keeping a dog is his dying so soon," says Sir Walter Scott; "but, to be sure, if he lived for fifty years, and then died, what would become of me?"

At length, as the evening shadows lengthened, Latimer heard the hurried sounds of a horse's hoofs thudding along the dry, rough road that crossed the uplands. It was his own horse, Jock's favorite friend among the lower animals, and the farmer living nearest to the vicarage was riding him in hot haste. On seeing him he drew bridle for an instant, and shouted at the top of his voice—

"Hurry home, parson. I'm going for the doctor. Th' missis is taken ill at the vicarage, and all the folks are frightened for her. They're thinking o' th' first young missis as died."

The words reached Latimer's ears plainly enough in the profound stillness of the uplands. He hastened home more swiftly than he had quitted it. The dread apprehension of a second sorrow like that he felt when he stood and gazed into the coffin of his young wife, with her new-born child on her arm, shut out all thought of poor Jock from his mind. It was a long night that followed, hope and fear trembling in the balance; but joy came in the morning. A

son was born to him; and the mother was spared. Before Church-time came, he was allowed to step softly into the room and look for a moment upon Nelly's pale face and the little babe sleeping beside her.

"Can you forgive me, Latimer?" she asked in a faint, sad voice.

"Forgive you! what for?" he replied, her white hand clasped in both of his. "My darling, there's nothing to forgive."

"I've been so jealous," she murmured, "so jealous of her, your poor little girl, Latimer, who died, and never knew happiness like this. I thought you loved her best, and I took a dislike to poor Jock. I was not quite myself, I hope; but if God forgives me, and you—"

"Hush!" he interrupted. "I love you, Nelly, better than all the rest of the world beside."

Yet, though his grief was banished by an exceeding great joy, Jock was neither forgotten nor unlamented. Latimer, with his own hands, dug his grave in the glebe, on the other side of the hedge which separated it from the churchyard, and laid him as near as he could be laid to his young mistress, whose grave he had so faithfully visited. The shed where he had pined, banished and broken-hearted, and where he had died by his master's hand, was pulled down as a grievous memorial not to be endured. But no dog was ever like Jock in his master's eyes.

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### UNSYMMETRICAL LIVES.

**A**N enterprising artist once printed a picture, after the fashion of the school which, with all its exaggerations, has done much for the reformation of modern art, as much as Wordsworth's startling, yet grand puerilities once did for that of modern poetry. Not a bad picture, though very pre-Raphaelite. Two decidedly plain young people leant against a wall, or rather seemed growing out of it; and the wall itself was painted minutely down to the last brick, over which a large green beetle was meditatively walking. The landscape beyond rose almost perpendicularly up to the sky, against which, sharply outlined on the top of a very verdant tree, was a solitary black crow, so large, that if seen on the ground he would have been as big as a sheep. He and the green beetle together quite distracted one's attention from the melancholy lovers; and though many parts of the picture were well painted, still there was a lack of proportion which marred exceedingly the general effect. It was unlevel, irregular; a sacrifice of the whole to particular parts, which were carefully "worked up," while others were totally neglected. In short, it made one feel, with a sad mor-

alizing, what a fatal thing in pictures, books, or human lives, is a lack of proportion.

It is a plausible theory, that neither good nor evil, in concrete forms, is absolute; that each vice is the exaggerated extension of a virtue; each virtue capable of being corrupted into a vice; so that the good and wise man becomes simply the man with acuteness enough to draw the exact line between both, and then to obey the advice, "*In medio tutissimus ibis.*" If this be a sophism, there is yet truth in it. Undoubtedly the best man, the man most useful to his species, is he whose character is most equally balanced; and the most complete life is that which has been lived, so to speak, symmetrically. People with enormous faults and gigantic virtues may be very interesting in novels, but they are exceedingly inconvenient in real life. An equal person, with no offensively exaggerated qualities, is far the safest to have to do with, and especially to have to live with. When you marry, be sure you choose a woman with no strong "peculiarities;" let her soul be well-rounded and shapely, like her form; above all, take care that she has, in all her doings and thinkings, a clear eye for the fitting rela-

tions of things which make up what I call the symmetry of life.

How shall I explain it? Perhaps best by illustration, beginning with the root of all evil, and of a very great deal of good—money.

It may be a most immoral and unpoetical sentiment, but those are always the best people who have a carefulness over, and a wise respect for, money. Not *per se*—not the mere having it or amassing it—but the prudent using of it, making it our servant, and not our master. As a test of character, perhaps money is one of the sharpest and most sure. A man who is indifferent and inaccurate in money matters will be rarely found accurate in any thing. He may have large benevolence, externally; you will see him throw a fifty-cent piece to a beggar, and subscribe to every charity list in the newspapers; but true charity consists, not in hasty acts of astonishing liberality, but in persistently managing one's expenses so that one has always a margin left wherewith to do a kindness; and if he forgets to pay you that two dollar bill he borrowed of you for hack-hire, you may be quite sure that the beggar's half dollar, and the hundred dollars in the printed subscription list will have to come out of somebody's pocket—probably not his own. There is nothing like the meanness of your generous people, always robbing Peter to pay Paul. A liberal man is a glorious sight; but then he must be just as well as liberal, evenhanded as well as openhanded. His expenditure must be, like his character, justly balanced, and in due proportion. And since how to earn and how to spend are equally difficult arts, and that a large part of our usefulness, worthiness, and happiness depends on our learning them—aye, and they can not be learned too soon—is it wrong to put money as the crucial test of a well-regulated, well-balanced life?

My friend Smith has an income the exact amount of which is known to every body. We also know that he has no private fortune, and that he had the manliness to marry a woman without a dollar to hers. Nevertheless, when he married he took a house the rent of which is out of all pro-

portion to his income; and we know (somehow, every body does know every thing) that he and his expensively-dressed wife are continually in society, frequently have company to dinner, and generally ape the luxurious habits of people with four times their income. Therefore we shrewdly suspect that either they are getting deeply into debt, or that there are sharp economies practiced somewhere, that their private fare is mean and innutritious, their home attire very shabby, and their upper rooms very poorly furnished and uninhabitable. Clearly the Smiths are living out of perspective. Smith is a thoroughly good fellow, too; he is a man who would rather starve than not pay his butcher; and his wife, though crazed with an inordinate anxiety to "keep up the dignity" of her husband's house, as she phrases it, is really a good little, unaffected creature at heart: why should not two such worthy people take their stand in society upon higher ground than petty rivalry in meats and clothes? Why not say, openly or tacitly, "We have just so much a year, and we mean to live accordingly. We enjoy society, but society must take us as we are. We will attempt no make-believes; we will not feast one day and starve another; appear *en grand tenue* at our neighbor's house, and lounge about our own in shabbiness and rags; have a large, well-furnished, showy drawing-room to receive our company in, and let our family sleep in upper chambers bare and comfortless. Whatever we spend, we will spend levelly; then, be our income large or small, we shall always be rich, for we shall have apportioned expenditure to income. The man who is said to have an income of a thousand a day can do no more.

Not less unreal than the Smiths, or more devoid of that fine sense of the proportion of things which distinguishes a wise man from an unwise, is our other friend, Brown. He is a "self-made man." He and his wife began life in a second floor over their store in the street they never visit now. There, by steadfast industry, he developed from a tradesman to a merchant, from a merchant to a millionaire. Now, in all his wealthy

mercantile city, no house is more palatial than the one built by Mr. B. When he gives a dinner-party, his plate-glass and china dazzle your eyes; and his drawing-room, on these rare occasions when you are allowed to behold it, is the very perfection of the upholsterer's art. But, ordinarily, its carved marble chimney-pieces gleam coldly over never-lighted fires; its satin damask is hid under brown holland; its velvet pile carpet you feel, but can not see, not an inch of it! under the ugly drugget that covers all. The chandeliers, the mirrors, and picture-frames, nay, the very statues, are swathed in that dreadful gauzy substance, sticky, flimsy, and crackly, which must have been invented by the goddess of sham, as if any thing not too good to buy was too good to use!

Yet even in this dreary condition the splendid apartments are seldom opened. Brown and his wife live mostly in their little back parlor, where are neither books, pictures, statues, nor handsome furniture; nothing pretty to delight the eye, nothing comfortable or luxurious to pleasure the old age of Brown himself or of excellent Mrs. Brown, who was such a faithful, hard-working wife to him in his poverty days, and who now richly deserves all that their well-earned wealth could give her. But alas! both had grown so used to narrowness that when good fortune came they could not expand with it. Save on show occasions, they continue to live in the same unnaturally humble way, approaching actual meanness; as much below their income as Smith lives, or appears to live, above his; and both are equally wrong.

Poor old couple! They can not see that riches were given to a man richly to enjoy, and, what is higher still, to help others to enjoy also. How many a young fellow with a full brain and an empty purse would keenly relish those treasures of art which the merchant prince buys so lavishly, just because other people buy them, but does not understand nor appreciate one jot! How often some sickly invalid would feel it like a day in paradise to take a drive in her easy barouche, which, six days out of seven, stands idle in the coach-house! For she,

with her active habits, prefers walking on fine days; or afraid of spoiling the carriage or harming the horses, she has been seen tucking up her old black silk dress and popping surreptitiously into a horse-car. A noble economy were there any need for it, but there is none. The childless couple had far better spend their income in making other folks' children happy. As it is, for all the use or benefit their wealth is to them, they might as well be living in those two little rooms over their first store; and that heap of countless dollars, which they can neither spend nor carry away with them, is, for all the enjoyment got out of it, of no more value to them than the dust-heap at their stable-door. Their folly is, in its way, as great as that of the spendthrift, and only a shade less sinful.

Money is, I repeat, the point upon which this want of balance in living most plainly shows itself. There are many other sad ways in which people may live out of proportion. Your great philanthropist, for instance, who devotes himself to one or more pet schemes for the improvement of the race, firmly convinced that his scheme is the only one, until it absorbs his whole time, and becomes, like the great black crow on the tree-top, a mere blot in the otherwise fair landscape of his life, and out of all proportion to the rest of it—how can he condescend to such small duties as to be the kind husband, whose smile makes the evening sunshine of the house; the affectionate father, who is at once the guide, companion, and confidant of his children? Your great author, too. It is a pathetic thing to see a wife sit smiling under the laurels of an illustrious husband, and

“Hear the nations praising him far off,”

while, near at home, she knows well that the praise never warms the silent hearth, from which he is continually absent, or, if he comes to it, only brings sulkiness and gloom. Alas! that shadow of fame rather blights than shelters the weak womanly heart which cares little, perhaps, for ambition, but is thirsting for help, comfort, and love. Doubtless many a time that great man's wife en-

vies the lot of a woman married to some stupid, respectable spouse who goes to his office at nine and returns at six; goes with the cheerful brow of the busy, active man, and comes back with the kiss and the smile of the honest man who has done his work and got it over, and has room for other cares than bread-winning—other thoughts than of himself and his celebrity.

And the "auri sacra fames" is as great a destroyer of all domestic peace, as great a blot on the level landscape of a man's life as the "cacoëthes scribendi." See it in all its madness, in our poor friend Simpson. He has made a fortune, but did not consider it large enough, and is now busy making another. He is off to business at 8 A. M., never returning till 8 P. M., and then so worn and jaded that he cares for nothing beyond his dinner and his sleep. His beautiful house and conservatories delight not him; he never enjoys, he only pays for them. He has a charming wife and a youthful family, but he sees little of either—the latter, indeed, he never sees at all, except on Sundays. He comes home so tired that the children would only weary him. To them "papa" is almost a stranger. They know him only as a periodical incumbrance on the household life, which generally makes it much less pleasant. And when they grow up it is to such a totally different existence from his that they usually quietly ignore him. "Oh, papa cares nothing about this;" "no, no, we never think of telling papa any thing," until some day papa will die and leave them half a million. But how much better to leave them what no money can ever buy—the remembrance of a *father!* a real father, whose guardianship made home safe; whose tenderness filled it with happiness; who was companion and friend, as well as ruler and guide; whose influence interpenetrated every day of their lives, every feeling of their hearts; who was not merely the "author of their being"—that is nothing, a mere accident—but the originator and educator of every thing good in them—the visible father on earth who made them understand dimly "our Father which is in heaven."

One of the strangest, if not the saddest, forms taken by lives lived unsymmetrically is one which belongs not so much to men as to women, and that is with regard to the affections. We laugh at the lady with whom every second person she chances to name is "my very dearest friend." We know that there can be but one "dearest," or else the phrase means nothing at all. We take these demonstrative people for what they are worth; extremely obliged for their friendship, but not breaking our hearts about them, and well assured they will never break their hearts about us.

But while we smile with a sort of half-contemptuous pity at those who have such shallow and thinly spread affections, such small capacity for loving, we are forced to admit that it is possible to love too much. I mean to allow one passion or affection of whatever kind, to absorb so much of a life that the rest of it, with all its duties, tendernesses, and responsibilities, becomes dwindled down into unnatural proportions. Who has not seen with sorrowful bitterness, some woman, it is usually a woman, wasting her whole time, thoughts, and feelings upon one individual, friend or relative (we will not add lover, because that is, at all events, a natural engrossment leading to natural and righteous duties), and sacrificing to this one person every thing in life? An unholy sacrifice, and generally to an unworthy object, or it would not have been accepted. Gradually this influence narrows the worshiper's whole nature. She, poor voluntary slave, can not see that the essence of honest love is perfect freedom, exacting no more than its just rights and being delicately careful of the rights of others. No friend ought to be the only friend, no tie of blood the only tie; our affections, like all else, were meant to be fairly divided. When they are concentrated upon one object a wholesome attachment becomes a diseased engrossment, which, instead of elevating, deteriorates the character, and makes an ardent love more injurious than an honest hate.

For love itself may be degraded from a religion to a mere superstition. Sometimes even a mother will neglect her other children to

waste her substance upon an undutiful scamp whom every body knows to be a scamp, and treats accordingly. And continually one sees sisters condoning and palliating in some n'er do well brother, errors which in any other man they would condemn and scorn. Worse still, how many a wife who has unhappily borne children to a man whom it is ruin for them to have as a father, hesitates and quails before her conflicting duties, God help her! Yet how can he help her unless she sees clearly what is her duty, which is not to let even the divine tie of marriage obedience blind her to compromise with sin? There may be cases in which the only salvation is escape.

And this brings us to the last and most fatal phase of an unbalanced life. There are people who to one special duty which by some morbid exaggeration of fancy they have been led to believe a duty paramount, will sacrifice every thing else. The balance of conscience is in them quite lost. They see all things in a distorted light. They are unable to take a just estimate of either their own rights or those of others; nay, their very moral consciousness becomes diseased; and all the more so because these victims are generally among the best and noblest of natures, the most single-minded, devoted, and self-sacrificing. While the mass of the world is made up of exceedingly selfish people, passionately pursuing their own interests, there is a proportion in whom the element of self seems to be altogether and fatally absent. I repeat fatally, because a certain quantity of *ego*, just sufficient to make one weigh oneself, one's own capabilities and rights, in equal measure with those of other people, is not only beneficial but necessary. Nothing is more detestable than the egotist, the selfish epicurean, whose one little "I" is the center of the universe. Yet, on the other hand, it is sad to see a person, man or woman (and here again it is generally a woman) in whom the quality of self-esteem or self-respect is so totally wanting that she allows herself to be continually "put upon;" follows every body's advice, succumbs to every body's tyranny, is the victim of all the injustices of friends and

the caprices of acquaintances. Sadder still, because the woman is almost invariably a very good woman, only devoid of that something, intellectual or moral—which is it?—which forms, so to speak, the center of gravity in a character, enabling the individual to see clearly and decide fairly the balance of duties and the relative proportions of things.

Otherwise, too, as continually we see, many a noble and useful life is actually wrecked for the sake of some self-created, or, at best, strongly exaggerated, duty into which circumstances had drifted the individual, and for which all other duties (including the one, not to man, but to God) are completely neglected. A mother will sacrifice all her children and herself, upon whom her whole family depends, to some one child who happens to have more influence over her than the rest; a sister will strip herself of every penny, and perhaps come to subsist on charity in her old age, to supply the wanton extravagance of some scamp brother for whom a work-house crust of his own earning would be a salutary lesson; or, though of this evil let us speak with tenderness, for it verges on the noblest good, a daughter will waste her health, her strength, forfeit all the lawful enjoyments of her youth, perhaps even sacrifice woman's holiest right, love and marriage, for the sake of some exacting parent or parents, who consider that the mere fact of having given life constitutes the claim to absorb into themselves every thing that makes life pleasant or desirable. These are hard words, but they are true words, and though it may be a touching and beautiful sight to see one human life devoted, nay sacrificed, to another, woe be to that other, ay, even though it be a parent, who compels the sacrifice!

Even as nature made this tree at which, while I write, I sit looking, in such marvelous proportion as well as perfection, the strong rough trunk, the slender boughs, the slender branches and twigs, all hung with green leaves and rosy blossoms, foretelling wealth of fruit; so were our lives created to be lived in proportion, and our duties to be fitted into one another, none taking an

exaggerated size, or assuming a false relation, to the injury of the rest. And truly the art of living is to learn the secret of this.

What is it? Where is the one point from which, speaking geometrically, we may safely "describe" all lines so as to make our confused lives into that divine, harmonious figure which alone constitutes completeness, rest, and peace? Not self, certainly. However conceited and egotistic we may be in our youth, we rarely grow to middle age without discovering that egotism, *per se*, is a huge mistake; not merely an ugliness, but a ridiculous mistake. He who dwells wholly in himself, who sees all things with reference to himself, makes a blunder as patently ludicrous as he whose feeble self-

dependance and low self-esteem cause him to lean always on the judgment and be guided by the opinion of others. Both err in precisely the same way as our friend, the pre-Raphaelite painter, who took his point of sight anywhere, or nowhere in particular, and so lost altogether his power of comparison between objects; made his crow as large as a donkey, and his green beetle a more interesting personage than his unfortunate lover leaning against the wall.

In this strange landscape of our mortal existence, there is but one true and safe point of sight, and that is neither from self within us, nor from the world without us, but according to the clearest vision we have—from above.

#### THE HOLY VEHM; OR, SECRET-COURTS OF GERMANY.

WHILE reading that remarkable book, "The Fool's Errand," and wondering that in the nineteenth century such barbarous deeds as it attributes to the ku-klux associations of the South, could be perpetrated, we were forcibly reminded of the secret tribunals which once existed in Germany. We are not sure but that we do injustice to the latter by placing them in juxtaposition with the former. The Holy Vehm, in Germany, had in its incipiency, the excuse that public tribunals of justice had no existence. They were created in the interests of justice, and conducted for a time with fairness. The Southern ku-klux can offer no such plea. It had its origin in a spirit of tyranny, in a hatred of liberty, in hostility to public law. It was conceived in iniquity, born in sin, and conducted in a manner that was cowardly, infamous, and without a particle of justification in its circumstances. The secrecy of its proceedings is its only point of analogy to the Holy Vehm. It was this point which suggested to the writer the interesting facts which enter into the following paper:

The middle of the thirteenth century was a stormy, anarchial period in the history of

the German Empire. Law was little understood, the jurisdiction of the empire was not always recognized by its feudal chiefs. Might made right. Crime was too generally unpunished. Property and life were poorly protected. Justice was unattainable in the ancient tribunals of the land. The condition of society was troubled and unhappy.

These circumstances led to the organization of the celebrated and terrible Holy Vehm, or secret tribunal in Westphalia. Its object was to inflict that public vengeance on criminals which was not to be secured through ordinary courts. Its members were duly initiated with solemn forms and fearful oaths. Among other things, they swore "to serve the Holy Vehm before any thing that is illuminated by the sun, or bathed by the rain, or to be found between heaven and earth; not to inform any one of the sentence passed against him; and to denounce, if necessary, his parents and relations, calling down upon himself, in case of perjury, the malediction of all, and the punishment of being hanged seven feet higher than all others."

In the archives of Dortmund one form of oath is given which the candidate had to pro-

nounce kneeling, with his head uncovered, and holding the forefinger and middle finger of his right hand upon the sword of the president. It ran thus:

"I swear perpetual devotion to the secret tribunal; to defend it against myself, against water, sun, moon, and stars, the leaves of trees, all living beings; to uphold its judgments, and promote their execution. I promise, moreover, that neither pain, nor money, nor parents, nor any thing created by God, shall render me perjured."

This powerful order had three degrees. The affiliated of the first were called *Stuhlherrn*; or lords justices; of the second, *Schöppen*; of the third, *Frohboten*, or messengers. It held two courts, one "open," the other "secret," which "took cognizance of all offenses against the Christian faith, the Gospel, and the ten commandments."

One hundred thousand persons of all classes and degrees were members at one time of this mighty tribunal. They are supposed to have had a secret language, the letters S. S. S. G. G. being frequently found in Vehmic writings. What those mysterious letters meant is not certainly known, though some explain them as standing for *stock*, stick; *stein*, stone; *strick*, cord; *gras*, grass; *grein*, woe. They had secret signs, and recognized each other at meals by turning the points of their knives towards the edge, and the prongs of their forks towards the center of the table. If any brother revealed the secrets of the tribunal, or in any other way violated his obligations to the order, he was sure to die a horrible death.

The proceedings of this court were impressive, and its sentences summarily executed. First came the accusation by one of the initiated. The summons to the accused was then sent, written on parchment, and sealed with at least seven seals. If the residence of the accused was unknown, the summons was posted on a cross-road of his supposed county, placed at the foot of the statue of a saint, or affixed to the poor-box near a crucifix or chapel. If the accused was a knight living in a fortified castle, the messenger was required to introduce himself

at night, under any pretense, into the most secret chamber of the structure, and deliver the citation. Sometimes, however, it was deemed sufficient to fasten the parchment to the castle gate, with the farthing which always accompanied it, to inform the warden of the fact, and to cut three chips from the castle gate to be taken to the free graf, or presiding judge, as proofs of the messenger's fidelity.

Woe to the man, whether noble or plebeian, who dared to refuse obedience to the citation of this fearful court. He was, indeed, *in contumacia*. His accuser was required to produce seven witnesses, not to the guilt of the accused, but to his own veracity. Upon this evidence the accused was declared guilty. Sentence of outlawry, degradation, and death was pronounced, "the neck of the convict was condemned to the halter, his body to the birds and wild beasts; his goods and estates were declared forfeited, his wife a widow, and his children orphans."

From this terrible sentence there was no appeal. Being declared "punishable by the Holy Vehm," and having his name written in the Book of Blood, he became a marked man. The one hundred thousand members of the order were all bound by their oaths to hang him on the nearest tree whenever any three of them should meet him. If he resisted, they were to kill him with daggers. A knife stuck in the gallows-tree was evidence that he had met his death, not at the hands of robbers, but by the decree of the "Holy Vehm." Escape from his doom was therefore next to impossible. He was under a ban. One hundred thousand avengers, not one of whom was known to be such, were on his trail. Fly whither he might he was sure to be hunted down at last.

If the accused chose to appear before the court, he found it assembled in or near the palace yard of its presiding graf or count, generally under the shade of the lime-trees, and in the light of the sun. Before the seat of the graf was a table, on which was a sword, the emblem of justice, with its handle made to represent the cross of Christ. Near the sword was a cord or halter, the sign of

right over life and death. The free graf then opened the court, calling around him the judges, who were bare-headed and without arms or armor, and assigned them their places. Peace was then commanded three times. Solemn silence followed, no one daring to say a word while the proceedings lasted. The accused, also unarmed, stepped forward. The judge read the accusation against him. If he denied the charge, and swore upon the cross of the sword the legal oath of purification and threw a farthing at the feet of the count, he was considered innocent. In the later period of the existence of this tribunal this oath did not end the trial if the accuser saw fit to introduce witnesses. In such case witnesses on both sides were heard, after which the judges acquitted or sentenced the prisoner. If doomed to death, his sentence was read three times, the judges spitting on the ground each time. He was then hung immediately to the nearest tree with very little ceremony.

As this singular institution grew in strength, it became, as all such irresponsible bodies must, corrupt and insolent. Bad men used it to gratify their hatred and revenge. Instead of remaining what it was in its beginnings, "a corrective of public injustice," it degenerated into a monstrous and terrible tyranny. Men trembled at the mention of its name. So great was the audacity of its grafts that three of them summoned the emperor to appear in its secret court. Knights who could defy the emperor in their castled homes shivered with dread when they heard the voice of a messenger from the Holy Vehm summoning them to appear upon the "red ground" of Westphalia. Many princes, knights, and merchants suffered death at the hands of its minions. It finally became an intolerable nuisance. Nevertheless, its end was brought about not so much by direct legislative enactments as by the reformation of the duly authorized judicial courts, by the introduction of just laws, by the improvement of civil institutions, by the decrease of the turbulent and anarchical spirit born in feudal times, and especially by the civilizing influence of Protestantism. Thus the spirit of a better

age deprived it of all popular sympathy. It gradually lost its power, and finally evaporated. "It is equally difficult," says Kohlrausch, "to trace the last as it is to fix the first year of its existence."

Traditions of the mysterious and cruel proceedings of the Holy Vehm in its degenerate period abound in Germany, many of which are more romantic than truthful. We close this paper with one respecting the statue of the Virgin, said to have been used by it as an instrument of torture. This figure was hollow, and was made of bronze. Its interior was filled with spikes and knives. The doomed one was made to step upon a platform, which instantly moved, and enclosed him by means of spiked folding doors within the Virgin's body. By this process his eyes were put out and his body badly lacerated all over. Soon the platform, which was a trap-door, let him fall upon a series of three revolving pairs of cylinders, all armed with knives, by which he was gradually cut into small shreds. Beneath all was a running stream of water which bore away the fragments of his body, leaving no trace of the awful deed that had been perpetrated in the much-abused name of justice.

For the reputation of humanity one would fain believe that this tradition had no existence save in the terror-stricken imagination of the people. Yet who that is familiar with the dark side of human history can doubt the possibility, if not the probability, of its actual existence? There is a barbarian element in human nature. Even in our own times and country the secret societies of the South have perpetrated atrocities as cruel, if not as mechanically ingenious, as that of death by the Virgin's statue. Still we can at least be thankful that the higher humanity and loftier ethical tone of society now prevailing renders the permanent existence impossible of any order, secret or open, which seeks to secure its aims by means of terror and injustice. Such orders may rise and do mischief for brief periods; but the light and warmth of modern Protestant civilization will surely cause them to evaporate and disappear as did the Holy Vehm.

## NOTEWORTHY OCCASIONS IN A TURKISH HOUSEHOLD.

MY familiar acquaintance with several gentlemanly young Turks gave me the *entrée* to their elegant mansions and brought me face to face with some of their curious superstitions. For wherever a belief in the marvelous is found at all it is sure to obtain most vigorous growth in the domestic circle; and the marked occasions for its special exhibit are births and funerals, *par excellence*, though marriages, too, come in for a share of auguries and omens, and the Turks are of all people the most superstitious.

A single hour had scarcely elapsed after the birth of the Lady Zuleka's first son, before the joyful event was announced to me by one of her attendants, and I was invited to "call at once," and present my congratulations. Returning with the messenger, I found the little one already completely surrounded by charms and amulets, intended to ward off the "evil eye," and all manner of other evils, real and imaginary, that might possibly either spirit away the weestrange, or in some unknown way overshadow its future. Enveloped in a dainty robe and quilted wrapper, both of bright-colored silk, in lieu of the snowy muslin our rôle would have prescribed, the babe was laid to rest in a cradle draped with crimson silk, and its little limbs swathed so tightly that motion seemed impossible. But the predominant feature of the whole arrangement was the superabundance of "charms." Even the queer silk cap, with its tassel of pearl, had its special talisman in the form of a glass horse-shoe; while various other ornaments of the same blue glass were laid around different portions of the body, intermingled with bits of alum, a head or two of garlic, and sundry verses copied from the Koran and sewed on slips of blue silk. The nurses said that if they had chanced to forget, or for any reason failed to apply, any one of these talismanic charms strictly according to rule, every calamity that should afterwards befall the child during his natural life would be a

necessary consequence of the omission at his birth.

The mother, too, had to be shielded from evils known and unknown in the same way as her offspring. The costly state bed, with its silken sheets and hanging of filmy lace, was strewed with amulets of quaint workmanship; and the long, silk-embroidered pillows were almost covered with heads of garlic, alum, and blue glass in quaint devices; while a huge onion, mounted on the end of a pole and placed in a corner near the bed, did duty as a special sentinel to ward off the approach of evil spirits.

Pretty soon the new-made father was, for the first time ushered into the room, and taking the babe in his arms, he stood with it behind a door, and repeated in its ear a form of prayer. Then in his loudest tones, he three times reiterated the name that had been selected for the child, after which he returned the babe to his cradle and retired. Visitors now began their invasion of the domicile, coming in, one after another, till all the female relatives and friends of the family had paid a congratulatory visit. All were admitted to the young mother's apartments, where, without let or hinderance, they laughed and talked, sipped coffee or sherbet, and smoked cigarettes to their own entire satisfaction, if not to the comfort and edification of the pale, sweet-faced lady, who lay among her pillows like a wilted lily. This routine of visits was kept up till the third day, when there was a grand reception and dinner, every guest being first presented to the lady with congratulations and good wishes, and then dining with her husband. But in these formal visits the infant, I was told, is seldom seen or mentioned, or if named at all, only in the most derogatory manner, lest in case of calamity in time to come, the flattering words of a visitor should be recalled as the cloak to secret malice. Immediately after the departure of the dinner guests, the diviner is always summoned to ascertain by his art whether "an

evil eye has been left behind," and if so, to trace and counteract the malediction. This these credulous Turks believe can be readily done by means of their incantations.

Another of their superstitions declares it "unlucky" for the mother and babe to be left for a single moment in the same room without the presence of a third party," and there is a whole volume of ceremonies and anguries connected with the perfumed bath taken by the mother and child on the eighth day, with dippings, pourings, and signs innumerable. On this occasion a large concourse of female visitors were in attendance at the house of my friend, and the entire day was consumed in feasting and mirth, in ceremonies, prostrations, and felicitations.

Altogether Turkish mothers and babies have rather a hard time of it. Between superstitions and absurd costumes, swathing and dosing the infant, and feasting, company, and excitement for the mother, it is a marvel that either survives. Perhaps it may be due to the prevalence of such customs that Turkish ladies fade so early; for in youth they are nearly all pretty and graceful, while many are surpassingly beautiful; but they begin to fade before reaching maturity, and look old and ugly at middle age.

In lieu of the baptism practiced by Christian races, the Turks administer the rite of circumcision to their male children, as a rule about the end of the fourth year, and always, I think, before the completion of the eighth. As the Turkish mode of performing this rite involves large pecuniary outlay, it is only in very wealthy families that a regular "festival of circumcision" is ever observed, and in this not only the other children of the house, but those of poorer neighbors and friends are allowed to participate. The number of beneficiaries is determined by the will of the grandee, who defrays all the expenses of the occasion, and provides for each of the neophytes a full suit of costly apparel, and a luxurious lodging in his own mansion for the month. The rich man's own son is magnificently adorned with jewels, often of fabulous value, while for the others whose parents are un-

able to purchase such costly decorations, they are borrowed for the occasion that the youthful candidate may appear to the best advantage on his "great high day."

Several days of feasting and rejoicing precede and follow the administration of the sacred rite, the always hospitable Turk setting no bounds to his generosity on this joyful occasion. Costly gifts to the entire company of little neophytes and their friends, munificent alms to the poor, who always on gala days swarm about the portals of the rich man's mansion, and generous donations to his mosque, including the various institutions and organisms belonging to his creed, all testify the joy of the father on this important epoch of his son's life.

Marriages among the Turks take place very early—about seventeen for males, and ten or thereabouts for girls. There is no difficulty in the selection of a bride whenever a young man desires to marry, and betrothals are easily arranged to meet his views. Divorces are just as readily obtained by the *husband* when he tires of his consort, to whom he need only say, "Cover thy face, thy *neyyah* is in thy hands;" and she ceases to be his wife. But for the *lady* divorce is an utter impossibility without the approval of her husband.

Young men always leave the selection of their wives to their mothers; and daughters are disposed of entirely in accordance with the will of the fathers. As soon as the son announces his intention of entering the nuptial state, his mother calls on such of her friends as have marriageable daughters, and having frankly stated the object of her visit, the subject is freely discussed by the two mothers. If the two agree as to the desirability of the proposed alliance, the lady of the house summons her daughter to hand coffee to the visitor; and the latter, while slowly sipping the beverage, has full opportunity to criticise the *personelle* of the young lady, as she stands waiting to receive the cup. If during this meeting there should be a favorable understanding between the mothers, they report to their respective husbands, who then have an interview, and discuss the whole subject in all its bearings.

If decided in the affirmative the dowry is agreed on, the wedding day fixed, and the contract signed, without any consultation with the two most interested, to whom the decision is made known only after every thing has been definitely settled.

Some time between the betrothal and the marriage the bride elect may chance, through some keyhole or crevice, to get a slight glimpse of her future lord, but to him no such favor is ever vouchsafed. He weds literally in the dark, one of whom he knows absolutely nothing; and herein may doubtless be found the solution of the course adopted by many Turks of wealth and distinction, who choose rather to marry their own slaves, and elevate them to the rank of wives, than to form alliances in families of their own grade.

In the Turkish marriages I attended, the bride surrounded by a whole bevy of maidens, was duly escorted by a near relative of the bridegroom to her future husband's abode; while he himself remained at home to receive her on her arrival, and welcome her to his house. Still closely veiled, after standing beside her lord while several short passages of the Koran were read, and sundry exhortations to peace, obedience, and alms-giving, bestowed by some elderly sage on the new-made wife, she was escorted with great ceremony to the female apartments. Here she was met by the mother-in-law, taken by both hands, and led by a circuitous route to the nuptial chamber, and thence to her own dressing-room. Her maidens next disrobed, and adored the pretty, plump little bride (for in Turkey all who become brides must be both pretty and plump), and when daintily arrayed in her costly silken garb of flowing trowsers, tight-fitting vest with its jeweled stomacher, pretty picturesque jacket, and short full skirt, all richly adorned with jewels and flowers, she was led to the banquet laid out in the female apartments for all the ladies of the company, while the bridegroom entertained the male guests in another suite of rooms. The decking of the bride, the putting on of each article of dress, and almost every step she took was arranged be-

forehand, by certain omens, and auguries, upon which the well-being of her future was supposed to depend.

Several days were consumed in banquets, receptions, and processions attended by music, torches, and crescent banners, and the whole affair was so mixed up with superstitious ceremonies and so entirely destitute of any religious rite that it failed to impress the Christian observer with emotions of either pleasure or solemnity.

Their rites for the dead seemed equally unsatisfactory. Stoical by nature and superstitious in the extreme, the moslem Turk looks at death, his own or another's, almost with indifference; or if there is really any emotion in his soul he hides it out of sight, and acts the stoic to perfection. Honestly, I think, he believes that on the forehead of every human being are traced in invisible letters both his destiny (*Kismet*) and the precise time appointed for his death; that to battle with either is absurdest folly, and to evade them an utter impossibility. So he stands by the couch of his fairest flower and sees its frail life drifting away from his grasp; but rent as may be every fiber of his heart, he says only, "It is *Kismet*," while not even his most trusted friend dare invade the sacred portals of his secret sorrow. His own death he meets with the same lack of visible emotion; but whether his calm exterior be born of dignity, stoicism, or deep-rooted fanaticism, it is impossible for others to determine.

I was surprised to note how soon the burial of the dead followed upon the demise, even of the higher class, where no motives of economy can be urged in excuse for this unseemly haste. Fifteen minutes after the death of an old gentleman of rank and wealth his death was proclaimed by the Muezzin from the neighboring minarets, and invitations given to the funeral. Meanwhile the body was being carefully washed with the various ceremonies required by the Moslem creed, after which it was robed in rich garments, pepper was sifted over the eyes, and salt and then rose-water sprinkled profusely over both body and raiment. Then a large calico sheet, containing a thou-

sand and one drachm of cotton, was wrapped about the body, the ends of the sheet folded over and securely tied, and thus prepared, the body was lifted into the coffin, and the lid fastened down ere the old noble had been three hours dead. The Imaum then summoned the waiting audience, and the procession, composed exclusively of men, proceeded to the mosque, where the funeral service was read. The coffin was covered with shawls, and at the head was placed the fez or turban of the deceased; and the bearers who conveyed the remains, first to the mosque, and thence to the place of burial, were the intimate friends, but not the relatives, of the dead man. As soon as these bearers had deposited the coffin in its last resting-place, the grave was filled up, the entire audience withdrew, and the Imaum remained alone at the place of sepulture to complete the most solemn scene of the drama. For all true Moslems believe that at this juncture the Imaum is able to hold communication with the departed, and to obtain from the spirit any information he may desire relative to its future state. The answers he obtains are supposed to be prompted by one of the two spirits who have taken their stand beside the dead man's soul, and who, then and there, wage a terrible conflict for

possession of it. One of these spirits is good and the other evil. If the deceased has been a faithful follower of the prophet the good angel inflicts such fierce blows upon his adversary as completely to discomfit him, and compel him to resign all claim to the man's soul, which is then conveyed to heaven, and by Allah's mercy admitted to its blessedness. But if the dead man has been an infidel or an apostate he is compelled by the evil spirit to deny the true God, and is forever shut out of paradise. But the results of this conflict are never revealed by the Imaum, and the secret rests only between himself and the great Unseen. So, at least, he believes.

Three days after the burial, and again on the seventh and fortieth, alms are given to the poor in the name of the deceased, who, if in paradise, has his bliss augmented by the gratitude of the recipients of his charity; and if in the place of woe, he thereby obtains a brief respite from suffering. Thus the sorrowing survivor thinks still to benefit his friend. What a touching comment amid the poor Moslem's pitiable ignorance and superstition is here found upon the inspired benediction: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, . . . and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv, 13.

### WHO WAS PRESTER JOHN?

THERE was lately published a singular narrative concerning a Mongol living just beyond the Great Wall of China, and possessing a rare old Stradivarius violin. Mongolia, almost inaccessible as it is from any of the great centers of travel, is one of the least known among the old countries of the world. Hence the surprise felt at the presence there of one of the choicest Italian violins. According to the statement, the Mongol dwells in the town of Kuku-Khotan, the "Blue Town." Whether the delicate instrument has been possessed by his ancestors for generations past, handed down as an heir-loom in the family hut or tent, is one of the questions waiting for solution.

Possibly some European traveler in Central Asia, taking this precious fiddle among his baggage, was waylaid by marauding Tartars or Mongols, who robbed and perhaps killed him. The native in Kuku-Khotan, we are told, has made over the musical instrument to some Roman Catholic missionaries, on condition that the proceeds of its sale in Europe shall be devoted to the erection of religious almshouses or asylums.

But the interesting point in this narrative, apart from the fiddle episode, is conveyed in the following words: "Kuku-Khotan, the place of this strange discovery, lies within the boundaries of that province of Tendue about which Marco Polo told so

much. Its chief city was also called Tenduc, identified as the modern Kuku-Khotan; and in the days of the Venetian's visit was ruled over by King George, the grandson of Prester John. It was then a populous and wealthy province, and the inhabitants, besides manufacturing fine armlets, for which they were famed, exported the precious stone from which azure is made. It had, however, fallen off greatly from the splendor of the days when Prester John himself ruled over the land, with Tenduc as his capital." This at once whets one's curiosity, for it revives a question which has over and over again arisen in the minds of readers young and old. Who was Prester John? Why was he so called? When did he live, and where?

During many centuries has the mystery continued unsolved in spite of various kinds of testimony: the mystery of Prester John, Presbyter John, or John the Priest; a kind of pope, half king and half priest, living in some region or other beyond reach of Europeans generally. Rumors concerning this personage can be traced back to the twelfth century. They began in France and Italy, passing from lip to lip, to the effect that a certain Christian emperor dwelt in a remote part of Asia, ruling a country entirely surrounded by infidel nations. It was asserted that he had broken the power of the Saracens in many fierce encounters; and that he was about to march westward in aid of the Crusaders, whose fortunes about that time were rather at a low ebb. All the eastern countries of Europe were at that period harassed and ravaged by the ruthless conqueror, Genghis Khan, who, after overrunning a great part of Asia, had advanced to Muscovy, Poland, and Hungary, threatening even the Emperors of Germany and Constantinople. There was thus a twofold reason for the attention of Europe being anxiously directed towards the little-known regions of Central Asia.

The earliest known written record touching the mythical priest-king is believed to be that which is contained in Otto of Treisingen's Chronicle, written just after the middle of the twelfth century. A few years

anterior to that date (the chronicle tells us) the bishop of Cabala came to Europe to lay certain remarkable statements before the pope. The bishop told of a king-priest called John, who lived on the further side of Persia and Armenia, and all whose people were Christians belonging to the Nestorian Church. This formidable man, it was averred, had overcome the king of the Medes and Persians, and captured his capital, Ecbatann, after a desperate three days' battle. The bishop further reported that Prester John, after this victory, was hastening to the assistance of the Christian Crusaders, who were in sore plight at Jerusalem: On the way thither Prester John's army was prevented from crossing the Tigris for want of boats; he therefore directed his march northward, where he was informed he could cross the river on the ice. There he long remained, the weather not being propitious for his passage, and lost so many of his troops through privations of various kinds, that he abandoned his scheme of advancing to Jerusalem, and returned to his own land. The bishop who brought this budget of news to the pope added: "Prester John belongs to the family of the Magi, mentioned in the Gospels, and he rules over the very people formerly governed by the Magi. Moreover, his wealth is so great that he uses a scepter of pure emerald.

Maimonides, a learned Jew living at the same time as Bishop Otto, made mention of a Christian chief, Preste Cuan by name, who dwelt far inland in Asia, with a numerous body of followers. Benjamin of Tudela, another learned Jew, who traveled in the East in the second half of the same century, mentioned in an account of his travels a mythical king, who lived in great splendor in a realm inhabited only by persons of the Jewish faith, situated somewhere in the center of a great desert.

Far wilder than any thing else in the stories of this mysterious potentate is a letter said to be written by Presier John to the Emperor Commenus of Constantinople, about the period now under notice. It has been tracked from one printed account to another; but whether, where, and when the

original manuscript-letter has been met with, no one now seems to know, further than it is recorded in a chronicle written many years subsequent to the alleged event. At any rate, the letter is a marvel. "Prester Johannes, the Indian king," sent copies of it to the Emperor Commenus of Byzantine or Constantinople, the Emperor Frederick of Germany, Pope Alexander the Third, Louis the Seventh of France, and the king of Portugal. The epistle, after a courteous greeting, declares that seventy-two kings pay tribute to Prester John; that his dominions extend beyond India, and westward to the desolate Babylon near the ruined Tower of Babel; that among the inhabitants thereof are comprised wild men, men with horns, monocular or one-eyed men, men with eyes before and behind, centaurs, fauns, satyrs, pygmies, and giants. The letter proceeds to say; "When we go to war we have fourteen golden and bejeweled crosses borne before us instead of banners; each of these crosses is followed by ten-thousand horsemen and a hundred thousand foot soldiers, fully armed. The Asayrians and the Brahmins are subject to us. Seven kings wait upon us monthly in turn; with sixty-two dukes, two hundred and fifty-six marquesses and counts. Twelve archbishops sit at table with us on our right, and twenty bishops on our left." These honored ecclesiastics are thus regarded as more important than the kings; the former being guests of the great man, the others waiting upon him.

Whatever was the real nature of the rumors that reached Western Europe, whether relating to Prester John or to the devastating Genghis Khan and his Mongol hordes, certain it is that Pope Alexander III sent a mission to Asia with a view of ascertaining how the truth lay. This messenger began the journey almost exactly seven centuries ago, carrying a letter from the pope to the prester. We are told that the name of the missioner was Philip; but nothing authentic is known touching the result of his perilous journey—for perilous it must have been in those days.

Rubriquis, a Franciscan friar who was

ready to go any where at the bidding of the Church authorities, was sent on a mission to Tartary, where he found reason to believe that a Nestorian chief had assumed the designation Prester John, but there was very little to show that any nation or tribe obediently accepted his pretensions to kingship.

Marco Polo, whose name we have already mentioned, was another of the bold spirits who helped to throw a little light on a dark period of civilization. He made a journey across Asia to the very frontier of China, a truly formidable undertaking in such times, traversing vast regions of Turkistan and Tartary in the course of his travels, and arrived at an opinion that Prester John might fairly be identified with a certain Ung Khan, to whom the Tartars paid tribute as a sort of priest-king; that, fearing his Tartars were becoming too powerful, he sent them away northward; and that the much-dreaded Genghis Khan, making war upon Ung Khan or Prester John, slew him. A slight modification of this account is given in a manuscript known as the Syriac Chronicle of Gregory, according to which Genghis Khan was a general under Prester John, against whom he plotted, and whom he finally overcame.

By degrees all belief in the testimony concerning the existence of the mysterious king-priest in Central Asia died out. Nevertheless, the story was too captivating to be wholly eliminated from the popular mind. They could not find him in Asia on evidence deemed satisfactory; but a rumor sprang up that Prester John's kingdom was somewhere in the heart of Africa, difficult to be got at. Geographical knowledge was in a queer state at that period; the passage by sea round the southern cape of Africa, known to us as the Cape of Good Hope, had not then been discovered; the eastern coast of that continent was almost as little known, except on the Egyptian shore of the Red Sea; while the unknown vast interior was vaguely called Ethiopia. The rumor was to the effect that a Christian king held sway in Abassia or Abyssinia, part of Ethi-

opia; even Bishop Jordens, in his description of the world, set down Abyssinia as the dominions of Prester John.

Sir John Mandeville, honest and well-meaning, but credulous to a degree that renders his narrative deserving only of cautious reliance, spent thirty years of his life in wandering through various countries. During this lengthened period he was at one time in the service of the great khan of Cathay, or emperor of China; at another in that of the sultan of Egypt, and at others engaged in various capacities in regions situated hither and thither over a vast area. He appears to have accepted the African theory of Prester John. His account of the adoption of this designation by the mysterious potentate is very curious: "So it befell that the emperour came with a Cristene knyghte into a chirche in Egypt; and it was Saterday in Wythsone weke. And the bishop made orders [conducted the services], and the emperour beheld and listened the service fully tentify; and he asked the Cristene knyghte what men of degrees thei scholden ben that the prelate had before him. And the knyghte answerede and seyde that thei scholde ben prestes. And then the emperour seyde that he wolde no long ben clept kynge ne emperour, but preest; and that he wolde have the name of the first preest that wente out of the chirche, and his name was John; and so evere more sithens [ever since] he is clept Prester John."

After all, the belief may be credited with having wrought some good, albeit not of the kind imagined by the believers. The Portuguese were the most enterprising maritime explorers of those days, although the lust of dominion, the love of conquest, the desire to enlarge the sphere of commerce, were the primary motives for the venturesome voyages down the Atlantic with a view to ascertain at what point the coast of Africa trended round in the direction of India; yet the curiosity to learn something about the unreachable Prester John was not without its share of influence on them. If he were a real personage, a veritable king or chieftain, perchance they might establish

commercial relations with him. King John II of Portugal sent two envoys, learned in Oriental language, through Egypt to the coast of Abyssinia to assist in solving the problem. Whether the envoys ever reached their destination is not known to be on record; at any rate, no mysterious king was found.

And so the long-standing belief gradually subsided. Gibbon summed up the matter in the following words: "The fame of Prester or Presbyter John, a khan whose power was mainly magnified by the Nestorian missionaries, and who is said to have received at their hands the rite of baptism, and even that of ordination, long amused the credulity of Europe. In its progress to Mosul, Jerusalem, Rome, etc., the story of Prester John evaporated into a monstrous fable, of which some features were borrowed from the lama of Thibet, and were ignorantly transferred by the Portuguese to the emperor of Abyssinia."

Mr. Baring Gould, who has examined all the available authorities concerning this story, presents the process of its dissolution thus: "The might and dominion of the king of Abyssinia, who had replaced the Tartar chief in the popular creed as Prester John, was of course greatly exaggerated, and was supposed to extend across Arabia and Asia to the wall of China. The spread of geographical knowledge has contracted the area of the dominion; while a critical acquaintance with history has exploded the myth which invested Ung Khan, the nomad chief, with the attributes of a demigod, uniting in one the utmost pretensions of a pope and the proudest claims of a monarch."

It is not a little curious, however, that down to the present day, when the myth has been pretty well relegated to the Middle Ages, the Herald's College still manages to keep it alive. Most readers know that the language of heraldry is full of technical terms; so full, indeed, as to be almost unintelligible to all except those concerned in its use. The armorial bearing of the see of Chichester, it appears, contains a figure or effigy, which heralds designate Prester John. Much speculation has arisen as to what this

may mean. In heraldic lingo the arms of the see are thus described: "Azure, Prester John sitting on a tombstone with a crown on his head and glory, or his dexter hand extended, and holding in his sinister hand a mound, on its top a cross patee, or in his mouth a sword fess-ways argent, hilt a pomel of the second, with a point to the sinister." A seal on which these armorial bearings are engrossed is said to have been in use ever since the Saxon times, for attachment to deeds relating to the cathedral estates. It is now believed that this figure or effigy was originally intended either for our Savior or for St. John the evangelist.

But now there comes this new mystery concerning a link of connection between Prester John and a Stradivarius violin. The daily journals which have just made this curious story known to us speculate on the probable history of the choice musical instrument, under the supposition that some Mongol or Tartar nomad had seized it from a European traveler a century or two ago: "This fiddle perchance passed from one savage hand to another, unvalued, perhaps, for its musical properties, but still respected as being fetish and full of strange noises upon very little provocation. So it has lain about in these Mongol villages for perhaps a century and a half, a thing of great mystery to its possessor, and affording on occasions a certain amount of solemn amusement to his children. That the instrument was never despised is proved by its still being intact;

for had it been considered rubbish it would certainly have been in pieces long ago. Five generations of villagers have resisted in turn the temptation of breaking up the curious looking thing for the sake of filching the odds and ends of metal and gut, and seeing what was inside its mysterious body; and in spite of all the times of trouble which the country has known during the last hundred and fifty years, the old fiddle has been handed down from father to son as one of the household gods of its humble possessors. Perhaps, on the other hand, it may be that the Mongols, exercising that ear for music which the Chinese boast that they, and they alone, possess, discovered that the queerly-shaped thing emitted musical sounds when its strings were swept, and so made Stradivarius's masterpiece contribute to the harmony of their social evenings. In the multitude of stringed instruments (all more or less grotesque in shape) known to the East, it is just possible that this marvel of Cremona passed muster with the Tartar orchestra as a tolerable either, awkward in shape, though fair in tone. But if the violin could only retort now upon its ignorant possessors, and tell something of its past, what hideous disclosures there would be of music murdered in the convivial evenings it spent in the black felt tents of its Mongol keepers!"

From Prester John of Mongolia to Stradivarius of Cremona—what a curious link it is between mediæval and modern times!

### THE CRY OF THE WEARY.

**S**PIRIT of mercy! bow thine head,  
Thy pinions light stretch forth;  
Descending from thy native skies,  
Come, visit me on earth.  
  
I have been mourning long for thee,  
To see thee hither turn;  
If thou wilt come still near to me  
I can no longer mourn.  
  
My weariness shall pass away,  
Nor leave a fear behind;

In walking with the Lamb of God,  
Unbroken rest I find.  
  
And pleasures true shall bloom for me,  
Like blossoms fresh and gay;  
For me shall living fountains gush  
Along the peaceful way.  
  
Come, then, sweet spirit, hear and come;  
Come Jesus, come to me;  
And when thou bidst me rise from earth,  
Let me come safe to thee.

## A CHAT ABOUT AUTOGRAPHS.

IT is amusing and interesting to glance over the pages of an autograph album. There is a certain personality about an autograph, for something of the writer's character is shown in his chirography. Usually a large shape of the letters indicates that the writer has a generous disposition, generous, at least, with ink and space. A delicate form of writing reveals refinement of manners. A crabbed nature is often betrayed by the person's signature. There are exceptions, of course, but usually a person's penmanship is almost as tell-tale as any feature of his appearance.

An autograph album is a reflection of its contributors, for an autograph is almost as good a keepsake as a photograph. There we lovingly gaze upon pages hallowed by the tokens of dear friends, some of whom have vanished from our life but not from our love; and, again, there are pages which, if lost would never be regretted. The album's writings are as various as the writers, and often a laughable effort at originality is disclosed. There may be found upon one page a beautiful sentiment, while the opposite page may be graced with some exquisite doggerel. There are some stock mottoes for albums. Did you ever look through a respectable collection of autographs and not find from once to a dozen times,

"When this you see,  
Remember me?"

There is a sublime stanza which we have often noticed,

"My pen is poore,  
My ink is pall,  
My luv for U  
Will never fail!!!"

Many hide-bound brains have been racked to spoil some album's fair page. And many true poets have devoted some of their genius towards embellishing that page.

What a strange bashfulness attacked Tom Moore, and how skillfully he used the occasion in his poem, "Take Back the Virgin Page." And Lord Byron in his favorite

pastime of playing with the passions, wrote in an album on September 14, 1809,

"And when by thee that name is read,  
Perchance in some succeeding year,  
Reflect on me as on the dead,  
And think my heart is buried here."

It is said a Brooklyn preacher once inscribed, "Yours, at dinner time." Some persons merely subscribe their names to "Yours, Truly," and we have noticed, "Yours Respectively," and "Yours Promiscuously." Some wander over a page or two. The poet Whittier is said to have written:

"Our lives are albums written through  
With good or ill, with false or true;  
And as the blessed angels turn  
The pages of our years,  
God grant they read the good with smiles  
And blot the bad with tears."

That closing thought suggests Lawrence Sterne's account of Uncle Toby's oath, where in the most musical sentence in English literature he says, "The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever."

One of the finest thoughts we have seen in an album, reads, "It is one of the beautiful compensations of life, that we can not help others without helping ourselves." There, also, is Canon Kingsley's—

"Be good, my friend; let those who will be clever;  
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;  
And so make life, death, and the vast forever  
One grand sweet song."

The accumulating of autographs is fascinating to the hunter, but we must pity the hunted. Numberless devices have been employed, and how often has

"The baited album only caught  
A common, unromantic name."

Still, even plain "John Smith," would be a prize, if it were only the hero of Jamestown. Some of us might be induced to invest in autographs of Noah and Adam. We wonder if Eve used to make "long-tailed g's and y's." Among the ingenious methods of fishing for autographs, one of the latest is that

contrived by a debt-laden church: A stamped envelope, a letter, and a "square" of white cambric were sent to many noted persons and most of them have responded. The bishops said "this was the easiest way of helping a Church, by simply writing their names." O. H. Warren, editor of the *Northern Christian Advocate*, wrote, "May the Lord give his beloved sleep under this quilt." John Hall rhymed,

"A very good thing in a bed quilt to keep,  
Is a minister's name—it will help you to sleep."

"Josh Billings" gracefully surrendered with "Yours, without a struggle." The *Burlington Hawkeye* man soliloquized, "I pity the man who attempts to sleep under this quilt, for if he ever wakens up and looks at the writing, he will think he is being chased by a first-class case of night-mare." Our space can admit only one more example, that by Dr. O. W. Holmes :

"Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us,  
Trusting Thee always through shadow and sun;  
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?  
Keep us, O keep us, the many in one!"

The members of this Church pay ten cents for every name allured, and the quilts "will be sold to the highest bidder."

The oldest autograph we own was written in 1765; the ink and writing are better than the average of to-day. We have feasted our sight upon sentences written by "Thomas Moore," but were disappointed by seeing some of the hand-writing of England's "bunker-poet;" we had expected something more elegant from the author of "Pleasures of Memory." We are acquainted with a nephew of Charles Dickens, and have been informed by this nephew that he had owned many autographs and several manuscript works of that novelist; but they were lost in the great Chicago fire—that despoiler of so many treasures.

The most valuable autographs we have ever seen were upon United States government bonds. But among the most prized of our autographic letters is a long one dated "New York, May 10, 1877," and signed, "Yours truly, W. C. Bryant." Always inclose a stamp and a card when you request an autograph, and consider that

you ask a great favor of a person whose time and ink each coin money. You may think it an easy task to write one's name and lick a post-stamp; but those pleasures grow monotonous, besides; what assurance has the victim that his name is sought except merely to swell the triumph of a "collection?" It is rumored that an eastern author supplied himself with postage from the "reply stamps" sent him by autographical blood-hounds.

One sardonic proverb says, "A man must die to be praised." His autograph rises in price in proportion to the thickness of the moss upon his tombstone. An autograph of John Howard Payne was lately sold for five dollars. How often, during his homeless life the author of "Home, Sweet Home," would have gladly written his name many times for that amount. Some autographs have brought almost fabulous amounts. An autograph-letter by the founder of the "Rothschilds" was sold in Germany lately for one thousand two hundred dollars. We may be sure no Rothschild bought it. There are almost as many fools employed in collecting autographs as in any thing else. The true worth of a book or an autograph does not mark its value to the buyer who happens to have more cash than brains; his "shibboleth" is, "Can anybody else get it?"

What sort of sense is it that pays thousands of dollars for a packet of vellum or of time-stained paper? If it is no more than a "cook-book" the work is priceless, provided it bears an *imprimatur* musty with an age of centuries. How fortunate that now many "classics" can be bought so cheaply that a life-long library can be furnished for twenty-five dollars. This cheapening of books may detract from the value of old books; thus somewhat discourage the mania for "relics." Semi-occasionally the so-called civilized world experiences a more or less violent species of mild lunacy. The "rage" may be for cracked china or old books, time defaced coins or rare autographs, decalcomanic pictures or "etc." Usually the only concern the collector feels, is a kind of selfish satisfaction akin to a miser's clutch upon his gold.

## ASENATH BURNS.

MOST people of Asenath Burns's acquaintance would wonder at the idea of calling her a heroine. She looks with her pale, plain face and gray dress as if all the glow and warmth and sparkle of her life had settled into dead ashes; yet her history has been most ordinary and tranquil; nothing has ever happened to her, so those tell us who have always known her.

She was born on the hill where she still lives, in the small house but a stone's throw from the larger one; the hill is long and steep, and there are no other dwellings within half a mile. Fifty years ago only the small house stood there. A rude schoolhouse occupied the site of the academy at the foot of the hill; opposite was a store, and a little farther on a blacksmith's shop. This was the nucleus around which has formed the village of Akers, and there was no other within fifteen miles. Down the hill to the schoolhouse Asenath Gilmore, a grave, thoughtful child of ten or thereabouts, with the same look upon her face that she has now—time has not changed, only deepened its expression—walked each day. Her father and mother were hard-working, practical people, who had emigrated from a rocky farm in New Hampshire to this hill-top in Pennsylvania some years previously, and she was one of seven children.

Every one who has taken the trouble to climb Gilmore Hill knows that the view from the summit is most delightful. In the distance lie blue hills, some wooded, others smooth and cultivated, and both to the north and south you know a village nestles in their embrace from the spires that stand out like warning beacons against their misty sides; nearer are patches of woodland, waving meadows, fields of grain, and green pasture lands; in and out a silver creek winds its sparkling way, and white farmhouses and grazing cattle dot the scene on every side, while Akers clasps the hillside as if to worship or implore protection.

Fifty years ago the spires were wanting, the woods stood thicker, and the houses were fewer, yet it was still most lovely; but no one on Gilmore Hill thought much about it except little Asenath; the rest merely wondered what she could see in it all, and laughed at her enthusiasm over a beautiful sunset or the sunset hues in an Autumn leaf, and called her moonstruck when she looked so long and earnestly at the sky on Winter nights, wondering how far away the stars must be.

As she grew to womanhood there were many other likings and longings in which she found no sympathy, and gradually was formed the habit of repression, which henceforth should walk beside her like a shadow. She was the best scholar in the district-school, and had read every book for miles around; but it was only as a drop of water to her soul, that thirsted for intellectual fountains, panted to see, to know, to be something in the great world of whose mighty din she could catch but the faintest echoes. Had she been one of her brothers she would probably have tied her worldly goods in a handkerchief, slung it across her shoulder, and started down the hill. Had she been born fifty years later she would probably have drifted or drudged into some seminary, perhaps worked her way through college, perhaps studied a profession, perhaps shone as a star in some literary circle. But she was fifteen miles from even a village, she had no money, she had no one to advise her; her father and mother loved their children with singleness of heart; but their idea of

"A perfect woman nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command,"

was one who was "smart for business," had a good disposition, and who—got married.

Geniuses can paint pictures with cat's-hair brushes, write books with bits of coal, and sail round the world in washtubs. Asenath was not a genius, so she spun and wove, and cooked boiled dinners, went to apple-

cuts and quiltings occasionally, and in odd minutes read and thought and dreamed. She was not very attractive to the young people whom she knew. They all liked Asenath, but she seemed, only in a different way, as much out of the range of their sympathies and interests as their own mothers. It was due in a large measure to her superiority; but this she did not know, and the fact was something of a grief to her, for she ascribed its cause to some personal defect. She had one sister— Hetty— four years younger than herself, a sprightly and exceedingly pretty child, whom she loved and cared for as though fourteen years instead of four lay between them.

The Summer she was eighteen she first taught the school at the foot of the hill. It might perhaps be a stepping-stone to something higher, she thought, but it was an arrangement which left her very little leisure; for Hetty, like many another, held the opinion that as long as she was so ornamental it did not matter so much about being useful, and the family half concurring, made little opposition to her "policy," so Asenath had plenty of home tasks both night and morning.

In the Autumn, after she had received her wages she coaxed one of her brothers to take her to Rushleigh, where there was a considerable book-store, at which place she left most of her earnings. Her father grumbled that she had better invested them in a cow, and Hetty, knitting her pretty forehead, said it would have bought a silk-dress for each of them, and it was "just abominable." But Asenath read while her knitting-needles flew during the long Winter evenings, and was content.

She had taught the school for three Summers with much the same experiences, when the fourth season she found herself training under the banners of a new and unusual school-commissioner, a young man of marked ability and much enthusiasm. The Spring examination was unusually severe, but she bore it so creditably that at its close she was warmly commended by her chief. He was of free and engaging manners, and before she knew it she was talking with ease

and animation. He was pleased and surprised at her intelligence, and showed it in his face; for a really well-informed and growing teacher was as much of a discovery then to a school-commissioner as nowadays.

This little interview, along with the bright, handsome face of the commissioner, lingered like a pleasing dream in the memory of Asenath, unused to intercourse with persons of cultivation and to the courtesies of refined life, and when he dismounted at her school-room door on an afternoon in the last of June, her heart fluttered as it had never done in view of any similar ordeal. It seemed as though the school had never presented so unpromising a front; but his presence speedily dispelled all bashfulness and inattention, and his criticisms and suggestions appeared the most natural thing in the world, and left no sting of humiliation. He purposed to visit schools in the adjoining town the next day; his home was distant, there was no hotel at hand; courtesy and custom demanded that Asenath should invite him to spend the night at her father's house. So they went up the hill; she on the gallant black horse, he walking at her side, turning every now and then to praise the view, discoursing merrily of matters and men, till her cheeks flushed and her eyes grew bright, the blue sky seemed full of benedictions, the birds to sing roundelay, the old familiar way to be touched by the wand of romance, and the two a knight and lady clambering the hillside as in the olden days of chivalry.

He proved a most pleasing guest, delighting all his entertainers; but while he talked most with Asenath he looked most at Hetty. Radiant Hetty! with whom poor Asenath could no more compare than can the pale sweet clover with the vivid rose; the sweet clover that is picked for its fragrance when nothing better is nigh, but which is trampled under foot and forgotten in the eagerness to grasp the rose. Therefore it was when he rode away in the morning, waving his hand gayly to the two in the doorway, that Hetty's face dimpled all over with smiles, but Asenath's grew white and rigid, and she turned abruptly into the house. Therefore

it was that when later she walked to school the enchanted pathway had vanished and left but a dreary thoroughfare, the birds' notes had a piteous sound, as though they had lost their mates; and the sky, benignant as of yesterday, looked dark with a coming storm.

The black horse climbed Gilmore Hill more than once that Summer; evidently his rider was slow in exhausting the "view." Father and mother nodded approvingly at each other, the brothers found fine fun in tormenting Het, who turned "celestial rosy red" at the mention of his name; but only her own strong will and the grace of God kept Asenath Gilmore's heart from breaking while these weeks and months went by. However, no one mistrusted it, and when at the season of apple-blossoms there was a wedding on the hilltop, it was Asenath who dressed the bride, and cut the cake, and threw the old shoe—Asenath with smiling face; and not until the guests were gone, the wedding feast cleared away, and the stars were out did the smile die away.

There was no more school teaching after Hetty's marriage. Hetty, to be sure, was not like Asenath, yet her help had been sufficient to be missed and the mother was getting old. So Asenath lived at home the old, monotonous life, seeing but little from her perch but sunrise and sunset, hill and valley, the diminishing forest and the growing village, through the revolving seasons, until the Summer she was twenty-eight, when her father built the new house near the site of the old.

Among the carpenters whom he employed was one Ephraim Burns, who was accounted an upright citizen and a good workman. He being a solitary man and withal an observant one, looked with favor on the housewifely ways of Asenath Gilmore, and made application for her hand.

There is no question but that if left to herself she would have given him a point-blank refusal; but her parents, taking what they called "a common sense view" of the matter, and steadfastly believing they were consulting their child's best interests, reasoned with her on this wise: "He's a likely

man, honest, industrious, and good-tempered, and will make a good provider. You won't be apt to do better, and it's ten to one you'll never have another chance. Your brother Seth will bring his wife home in the Spring, so there'll be somebody to take your place. You'd better think it over and not be hasty."

So she thought it over. Evidently it would give better satisfaction if she left her father's house. Her youth was almost gone. She might teach district-school, or work out by the week all her life, and what would it amount to? She had given up the hope of climbing to fairer fortunes. Therefore, like many a woman before and after, she accepted. She did not care for a wedding, and one Sunday afternoon, after the sermon in the school-house, Asenath Gilmore and Ephraim Burns stood up before the gray-haired minister, and were made husband and wife.

The neighbors looked after them as they went up the hill, remarking that it was rather sudden but a first-rate match. Her father gave her a deed of the old house and two acres of land, some new furniture was bought, the stores of linen which she had spun and woven were arranged in her drawers, and thus quietly and soberly her wedded life began.

One child, a girl, fair and delicate, was born of this marriage, a sunbeam that lit the heart of the mother like a ray from heaven. It seemed that in this young life might be realized what had been wanting in her own; that her childhood and youth might blossom again in that of her child. But when the sunbeam had made the old house radiant ten years, the shadows of death closed about it and hid it from sight forever. Soon after, her father and mother were laid side by side in the graveyard of Akers. Her brothers are prosperous farmers, most of them having settled in the neighborhood. Hetty, comely, gay, and fashionable, lives in Chicago; her husband is an editor of some repute, and supplies Asenath with books and magazines.

Ephraim Burns is still "a likely man, honest, industrious, and good-tempered,"

but he has never become a master-workman, "behind the times," is the verdict rendered by his townsmen. He has always come home to a clean-swept hearth and cheerful wife, and has taken life easily and contentedly; but they still live in the weather-beaten house, Asenath's pocket money is limited, and the dresses that hang in her wardrobe few in number.

Such has been the outward record of her life. It is very ordinary, as I said in the beginning. She has never been beyond the limits of the county, and hardly a score of persons outside the township have ever heard her name; yet her life can no more be called petty and narrow than can the sea which receives from earth and sky freely to give forth again. Her character has rounded into beauty and completeness, for no aspiring soul can fail to grow while

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,"  
be the soil ever so barren.

Had she been reared under a different creed, her worn features might have looked out from behind a nun's veil, and her days been spent amid the silence of the cloister in dreary alternations of prayer and penance.

She is not one of the wonderful women of the newspapers, gifted with a capacity for accomplishing every thing, and her magazines sometimes lie uncut for weeks, but Ephraim Burns's shirt buttons are always in position. If ever

"Her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretch away into stately halls."

no one is the wiser. Though she has missed

"The graces and the loves that make  
The music of the march of life,"

she has managed to keep good step without music. There is hardly a dwelling within range of vision from her windows whose inmates have not been made better and happier through her ministrations. Whatever the trouble, her presence is thought indispensable, whether it be a burn on the baby's finger or a blister of doubt or conviction on the conscience of the head of the family. She inquires kindly after the rheumatic difficulties of the grandfather, and enjoys the music and gay chit-chat of the girls; she can discuss predestination with the minister and homeopathy with the doctor; she has been known to assist teachers in working out difficult problems, and it is even rumored that she has helped disputants in the debating-club to some of their best arguments on free-trade and capital punishment.

Still no one regards her as a remarkable woman. She has grown up with the place, and the inhabitants think no more of it than of the air they breathe or the water they drink. Not until they shall hear the church-bell toll the number of her years, and she shall come down the long hill for the last time, will they begin to know how long they have entertained a holy heroine—an angel unawares. Lives, not only of great men, but of such women, remind us

"We can make our lives sublime."

## DECAY.

**M**Y wind has turned to bitter north,  
That was so soft a south before;  
My sky, that shone so sunny bright,  
With foggy gloom is clouded o'er;  
My gay green leaves are living black  
Upon the dark autumnal floor;  
For love, departed once, comes back  
No more again, no more.

A roofless ruin lies my home,  
For winds to blow and rains to pour;  
One frosty night befell—and lo!  
I find my Summer days are o'er.  
The heart bereaved, of why and how  
Unknowing, knows that yet before  
It had what e'en to memory now  
Returns no more, no more.

## EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

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### EDITOR'S STUDY.

#### THE KINGDOM OF GOD.\*

*'H Basileia tou Theou.*

THOUGHTFUL readers of the New Testament can not fail to notice the frequent occurrence in its paragraphs of the term "kingdom," by which seems to be designated something recognized as prospective in the Jewish Church and nation. When John the Baptist opened his mission it was with the proclamation of the near approach of the "Kingdom of Heaven;" and soon after a greater than John repeated the same startling announcement. The manner in which this proclamation was made, and of its reception by the people, implies a condition of the public mind and of men's thinking that rendered these things intelligible, and not especially surprising. During that age the Jewish people seem to have been in a chronic state of expectation of the speedy coming of their Messiah, to deliver the nation from its thrall-dom, and to set up the throne of his father, David, at Jerusalem. The low estate into which the nation had fallen only served to intensify these Messianic hopes and aspirations; and because of the unspiritual state of the national mind, a temporal instead of a spiritual deliverance was anticipated.

The completeness and the persistency of this secular conception of the character and work of their Messiah are seen at not a few points in the New Testament history. It caused Herod to be alarmed when the Wise Men came inquiring for one "born to be the king of the Jews." At another time it led the people to desire to take Jesus by force and compel him to proclaim himself their king; and at our Lord's last public entrance into Jerusalem, the multitude hailed him as the son of David and the king of Israel, and all Jerusalem was moved at his coming, some with joy and some

with fear. The disciples also were, during all their sojourn with Christ, possessed by the idea that his kingdom was to be essentially secular, and only a few days before the crucifixion two of them were found scheming for chief places in it. After that sad event, when all their bright hopes seemed to be blasted, we hear some of them talking sadly of what had occurred, and saying, "We trusted that it had been he that should have redeemed Israel;" and at the very hour of the ascension the disciples, still cherishing their fond delusion, beseechingly ask him, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom unto Israel?" All these things show how deep and persistent was the notion that the Messiah would restore the political status of the kingdom of Israel; and, accordingly, no other thought was more familiar to the Jewish mind than that of "the kingdom," which it was universally believed the Messiah would establish for himself.

It is remarkable that Christ did not directly and in express terms combat this prevalent but erroneous conception; though his own exposition of the character and design of the "kingdom" which he proclaimed was altogether another thing. A kingdom, indeed, was about to be inaugurated, for the coming of which the disciples were taught to pray; and in that brief supplication, "Thy kingdom come," we have a key to all that during his ministry "Jesus began both to do and to teach." It shows that in the divine conception that work was essentially a regal one, that its chief agent is contemplated as a king, and that the kingdom here indicated is not the same with the eternal empire of the Almighty, but something inchoate, conditioned, and still in its upward growth, and calling for the favor and aid of its subjects.

The Christian conception of the kingdom of God, as distinguished from the simply theistical idea of the divine absolutism, is that it is

\* Lecture delivered at Chautauqua, Thursday, August 12th, by Rev. Daniel Curry, D. D., of the National Repository.

an ordinance or institution—something set up by the divine purpose and authority, in which process the persons of the Trinity are contemplated as acting in severality, and the Eternal Logos is constituted a king by the decree of the Father—with our fallen race for his dominion which, now involved in guilt and moral depravity, he is appointed, first of all, to redeem and rescue, and then to possess and rule over. This council of the divine persons is contemplated as occurring in the ages of the older eternity, when, as its result, the divine decree was promulgated—“I have set my king on the holy hill of Zion;” and for his endowment it was said, “I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.” The inauguration and development of this work is also set forth in prophecy; as when the Father said to the Son, “Sit thou at my right hand until I make thy enemies thy footstool,” and something of the process by which that work is to be done is shown in the declaration, “The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion.” And of its results in the assurance, “Rule thou [or, thou shalt rule] in the midst of thy enemies,”—that is, those that originally were enemies, but who shall be conquered and placated by grace.

“The kingdom of God” is eminently and conspicuously the subject of the prophecies of the Old Testament and of the teachings and ordinances of the whole Bible. As has been noticed, the New Testament opens with the proclamation of its speedy coming, though before that time it had been in the world, but in a less fully developed and aggressive form. It is still in the world; urging its rightful claims, and demanding universal recognition and acceptance. It is, indeed, no other than that of which, in ordinary religious discourse, we speak as “the Gospel,” or the Christian dispensation, as purposed in God’s infinite wisdom and goodness, and revealed and made effective by the words and works of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is presented to our devout conceptions as that stupendous scheme of grace designed for all men, which God originally ordained for his glory and for the good of our race, and which he is now carrying forward by his own methods and agencies, for the world’s salvation and the glorification of his beloved Son, our Lord. Its nature and pur-

port are briefly but comprehensively summarized by St. Paul as “mystery of godliness; God manifest in the flesh; justified in the Spirit; seen of angels; preached to the Gentiles; believed on in the world; received up into glory.” “The kingdom of heaven,” says an eminent Biblical authority (Olshausen), “appears as a kingdom always existing, established among fallen men contemporaneously with the first announcement of the Gospel, typically represented in the Mosaic theocracy, bestowed by Christ essentially complete in its conception; since then secretly advancing in the souls of men, destined to final conquest over every thing, and to penetrate harmoniously all forms, both of outward and inward life, throughout creation.” As a divine conception this kingdom antedates the entrance of sin into the world—as a purposed scheme of grace toward our race, it is from the ages of eternity; and, therefore, when man first fell under the curse of the law of eternal righteousness, he found already prepared for him the “kingdom of grace,” of which he at once became a subject, and was potentially possessed of its high privileges.

The conquest of the world by Satan, in the fall of Adam was complete in itself and most disastrous in its direct consequences. By it he became the “god of this world,” with the whole race for his subjects, bond slaves, subjected in spirit and in life to the dominion of the Adversary. And yet, because he was righteously subject to the law of God, man’s alienation was a perpetual active cause of condemnation, and of liability to its penal visitations; to which also was added the depravation of his moral nature, and the dominance of appetites and lusts, with deadness to all things spiritual, and with his will effectually enslaved as to all righteous preferences and determinations. Over the fallen race the Adversary held complete dominion, having for his ready auxiliaries and ministers “the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life.” On the Godward side was guilt calling for judgment. On the human side was spiritual unrighteousness, depravity of the heart and will, resulting in perpetually increasing estrangement, and of inability to escape. Man’s physical organism, besides becoming the seat and occasion of a multitude of hurtful and degrading lusts, was also sub-

jected to pain and decay, till death at length should send forth the unclothed spirit into the land of darkness and the shadow of death, with neither the promise nor the potency of self-recovery.

Thus was the whole world effectually possessed and enslaved by the Adversary—"lying in the arms of the wicked one"—and so the whole race had become Satan's kingdom. This is that "world" so often named and clearly set forth in Holy Scripture, as the organic realm of sin and rebellion against God, which, "if any man love," "the love of the Father is not in him." Its maxims and methods, its principles and practices, are all out of harmony with, and antagonistic to the law of God. It is full of spiritual unrighteousness; it frames mischief by a law; it spoils the helpless and disregards as the claims of justice, the cries of the needy and the moanings of the sorrowful. It is Satan's seat in which his spirit is the supreme law—godless on the one hand, and supremely selfish on the other. This corrupted and alienated province of the dominions of the almighty Sovereign was by him given to the Son as a patrimony, to be redeemed from its guilt by its blood, and resued by his power from the grasp of the destroyer; to be subdued by his love, and so changed into the kingdom of God, "wherein dwelleth righteousness." And thus this new kingdom is peculiarly the heritage of Christ. It is his by the gift of the Father, by the purchase of his blood, and by the conquests of his grace. Its practical redemption and restoration, its conquest and pacification, its reconstruction after the wastings of its rebellion, are yet in process of execution. This is the conflict now pending among mankind.

The revelation of this kingdom in all the varied stages of its growth is the burden of Holy Scriptures. In the Old Testament it appears chiefly through the prophecies; for the men of those times saw the day of Christ far off in the future, "and were glad." When first man's enthrallment in the power of the Adversary was accomplished, the active antagonism of the kingdom of Satan, and that of Christ was declared, with the announcement of the mutual bruising of the "head" of the serpent, and the "heel" of the Seed of the woman. Thus, at the beginning of the conflict, the human element appears striving for rescue

and emancipation, which, with the progress of the work, becomes more and more conspicuous. The times of the earlier patriarchs show us the world firmly held and dominated by the Adversary, into which, however, its future Conqueror had come to assert his own claim, and also to make some demonstration of his power. With the call of Abraham began the formal organization of Christ's kingdom, by the separation of the faithful from the faithless, and the designation of them with a sacramental sign. This form of the conflict continued for nearly two thousand years, with ever-increasing aggressiveness, and with the steady progress of the invading force, till at length it became open and violent at the proclamation of the Gospel, which was at once followed up by the active campaigning of the Church under its divine Leader. Though, apparently, after the calling of Abraham, the entire outlying world was given over to the enemy, yet the abandonment was not complete; for in the promises made to that patriarch, "the Gentiles" were expressly named as interested parties. Special and very valuable favors were bestowed upon the Hebrew race, "chiefly because that unto them were committed the oracles of God," and to them "pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises: whose are the fathers, and of whom, concerning the flesh, Christ came—who is over all, God blessed forever." The Hebrew theocracy was itself, for its time, the kingdom of God on earth, through which Christ, not yet incarnated, made known his power and wrought effectually for the establishment of his own rightful authority. From Abraham to Moses the Church bore the form of a family, with its father or head, as its ministering priest. Then it became a commonwealth—a theocracy—having God himself as its sovereign. In the time of David, who was also an eminent type of Christ, it became a kingdom with regal powers and splendor—peaceful and beneficent towards its willing subjects; but fearfully destructive against its enemies, and reaching out for universal empire.

The Old Testament prophecies respecting the Messiah are remarkable for two opposite and apparently incompatible aspects. On the one hand he is seen a king reigning in right-

eousness, to whom the people render their joyful allegiance and devotion, or else he appears a conquering warrior, subduing his enemies by his prowess, or returning with blood-stained garments, and laden with spoils of victory to receive the honors won by him, and to be crowned a victor. On the other hand, he is represented as humiliated and suffering, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," apparently overcome in the conflict, and sadly complaining because he was so forsaken and smitten. To David's royal vision, the aspects were heightened and colored by his own achievements and successes, and by the apparently firm establishment of his own throne and dynasty. And then the kingdom of the Messiah, the ideal Son of David, quite naturally seemed to be transcendently glorious, and its success assured. To this view of the case he gives expression in the one hundred and tenth psalm, which has the form of a war-song and a psalm of victory. It, first of all, presents a view of Jehovah, enthroning the Messiah at his right hand, whence the power of the exalted Christ goes forth at the command of the Father to "make his enemies his foot-stool." Zion, the prophetic Church, appears as the agency through which "the rod of his strength" shall go forth to accomplish its work. A willing people, countless as the dew drops, "in the beauty of holiness," wait upon his words, while the conquering son and heir of David shall judge among the nations, to destroy all that shall oppose him, and shall "lift up the head" of them that crave his grace. And yet, even in this exultant song, one may hear the undertones of sorrow, for this glorious Conqueror is also a royal priest, "after the order of Melchizedek," appointed to redeem his people by the sacrifice of himself.

The seventy-second psalm is a prophetic image of the peaceful and prosperous reign of the Messiah, with Solomon, instead of David, as the ruling type. His dominion shall extend over the whole world, "from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth." The rulers of the nations shall hasten to lay their treasures at his feet, the dwellers in the remote deserts shall come to worship before him; "and his enemies shall lick the dust." As a ruler over his people his reign shall be full of blessings. "He shall judge the poor of the people; he shall save the children of

the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor." His kingdom shall also be a period of perpetual increase from its small beginnings at its seed time, till at the harvest it shall be like Lebanon for abundance, and it shall be perpetual; "his name shall endure forever."

The later Messianic prophecies, though more subdued in tone, as through the nation's calamities the signs of sorrow and suffering of their expected Deliverer came more clearly into view, yet are they radiant with promises of the future; Israel had, indeed, gone into captivity for their sins, but their "Redeemer shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy." Again the conqueror is seen returning from his campaign of slaughter "with dyed garments," and "traveling in the greatness of his strength;" yet here, too, is heard the sad complaint: "I have trodden the wine press alone, and of the people there was none with me." Though a predestinated conqueror, the Christ of prophecy is also a sufferer; and with all the prophetic peans of triumph are mingled the deep notes of sorrow; "In all their affliction he was afflicted; . . . in his pity he redeemed them and carried them all the days of old."

The long years of waiting, extending from Abraham to Christ, was neither an idle nor an unfruitful epoch. For the chosen people there was need of the discipline and instructions given them during this protracted period, that the forms of revealed truth, and its controlling spirit might become incorporated into the national character. Not till that had been done had the fullness of the time come, and God, who never makes haste, abided the time. There is deep significance and a valuable Messianic symbolism in the strange history of the Israelitish nation. It is not in itself especially pleasant reading, nor always edifying in its details, but it becomes marvelously instructive when studied as the records of God's processes of preparing the people to receive the Great Teacher at his coming and to accept and appreciate the truths that he would reveal.

The Gentiles were also, during all this time, subjected to an equally effective system of discipline and instruction, preparatory to the same great end—the receiving of the Gospel at its proclamation. Though apparently left to themselves without divine guidance or tut-

tion, the heathen world was still cared for by the divine providence, nor was the spirit of prophecy entirely wanting. But it was especially for those nations to demonstrate by their example and history, the helplessness of human reason in its search after the greatest of spiritual and religious truths. Assyria, Persia, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, in a long succession, were favored with advanced civilizations and schools of deepest inquiry, and yet each in its course turned away from their pursuits with the sad confession that all their searchings after the great First Cause were futile, and that the problems of life and its purposes were incapable of solution by the human intellect; and when all this was fully demonstrated, and the Gentile world, in despair of its own abilities, was asking for something better that its sages could offer, "the light that lighteneth the Gentiles" appeared among men. "For after that, in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching [the revelations of the Gospel] to save them that believe."

After the kingdom of God had been in the world a recognized presence for four thousand years, covering the whole period of the history of the race from the fall, the time at length arrived for its fuller manifestation. The rays of prophecy converged upon the era of the Advent as a time that would be marked by startling and glorious revelations. The whole world seemed to stand still in expectation. Some were despondingly asking, who will show us any good thing? and others waited in the assurance of hope till the day-spring from on high should visit them. And, at length, upon the ears of the expectant people fell the voice of the prophet—the first that had been heard for three hundred years—proclaiming, "the kingdom of heaven is at hand." For, though that kingdom had subsisted so long, yet so large was the advance now about to be made that it seemed, and was so spoken of as, a new instauration. The preparatory processes were finished, a new era was to dawn upon the Church and the world—one infinitely more glorious than any precedent one.

The original declaration of God's purpose to save men from the curse of sin, indicated also that the work should be accomplished by a human agency. The "seed of the woman"

was set forth as the antagonist and destined conqueror of the "seed of the serpent." On the heavenward side the work of salvation is wholly divine, but on the earthward, it is human in its phenomenal character and conditions. The incarnation of the Divine Logos was accordingly a necessary conditioning and investiture for his work, and the occurrence of that stupendous event in the person of Jesus of Nazareth marked the opening of the conflict upon the field of our world. The entrance upon his great mission by the divine Son of God, to whom was committed the work of redeeming the world, occurred at John's baptism. Thence "he was driven by the Spirit into the wilderness," there in its solitudes and among its desolations to meditate and pray before engaging directly in his appointed work. Thither came also the "tempter," not openly, perhaps, but certainly with potent spiritual influences, mingling his own suggestions with the deep and earnest, and probably somewhat perplexed thoughts of his recognized antagonist, respecting his methods of procedure in his contemplated work, so as, if possible, to pervert it at the beginning, and thus to insure its ultimate failure.

Of the specifical character of that conflict, since it was in its nature and relations peculiarly Messianic, and therefore exceptional, we can have no definite conception; but some of its conditions are open to our observations. The now self-recognized Christ, knowing what was the design of his mission into the world, and realizing in his quickened conceptions the greatness of the work given to him, would naturally consider by what methods it should be done. He was to meet and overcome the Prince of Darkness; to bear the sins of the world; to withstand opposition and indifference; to be misunderstood, suspected and maligned by those whom he would bless; and with no one capable of entering into the spirit and design of his labors he was all alone to struggle on to the end of the fearful conflict. So the case then appeared; but he afterwards came more clearly to apprehend that he was not alone, for the Father who sent him was with him, and that awful Presence was ever at hand to sustain him.

Though it may not be supposed that at any time Christ's mission into the world was simply an adventure, which by some unfortunate

contingency might fall short of its purposed end—but rather, it must be accepted as an assured success from its conception—yet, as seen by finite minds, it appeared to be contingent. So, evidently, the great Adversary viewed it, and he was, therefore, intensely solicitous to frustrate the design at its inception. And so, too, as to his human thoughts our Lord must have contemplated it, and he was accordingly troubled in his spirit, in view of the fearful possibility of failure or miscarriage. Every real temptation proceeds upon the presumption that the suggested course of action is within the range of possibilities; and because of the greatness of the issue before him the temptation of Christ was both inevitable and severe. The subtle and dangerous character of Christ's conflict with the Adversary at that fearful hour may be seen in part in the direful results wrought in the Church by its yielding to the same temptations. How have its offices been every-where secularized, to the universal scandal of religion itself! How, seeking to further the Gospel by merely human devices, have men resorted to the use of "signs" and false miracles and all sorts of "lying wonders," by which the truth of God itself is apparently changed to a lie! But, beyond all else, how has the Church suffered incalculable loss by its unholy union with the world in its methods and purposes! This is, indeed, Satan's boldest and most successful device, against which a fixed purpose to serve God only, and to employ only God's methods and agencies, is the one possible safeguard, whether of the Church or of individual believers.

The important and intimate relations of Christ's conflict with and victory over the Adversary in the temptation in the wilderness has not always been properly appreciated, and especially so as to the bringing in of the Gospel. It was a hand to hand fight between the mighty contestants, with consummate devilish skill on the one side and the invincible power of truth and righteousness on the other. And not only did Jesus come forth from that conflict unscathed, but also endowed with new power, and raised into a higher spiritual plane, in which the Adversary could assail him only openly and as an enemy. It was not without a good reason that at this point "the devil left him;" and at the same time was the conquering Christ by an infallible sign made aware of

the nearness of the Father to him, and that indeed he would "give his angels charge concerning him."

This first conflict was brought on by the Adversary, and in it Christ stood on the defensive. Another, and a not less fearful one, awaited him, in which he was to be himself the aggressor. The world which he came to save was oppressed with guilt, the result of its sin and of God's inexorable righteousness, and the wrath of God rested upon the whole race. The claims of the divine justice must be met in order that mankind might escape its curse and that our world might become altogether Christ's kingdom. Here was the occasion for the sacerdotal investiture, given by the Father when he enthroned his Son "at his right hand," constituting him "a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek." The required work could be accomplished only by an acceptable offering which, when Christ came, he freely made in his own person; and because the offering was accepted "it pleased the Lord to bruise him," that he might "make his soul a sacrifice for sin." And for the same cause our Lord freely accepted the required condition, and was satisfied to bear the iniquity of the whole race.

The mystery of Christ's atoning sufferings transcends the farthest reach of merely rational thought, and is apprehended only by our faith. Any possible philosophical theory of the atonement must, therefore, be worthless. It is revealed to us simply as a fact, and it is assumed to be essential to our salvation; but what those sufferings were, or what their judicial or commercial relations, or how they insure to our escape from death, it is not wise for us to inquire too closely. Every thing about the case indicates the fierceness of the conflict, the unutterable agony of the divine victim, the shrinking of his flesh, and the unearthly horror of that "the hour and the power of darkness." Faith contemplates it "standing afar off," and the stricken heart appropriates its resultant benefits, and sadly yet hopefully repeats its litany, "By thy agony and bloody sweat, by thy cross and passion, by thy precious death and burial, good Lord, deliver us." The Word of God clearly teaches that by divine appointment Christ suffered for the sin of the world and redeemed his people by his blood—that the conflict in which he was

engaged in doing this was inconceivably terrible, and that all this was done and suffered in his Messianic character. The way into his kingdom by which he sought to "bring many sons to glory," lay through the gates of death. He trod that fearful way alone, and came through it a glorious conqueror, and so made it a highway for all the redeemed. Luther has presented the case rather felicitously in one of his quaint but expressive verses, which may be all the more correct because it is poetical :

"T was a wondrous war I trow,  
Life and death together fought;  
But life hath triumph o'er his foe,  
Death is mocked and set at nought.  
Yea, 't is as the Scripture saith,  
Christ through death hath conquered death."

And Charles Wesley, in language still more forcible and with great boldness of imagery, embodies the same thought, giving at once the occasion, the event, and its purpose :

"In the devouring lion's teeth,  
Torn and forsook of all, I lay;  
Thou sprang'st into the jaws of death,  
From death to save the helpless prey."

These, however, are simply material images; the real conflict was not with "flesh and blood," but altogether spiritual, and within the spiritual cosmos, with God alone as its great executive. The sacrifice then offered was a ransom price; the transaction a purchase, a redemption, by which our race was delivered from the original curse, and brought without legal offense into Christ's kingdom. And now all souls are his; the sheep wandering upon the mountains as well as those in the fold; the outcasts and the rebellious as well those who, in the obedience of faith, have become fellow-citizens with the saints. The heathen are called by the proclamation of the Gospel, and of the little children, the Master declares, "Of such is the kingdom of God."

Our Lord's voluntary humiliation reached its nadir—its lowest descent—when for the redemption of the world he offered himself a sacrifice to the Father's justice and died for our sins. His later course was at every stage the progress of a conqueror. The oldest creed of Christendom, after declaring Christ's death and burial, proceeds to say, "he descended into hell" (hades); which expression translated into the forms of modern thought would read, "he went out into the place of departed

(disembodied) souls," whither before him had gone the countless generations of dying men. But all these had gone thither as captives, and therefore death was personified as a terrible and inexorable jailor, keeping the imprisoned souls of the dead in his dark dominions without the hope of escape. But Christ's coming thither was not that of a captive, but the advent of a conqueror, and having gone there to bear to the "spirits in prison" the tidings of his work of redemption, at his own good pleasure he came away again; and doing this was his true and glorious resurrection from the dead. And all this was done in his Messianic character, acting by his own proper authority in behalf of the subjects of his redemption; and accordingly by the power of his resurrection, humanity (the whole race of mankind) is redeemed from the power of death, and in the divine purposes made the heirs of immortality. "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For since by man [Adam] came death, by man [Christ] came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." By virtue of Christ's resurrection death is no longer the grim keeper of his dark kingdom into which the millions of the race of Adam are sweeping like a mighty river; but a vanquished tyrant and an obedient vassal of the risen Christ, keeping Christ's own in assured hope until the day of their resurrection.

The ascension was the last stage in our Lord's upward progress from his humiliation and death for us. There were good and sufficient reasons why he should take again his physical body, that he might converse with his disciples, and so complete his personal ministrations and instructions, and also give to them, and through them to the whole Church in all after ages, infallible proofs of his victory over death. All this having been done, the time at length came for him to return to the Father, that our nature, in his person, might be enthroned at the right hand of the Majesty on high. The glory of the ascension was not so much in that the disciples saw him lifted up above Olivet till a cloud received him out of their sight, as in the unseen transactions then consummated in the spirit-world. He had, to this stage, finished the work that was given him to do. He had given to his

disciples the words of the Father in all fulness; he had gathered his chosen ones, and ordered them for their apostolic mission; he had redeemed the sin-cursed race by the offering of himself, a Lamb without blemish; he had conquered death, and led captivity captive; and at length he could say, "And now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to thee." He did so come; and as the incarnate Son of God—very man as well as very God—he sat down upon the Father's throne, "from thence expecting until his enemies shall be made his footstool."

To merely human appearances the incoming of Christ's kingdom was neither imposing nor promising of final success. An obscure, unlettered, and untitled young man came among those who had known him from his youth, calling men to repentance, and announcing the speedy coming of the kingdom of God. That proclamation, indeed, answered to the general expectation, but where were the signs of its coming? Nothing appeared at all corresponding to the popular conception of the conditions that should attend the advent of the promised and expected Messiah. There was no setting up of the ensign of the house of David, that the people might rally to it, and unite to place David's son and heir upon the throne of Israel. And had such an attempt been made at that time by any one, according to all human appearances, it must have resulted in a miserable and most disastrous failure. And yet in all this Christ himself went steadily forward as if already assured of success—neither faltering nor being discouraged.

The kingdom of God, though world-wide in its scope, and destined to fashion the laws and institutions of all nations, reveals itself first of all in individual lives and characters; and in proportion as the hearts of men shall become Christ's by conquering and transforming grace will he become the regnant and recognized Lord of the whole earth. And though some may still rebel, and the best serve but imperfectly, yet by the inherent power of goodness the righteous shall bear rule in society, "the meek shall inherit the earth," "the poor in spirit" shall possess the kingdom of God, and rule in it by a divine right. But in its essential nature it is primarily of the heart. "The kingdom of God is in you;"

it is "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;" and yet even this stage is attained only by conquest, for the "carnal mind," which is "enmity against God," must be vanquished by divine power, in order that Christ may be enthroned in the heart.

There is, no doubt, a strong disposition in unspiritual minds, to accept the gorgeous imagery of prophecy in its literal sense, rather than as simply symbolical of the spiritual excellence and glory of the Gospel. And this tendency is often unduly manifest in our Christian conceptions and conversations, and in our expositions and applications of Scripture, and especially so in our Christian hymns. All these are good and useful for edification, if received agreeably to the mind of the Spirit. And yet the words spoken to Zerubbabel, respecting the building of the temple, find their fullest significance when applied to the spiritual temple; "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." The current stage of Christ's work is eminently the dispensation of the Holy Ghost, and its first point of contact is the human heart; and the greatest of all the instrumentalities used by the Spirit is the Revealed Word. That is the two-edged sword which proceeds out of the mouth of the conquering Christ, with which he shall rule the nations.

The relations of Christ's kingdom to the world are chiefly those of an actively aggressive military incursion, with the avowed purpose of subjugation and perpetual dominion. When he delivered his wonderful ethical discourses, which are the laws of peace for his kingdom, he at the same time recognized its antagonism to the kingdom of the Adversary. When he called men to repentance, and taught them, that "except a man be born again, he can not see the kingdom of God," he revealed at once the destructive and the reconstructive character of his work. The commission to "go into all the world and disciple all nations," was the marching order to the grand army, which in its triumphal progress, ever recruiting its members from the ranks of the enemy, is appointed to conquer and possess the world for Christ. That work, set in motion more than eighteen hundred years ago, is still in progress; God is still sending "the rod of Christ's strength out

of Zion." The prayer daily breathed with passionate longings from millions of renewed souls all over our earth for the coming of the kingdom of God, is simply responsive to the "unutterable groanings" of the Divine Spirit for the redemption of our world. It is the great missionary prayer of the Church, accompanying and inclosing with its spirit as an atmosphere the gloriously advancing sacramental host. "The Lord gave the word; great was the company of them that published it; kings of armies did flee apace, and she that tarried at home divided the spoil." Christ's promised presence with his disciples "to the end," in the assurance of his perpetual care for his work, and the pledge of its success. It is not a fight against desperate odds in which the Church is engaged, for the Captain of our salvation has already conquered the enemy, and in his strength his people are always "more than conquerors."

Some of the aspects of Christ's kingdom, given in the seventy-second psalm, seem to be realized with remarkable fullness and clearness in the present state of evangelical Christendom. Even the promises of the universality of his reign in the earth may be much nearer their realization than our dull souls, so slow to perceive the signs of the times, have apprehended. We may see these things, especially, in the influences now exerted in favor of the Gospel by things outside of the Church's own agencies. In the last and greatest temptation the Adversary offered to Christ his co-operation in establishing the Messianic kingdom, with the use of all the social forces of the world, if only that service might be confessed by appropriate homage. But now all that Satan promised comes to Christ's help, without any compromisings for the favor of the god of this world. The political affairs of the nations of the earth, in this, our day, seem to conspire to prepare the way for universal diffusion of the Gospel. Commerce, and the arts and the industries of civilization; science and letters, diplomacy and wars; all contribute their quotas of influences, which are overruled and made subservient to the furtherance of Christianity. "The kings of Tarshish and of the isles bring presents, the kings of Sheba and Seba offer gifts." In an important sense, though often quite unconsciously, even as Cyrus, though he had not

known the Lord whom he was serving, yet was girded of God, and anointed "to subdue nations before him," for the furtherance of Christ's Gospel in the world, so at this very time, "all kings fall down before him, all nations serve him."

Very manifestly may we see the hand of God moving the social and political forces of the age, so that through them the Word of God "may have free course, and be glorified" in the earth. Like men who traverse lofty mountains without realizing their elevation, so we faintly appreciate how wonderful are these our times and how full of promise are the things with which we are occupied. Compared with other ages of the Church, ours is eminently a fruitful era, and the affairs that are occurring all about us are evidently designed to project themselves very far into the future. The conflict between Christ and the Adversary was never more active, and never more than now has the Church had pressing need to pray: "Thy Kingdom come," realizing that only God can prevail in such a conflict.

All about us, too, are indications that "the last times" of the New Testament prophecies are now upon us, which are at once precious and perilous, and especially so because of the wonderful success of the Gospel in the world, and the consequent "great wrath" of the Devil, "because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." Now, as always, the spirit of antichrist is actively engaged against Christ and his Church, and in the name of God and religion, denying both the Father and the Son; which God will destroy with the breath of his mouth.

Respecting the future of this kingdom, however inviting the subject, we can now say but very little. Both prophecy and promise assure us of its perpetuity and increase till it shall fill the whole earth. The "stone cut out of the mountain without hands," was destined to "become great." The "child born," and "son given" to Israel was promised endless "increase" of his "government and peace." And an apostle has said that "he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet." Our Lord's parables teach us the steady growth of "the kingdom of God" by gradual and normal processes to its rounded completeness—until it shall fill all lands—fashion society accord-

ing to its own spirit, and bring its light and proffers of salvation to all men; and because these things are the work of time, it may be expected that the pending conflict is not yet in its closing stages. And as the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament were not fulfilled according to the expectations of the Jewish nation and Church—in gorgeous and scenic displays of royalty—so there is reason to suspect that the prevalent conceptions of Christ's kingdom are altogether too materialistic and spectacular; and as the real glory, of which those earlier prophecies spoke, were spiritual rather than outward, much more so may we presume that the great events of the future of the Church will be enacted in the hearts of believers, and in the spiritual affairs of the kingdom of God among men. Victories the most glorious are assured, but not against "flesh and blood," but "spiritual wickedness." Christ shall, indeed, dwell among his people, revealing to them "the Father," according to his promise, but all this shall be by the ministrations of the Holy Comforter—our light and life.

The reign of the Prince of Peace shall doubtless reach down through the ages in an immeasurable perspective, but God's millenniums can not be reckoned by our chronologies, nor written down in earth's calendars. When, and with what outward circumstances the Church's spiritual triumphs shall be consummated, are among the things which the Father has reserved to himself; but the fact of Christ's coming again is not an open question. It

shall be a real, though, perhaps, not a sensibly phenomenal appearing, a "Parousia," a revelation of Christ in his glory, when "every eye shall see him, and they also that pierced him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him." And then, too, shall his own ransomed ones sing and rejoice at his coming,—"To him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion, forever and ever. Amen."

The kingdom of God is to us not only an aspiration and a hope, it is also a realized fact, both of personal experience and of social order. Its history comes to us through the ages, illuminated by the light of divine truth. Its progress has been marked by the casting down and the setting up of the thrones and kingdoms of this world, for it belongs to him, "to judge the poor of the people," and to "break in pieces the oppressor." Its victories are rapidly extended to all lands, and uncounted millions of every nation, kindred, and tongue under heaven, rejoice to confess the King of saints as the sovereign of their hearts and lives. And yet his enemies are not all subdued, and the followers of the Prince of Peace are still a militant host, doing battle for the Lord. But the conflict is already becoming in its accomplishments an assured triumph; and while the universal Church unites to pray, "Thy kingdom come," the response from the throne is full of good cheer, "Behold I come quickly." Amen.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

**THE GREAT GERMAN STATESMAN LASKER.**—Since his retirement from the German Parliament, Lasker has been talking of a journey to this country. No man of this generation has done more in Germany for the good of his country than this Jew, Lasker. We most sincerely hope report is true that he is soon to be on this side of the Atlantic. We have great Germans among us, but none excepting, perhaps, Carl Schurz could for a moment compare with this man so illustrious to-day in the liberal politics of Germany. The New

*York Herald*, in a recent issue, referring to his proposed visit to this country, gives us this readable personal sketch. He is a small, rather insignificant man of unmistakable Hebrew countenance, with delicate features, intelligent eyes, and high, thoughtful brow. His father was a Hebrew merchant of Jarocin, near the Polish frontier, and he was sent to the Breslau university as soon as the means could be scraped together. Like most students of the period Edward Lasker was an ardent liberal. He joined the Burschenschaft,

a students' society in liberal politics. The great events of 1848 stirred him to his inmost depths. In October of that *annus mirabilis* he went to Vienna to hear the lectures of the famous Professor Endlicher. These were the sad times when the unhappy city of Vienna was besieged by Windischgratz with overwhelming forces, and defended by a handful of brave men under Bern, Franck, Messenhausen, Robert Blüm, and Julius Froebel. Lasker threw himself heart and soul into the cause; he joined the famous Academic Legion, and narrowly escaped the fate of Robert Blüm, who was basely murdered by Windischgratz on the morning of November 9, 1848. Lasker, with his clear head, soon saw that revolutionary risings could not promote the cause of true liberty. He withdrew from the agitation and devoted himself to the law, spending three years in England, and acquiring the most profound knowledge of English institutions. Returning to Prussia in 1856, he soon became one of the most eminent political writers of the day. His clear exposition, lucid diction, and nervous style gave even to his lightest and most fugitive papers the character of political essays of the highest order. He joined the Berlin Press Union, and the great Berlin Workmen's Union, and took a leading part as a public lecturer on the subjects most interesting to working men. On March 27, 1865, he delivered his maiden speech in the reichstag. It was late in the afternoon, and the house was tired. There was too much of the Hebrew dialect in the speaker's accent for his sensitive hearers, and the oration utterly failed. Yet in a few months Lasker had overcome all drawbacks. The new representative startled the house by his eloquence and amazing knowledge. He joined the progressist, and fought his first great battles under the venerable Waldeck, the supreme leader of that fraction of the house. He soon discovered that the progressists were wedded to party crotchetts; he therefore seceded to the national liberals, but was beaten in a recent election by the progressists, and is, therefore, for the moment at leisure. The people will not long suffer him to sit in idleness, and we shall not long enjoy the pleasure of seeing him here. He is a busy man and a powerful man. The time will come when Lasker will stand at the head of German politics as Gladstone does in

English affairs. There is no man like him in all Germany. The people trust and revere him, and the recent reverse only has helped to bring to light the depth of the people's affection for this good and great man. We hope to see and honor him on this side of the Atlantic, where all lovers of liberty are welcome.

**NORDENSKJOLD EXPLORING JAPANESE LITERATURE.**—Nordenskjold is an explorer in more ways than one. He has just gone on quite different expedition from that to the North Pole, but we are very much mistaken if he will not render equally great service by his new venturesome enterprise. According to the Copenhagen correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* a short time ago, Professor Nordenskjold profited by his visit to Japan to purchase a selection of Japanese books and literature. In a letter to Consul Dickson the professor himself states that he employed a very clever and highly educated Japanese gentleman, M. Oknai, who speaks French very fluently, to purchase for him at the numerous book-stalls where old books are sold in Yokohama, Tokio, and even Kioto, a selection of Japanese literature. Professor Nordenskjold adds that the present moment is the most favorable to preserve from destruction Japanese books, and, in fact, many other articles of Japanese produce, which if not very speedily secured will soon disappear, as, owing to the late Europeanizing of Japan by the revolutions, which have given to the mikado absolute power, every thing relating to the "good old times" is at a discount, and family libraries are sold to serve as waste paper, while old armor and old weapons go to the rag and bone shops. Professor Nordenskjold thinks that even within a few years the library which he has bought will be of the highest value. The number of books secured amounts to 1,036, but as each volume, on an average, contains only one hundred pages, the number of volumes exceeds six thousand, of which history is represented by 176 volumes; treatises on Buddhism and education, 161; the state-sectarian religion, 38; Christianity (printed in 1715), 1; habits and customs, 38; plays, 18; love, 5; statecraft and political pamphlets (mostly new and secretly printed, being in opposition to the new state of affairs in Japan), 24; poetry, 187; heraldry, archaeology, and ceremony

(good manners), 27; the art of war and fencing, 41; chess, 1; numismatics, 4; dictionaries and grammars, 18; geography and geographical maps, 76; natural history 68; medical works, 13; algebra, astronomy, and astrology, 39; trades and farming, 43; books containing patterns, 73; gardening, 16; bibliography, 9; miscellaneous, 20. Most of the books are provided with innumerable drawings, some of them perfect masterpieces, while the seventy-three pattern-books will be of infinite value, not only to the history of art, but will also be of great use to different branches of industry. Some of the poems, the works for the theaters, and the old traditions are undoubtedly of the highest value to the student of what may already be called the past of Japan. Where are our students of archaeology, that these treasures can be gathered, while we sit with folded hands and lose one of the best of opportunities to interpret and preserve the history of a people with whose modern civilization we have so much to do, and with whose future we promise to have such intimate relationships?

**THE MAN IN THE MOON.**—Among the numerous superstitions of ancient and mediæval periods still popular in our time, none is perhaps more universal than that of the man in the moon. Germany and the adjacent countries abound in sundry tales concerning this lunar personage. In the Havel country tradition says that one Christmas eve a peasant felt a great desire to eat some cabbage; but, as he had none himself, he stole some from his neighbor. Just as he had filled his basket the Christ-child rode by on his white horse, and said, "Because thou hast stolen on the holy night thou shalt immediately sit in the moon with thy basket of cabbage." In the Dutch folk-lore he undergoes this penalty for stealing vegetables. In Westphalia he hindered the people from attending divine service on Easter Sunday by placing a thorn-bush in the field-gate through which they had to pass. Another legend of the same country says that a youth wished to enter his sweetheart's room at night by the window, while the moon was shining brightly. He took a bramble and attempted to darken the rays, but he remained hanging to the thorn-bush. A third version of the story in Westphalia is, that a tipsy man threatened the moon with a bramble he

had in his hand. Such audacious behavior enraged the lunar body; so he drew the man up, and he is there ever since. Some of the peasantry in this district declare that the moon is inhabited by a man and a woman. They are husband and wife, and both broke the Sabbath, the latter by churning her butter during divine service, and the former by fencing his field at the same time. They now pursue their occupations in the moon. In the neighborhood of Wittengen the man is said to have tied up his brooms on Maundy Thursday; at Deilinghofen he mowed grass on a Sunday; and in Limburg he stole wood on Easter morning. The Black Forest legend states that a man stole a bundle of wood on Sunday because he thought he would not be molested by the foresters on that day. He had not gone very far, however, when he met a stranger, who was none other than God himself. After reproving the thief for breaking the fourth commandment, the Almighty said he must be punished, but he left him his choice of banishment either to the sun or moon. The peasant chose the latter, declaring he would rather freeze in the moon than burn in the sun, and to this day the "Besenmannie," or broom man, retains his position with his faggot on his back. Some say that the wood was lighted by God and burns forever, so that the bearer may not be frozen to death. At Waltenburg in the Grisons a poor woman one time besought a "senner" to give her a little milk, which he refused to do; she therefore wished him in the coldest place in existence, that is, the moon, and he and his milk-pail are there yet. In Suabia, the legend takes the form of a man who stole vines on Sunday from a neighboring vineyard. When questioned about the theft and the Sabbath-breaking he protested his innocence, and at last exclaimed, "May I go to the moon if I have committed such a crime!" This fate really befell him on his death, and he is eating molten lead to this day as a punishment.

**ARE THE BRITISH TO HAVE NO LAND OWNERS?**—The London *Court Journal* makes the following announcement: The Earl of Dunmore has returned to England from America, where he has been traveling for some time in search of an eligible site for the establishment of a gigantic cattle ranche he proposes to

found for the breeding of Scotch cattle on the other side of the Atlantic. The spot most appropriate to the purpose has been discovered in Montana, and the "Dunmore Ranche" will be the largest in the world. His lordship, who owns thirty thousand head of cattle in Scotland, intends to choose from among the purest breeds those most likely to thrive in Montana, and will shortly return thither to superintend the establishment of the droves to be sent over

from Scotland. The speculation entered into by his lordship is one of the most gigantic on record—that of supplying the British market with fresh beef from America by the refrigerating process. If these British lords find it so profitable to turn to this side of the Atlantic, to engage in business transactions, what will become of the land interests at home? Here is a nice question in political economy for some one to answer.

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## ART.

### FORM AND IDEA.

THE old questions, what is art? what is high art? what is highest art? seem to recur with every new departure, and with every renewed attempt to found "a school." Inquiries which occupied the old Greek philosophers and artists are as fresh in interest to modern critics as to Socrates and Plato. Nor do we seem to get far away from or beyond the range of thought which was so thoroughly explored by them. Scarcely a principle put forth by modern writers as governing the abstract treatment of art subjects that can not be found expressed with greater clearness and terseness in the writings of these old worthies. New discoveries in mere technics, in perspective, in fore-shortening, and in chiaroscuro have been made in modern times; advances in the *formal* treatment of some departments of art are evidently the result of modern discovery and invention. Yet *technique* is an accident, not an essential of art. It may vary with the ages, but the principles underlying this and all the rest must remain unchanged.

The duality which so widely prevails in the universe holds true in art. There must be a body and a spirit; a form and an idea; a containing material and a contained and vivifying immaterial. Perfect art is where both exist in perfection and in perfected union. To weaken or degrade either element is to weaken and degrade art to the same degree. We have monstrosities in nature; art presents like monstrosities. The "St. Jerome" of Domenichino is the triumph of the spirit over the body; but this is not the best thing, since God gave us the body as well as the spirit. But it was

the best thing in the thought of a religionist who looked upon the body as a bundle of wicked appetites and ruining passions, which must, therefore, be eradicated and annihilated. A modern giant might pose as a model for some sculptor who is skilled in mere technics, and this might be called a *Hercules*. The work would be the best to the sculptor who thought only of muscles of iron and sinews of steel as indications of power. But to the student of the character of Hercules, as he was conceived by the Greeks—going about to smite monster wrongs, and his mighty frame moved by a will which was actuated by devotion to moral principle—this so-named statue of Hercules would be an offensive travesty. So every-where. The absence of technical skill in any work of art is by so far an absence of the element of power. The early Renaissance art is attractive and inspiring in spite of this want, because of the marvelous conceptions of purity, beauty, and self-abnegation. It is not to be believed that a perfect technical handling would not have greatly increased the effectiveness of these paintings. So much of the art of our own day is offensive and degrading, notwithstanding the well-nigh perfect technical treatment, because it has no high idea, no noble and inspiring lesson. It does seem to the thoughtful students of to-day that the next great stride which art may take in advance must come from earnest and protracted efforts to unite what has now become too frequently divorced—a perfect material with a perfect spirit, a complete and scientific technique with an elevating, purifying, and inspiring idea. The ancient idea of a perfect

man—"Mens sana in corpore sano"—is also the true art ideal which is to be attained only by persistent spiritual struggling.

#### REFORM IN CHURCH MUSIC.

How to conduct the singing in our public religious services has long been a vexed question. It is not yet settled, possibly it can not be, at least satisfactorily to all. How to make the aesthetic entirely harmonize with the worshipful and the devout, is the problem in Church music and Church singing. Anything which may contribute to settle this question is of value. In a recent lecture by the celebrated organist Eugene Thayer, of Boston, before the annual meeting of the "Music Teachers' National Association," are found some things which must be counted of special value in the settlement of the question of reform in Church music. We wish to give wider publicity to some common sense statements of this musician, selecting some which may be useful and suggestive.

"I do not believe in quartet choirs as such; that is, simply and only quartet choirs for Church service. Quartet choirs will agree with me, I think, when I assert that there is always felt to be something wanting in their musical service, however good it may be; a want of contrast, a want of climax, a want of heart as well as of mind, a want felt if not understood. That want I believe to be the universal play of the feelings, the universal sympathy of the people, which can only come when all join in praise to the Lord. I would not be understood as saying that the people should always join in the singing. Let them listen sometimes, let them receive as well as give a part of the time. When the singers carry through the whole of the musical service of the Church, it becomes a performance and nothing else than a performance; and the better the singers the more, in fact, is it a performance. Now, if the people wish to go to Church simply to listen to a fine performance, in a certain sense, the same as they would at the opera or concert-hall, then there is nothing more to say about choirs. Church music means something more than a performance, or it does not. If it does not, then banish a usage which at once profanes our divine art, and commits sacrilege in the house of God. . . . After the choir has been

properly organized, the hymnology needs revision and reform; for it is scarcely possible to reform the music of the Church until the hymn-books are reformed, or, at least, used in a different manner than now by pastors and congregations. The leading collections have from six hundred to sixteen hundred hymns, including, possibly, a few repetitions. Now there are not sixteen hundred good hymn-tunes in the world, and I hope there never will be. I doubt if there are even fifty thoroughly good ones, if we except the chorals. Unfortunately most of the chorals can not be used for American Church service, for being mostly of German origin, the meters are of such an irregular kind that they will not adapt themselves to our hymns. Such of them as have been used in our service, as, for instance, Old Hundred, Nuremberg, and others have proved beyond question how well the people like them, and by their singing of them how perfectly they are adapted to the wants of the great congregation. I fully believe that fifty hymns or half that number are enough for any congregation; for a congregation which can sing twenty-five hymns and sing them well is a rarity; and one which can sing fifty good ones does not exist hereabouts. Let me say here that I believe it best in congregational singing that each hymn be sung to a certain tune. This law of association of certain words with certain melodies will not only give a better devotional effect, but it will surely make the people sing better. We all know what words we expect and wish to hear to such lovely melodies as "Sweet Home" and the "Last Rose of Summer," and when the organist gives out "Old Hundred" even the children know what to sing. For these and other reasons I conclude that there are altogether too many hymns in our hymn-books. Shall we, then, ignore or cast out all above the half hundred? Certainly not. Many of the others can be sung by the choir, if there be one; if not, let them be read by the pastor as often as may be wished. Why should not reading form part of the service? Many a hymn, which is most beautiful in its religious sentiment and devotional character, is totally unfit for the people to sing, in fact, for any body to sing. The only hymns fit to be sung are those of prayer and adoration, or those of praise and thanksgiving. All of

didactic, reflective, or simply rational character are much better read than sung. Of course, a choir or congregation can find some of the same meter and worry through the poetry; but musically and devotionally the result will be a failure. If the pastor or people have favorite hymns which are not singable, let them be read as often as desirable; but let every attempt to sing them be abandoned. . . . If the choir is to sing any of the hymns of the service, let the music be in the form of the hymn-anthem; or, if we can not always have this, let the hymn-tune be in the form of the eight-line or double hymn-tune. The four-line hymn-tune is essentially an incomplete, weak, and meaningless thing. The reason is plain, the *form* is meaningless and incomplete, and therefore worthless. The shortest form in music should have at least four parts to be satisfactory. These four parts are as follows: first, a theme; second, a counter theme or answer; third, an episode or digression; fourth the coda or conclusion. As these can not all be comprised in the limits of a four-line hymn-tune, we are forced to the conclusion that the form is defective and inadequate, and therefore practically worthless. . . . The best and only true hymn-tune for the people is the choral, not necessarily the German choral, but any choral or hymn-tune of like character. . . . The four-line hymn-tune attempts rhythmic and melodic treatment in four lines, in which limit no satisfactory treatment is possible. The choral ignores melodic treatment; but gives us a complete harmonic structure to a plain succession of notes. [Mr. Thayer must rely upon the organ for the harmonic effects.] The former attempts and promises the impossible, and consequently fails; the latter does all it promises or suggests, and all that is possible in this compass, and is consequently complete and wholly satisfactory. My further reasons for claiming the choral as the only music for congregational hymns are, that it has notes of equal length and the people can sing it together; that it is within the compass of the voice of the masses; that little, indeed, we might almost say no, knowledge of music is required to sing what is termed the melody. For it must be remembered that the masses, considered as such, have little or no knowledge of music, and never can have so long as they must struggle for bare existence."

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## ART NEWS.

—A statue for Edgar A. Poe is proposed for Central Park.

—Prince Demidoff's art sale realized the enormous sum of \$1,364,891.

—The University of California is building an art gallery to cost \$50,000.

—The campus of Lehigh University is to have a life-size statue of Asa Packer.

—The trustees of Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts, have voted to erect at once a new art building.

—The Metropolitan Museum of Art, of New York City, received last year \$445,193, and spent \$444,293.

—W. H. Hillard, the Boston artist, is meeting with great success in exhibiting two of his pictures, one in the *Salon* in Paris and one in the Royal Academy. Philip Gilbert Hamerton will etch one of his pictures for the *Portfolio*.

—Letters from abroad inform us that the purchases in Paris by American dealers in art works have been unusually large. It is a great pity that no more appreciation and patronage of American artists are noticed.

—The room in Salzburg in which Mozart was born is now open to the public. It is in nearly the same state as at the time of his birth. A bust of the great musician is in the room, while the walls are hung with portraits of his family.

—The proposed monument to Victor Emanuel at Vercelli, by Ercole Rosi, is nearly sixty feet high, and at the base of the column are placed female figures representing the three most eventful periods of modern Italian history—1849, 1859, and 1870.

—At a recent sale of the private library of M. Ambroise Firmin-Didot, in Paris, forty-four alleged original drawings of Holbein for his "Dance of Death" were sold for 20,000 francs. Dr. Woltman examined these drawings ten or twelve years ago, and decided that they were not original, but copies from Holbein's drawings; in his opinion the originals were drawn on wood blocks.

—A monument to the poet and fairy-tale teller, Hans Christian Andersen, who died in August, 1875, was recently unveiled at Copenhagen. The bronze statue, somewhat over life size, is by M. Saabye. The poet is repre-

resented in modern dress, sitting in a chair, and reading one of his fairy tales to an imaginary audience. The place chosen for the statue is the garden surrounding the venerable castle of Rosenborg, one of the favorite resorts of the

Copenhagen public, and situated near the center of the town. The king, queen, crown prince, and many of the nobility and officials were present at the performance of this interesting ceremony.

## NATURE.

**SWIMMING-BLADDER OF FISHES.** In a recent note to the Paris Academy, Professor Marangoni gives the results he has arrived at in a study of the swimming-bladder of fishes. He states, first, that it is the organ which regulates the migration of fishes, those fishes that are without it not migrating from bottoms of little depth, where they find tepid water; while fishes which have a bladder are such as live in deep, cold water, and migrate to deposit their ova in warmer water near the surface. Next, fishes do not rise like the Cartesian diver (in the well-known experiment), and they have to counteract the influence of their swimming-bladders with their fins. If some small dead and living fishes be put in a vessel three-quarters full of water and the air be compressed or rarefied, one finds in the former case the dead fish descend, while the living ones rise, head in advance, to the surface. Rarefying has the opposite effect. Fishes have reason to fear the passive influences due to hydrostatic pressure; when fished from a great depth, their bladders are often found to be ruptured. Thirdly, the swimming-bladder produces in fishes twofold instability—one of level, the other of position. A fish, having once adapted its bladder to live at a certain depth, may, through the slightest variation of pressure, be either forced downwards or upwards, and thus they are in unstable equilibrium as to level. As to position, the bladder being in the ventral region, the center of gravity is above the center of pressure, so that fishes are always threatened with inversion; and, indeed, they take the inverted position when dead or dying. This double instability forces fishes to a continual gymnastic movement, and doubtless helps to render them strong and agile. The most agile of terrestrial animals are also those which have least stability.

**DISEASE GERMS IN WATER.**—Huxley, in a recent paper by Dr. Tidy on water for dietetic purposes, said that diseases caused by what people not wisely call germs are produced invariably by bodies of the nature of bacterin. These bodies could be cultivated through twenty or thirty generations, and then, when given under the requisite conditions, would invariably cause their characteristic disease. Bacteria are plants, and we know under what conditions they can live and what they will do. They can be sown and will thrive in Pasteur's solution, just as any seeds in a soil; and if a drop of this solution were placed in a gallon of water, every cubic inch of such water would soon contain from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand bacteria, and one drop of it would be capable of exciting a putrefactive fermentation in any substance capable of undergoing fermentation. The human body may be considered such a substance, and we may conceive of a water containing such organisms which may be *chemically* pure, and yet be, as regards the human body, as deadly as prussic acid. This is a terrible conclusion, but it is true; and if the public are guided by percentages alone, they may be often led astray. The real value of a determination of the quantity of organic impurity in a water is that by it a tolerably correct notion can be obtained as to what has had access to that water. If it be proved that sewerage has been mixed with it, there is a very great chance that the excreta of some diseased person may be there also. On the other hand, water may be chemically gross, and yet do no harm, the great danger being in the disease-germs.

**PANAMA HATS.**—These hats are worn almost in the whole American continent and West Indies, and would be equally used in Europe, did not their high price (varying

from two dollars to one hundred and fifty), prevent their importation. They are distinguished from all other hats by consisting of a single piece, and by their lightness and flexibility. In the rainy season they are apt to get black; but by washing with soap and water, and besmeering them with lime juice, or any other acid and exposing them to the sun, their whiteness is easily restored. The "straw" (paja), previous to plaiting, has to undergo several processes. The leaves are gathered before they unfold, all their ribs and coarser veins removed, and the rest, without being separated from the base of the leaf is reduced to shreds. After having been exposed to the sun for a day, the straw, tied into a knot, is immersed in boiling water until it becomes white. It is then hung up in a shady place and subsequently bleached for a few days. The straw is now ready for use, and in this state sent to different places, especially to Peru. The plaiting of the hats is very troublesome. It begins at the crown and finishes at the brim. The hat is made on a block, which is placed on the knees, and requires constantly to be pressed with the breast. According to their quality more or less time is occupied in their completion, the coarser ones being finished in two or three days, while the finer ones may take as many months. The best times for plaiting are the morning hours and the rainy season, when the air is moist. In the middle of the day and in clear weather, the straw is apt to break, and this, when the hat is finished, is betrayed in knots, and much diminishes the value.

**DEATH RATE OF RICH AND POOR.**—An important paper on the comparative mortality of the rich and poor was read at a recent meeting of the American Medical Association. The author, Dr. Charles Robert Drysdale, of London, began by pointing out the recent sanitary achievements during the past few years. Yet with all these advantages it was found that the death rate in London had rather increased than diminished, having been 22.2 per 1,000 in 1856, 22.3 in 1876, and 23 in 1877. In all England the rate has remained exactly the same for three decades, namely 22.35 per 1,000. The point Dr. Drysdale endeavored to elucidate was that the great cause of this non-improvement was the great mass of indigence

which, now as always, was instrumental in producing a large number of premature deaths in all densely populated sections. M. Villemé, the distinguished Parisian physician, has contributed several valuable facts to the argument. Thus it has been observed in France that persons between the ages of forty and forty-five die, if in easy circumstance, in the proportion of 8.3 per 1,000, while if poor, at the rate of 18.7 per 1,000. That is, the mortality between these ages was twice and a half as large among the poor as among the wealthy. It was found, too, that in Paris, between the years 1817 and 1836, one inhabitant out of every fifteen died in the twelfth arrondissement, which is peopled in great part by the poor, while in the second arrondissement, inhabited by the wealthier classes, the deaths for the same period were only one to every sixty-five. Dr. Drysdale cited from a pamphlet, written in 1877 upon the dwellings of the wages-receiving classes in Paris, some further suggestive figures, from which it appeared that a death rate which was the mean of the whole population was always misleading. Thus, in part of a sub-district in London comprising houses in good condition, the death rate did not exceed 11.3 in every 1,000, while there were adjacent dwellings in the same sub-district in which the death rate was 38 per 1,000, and it is now reported that there were particular districts in London where the rate was 50 per 1,000. On the other hand, the average death rate of the whole population was only 24 per 1,000 in 1843, and has scarcely deviated from that figure since. Dr. Little found the ratio in Berlin, a city of extreme poverty among the working classes, to be occasionally as high as 500 per 1,000.

**A DARWINIAN NOTE.**—For the benefit of those unacquainted with entomology it may be stated that many butterflies have two or even three broods in a year. One brood appears in Spring, their larvae having fed during the preceding Autumn, and passed the Winter in the pupa state, while the others appear later in the year, having passed rapidly through their transformations, and thus never having been exposed to the cold of Winter. In most cases the insects produced under these opposite conditions present little or no perceptible difference; but in others there is a

constant variation, and sometimes this is so great that the two forms have been described as distinct species. The most remarkable case among European butterflies is that of *Arachnia prorsa*, the Winter or Spring form of which was formerly considered a distinct form and given a distinct name. The two insects differ greatly in both sexes, in markings, in color, and even in the form of the wings, so that till they were bred, and found to be alternate broods of the same species, no one could doubt their being altogether distinct. In order to learn something of the origin and nature of this curious phenomenon, Dr. Weismann has for many years carried on a variety of experiments, breeding the species in large numbers, and subjecting the pupæ to artificial heat and cold for the purpose of hastening or retarding the transformation. The result of these experiments is, that by subjecting the Summer brood to severe artificial cold in the pupæ state, perfect insects are produced, the great majority of which are of the Winter form; but, on the other hand, no change of conditions yet tried has any effect in changing the Winter to the Summer form. Taking this result in connection with the fact that in high latitudes where there is only one brood a year it is always the Winter form, Dr. Weismann was led to the hypothesis that this Winter form was the original type of the species, and that the Summer form has been produced gradually since the glacial period, by the Summer becoming longer, and thus admitting of a second or Summer brood. This explains why the production of the Winter form from Summer larvæ is easy, it being a reversion of the ancestral type; while the production of a Summer form from Autumnal larvæ is impossible, because the form is the result of gradual development; and processes of development which have taken ages to perfect can not be artificially reproduced in a single season. Dr. Weismann lays great stress on the varied effects of temperature in modifying allied species, or the two sexes of the same species, from which he argues that the essential cause of all these changes is to be found in peculiarities of physical constitution, which causes different species, varieties, or sexes to respond differently to the same change of temperature; and he thinks that many sexual differences can be traced to this cause alone.

**MANUFACTURE OF PLATE-GLASS.**—Plate-glass consists of silicate of potash or soda, lime, and alumina. The purest and the best sand in the world for manufacturing glass is said to be from Lanesborough, Massachusetts, and other portions of Berkshire County. The plate-glass works at Crystal City, Missouri, are located at that point on account of the sand deposits adjacent, and it is asserted that these works are the only plate-glass manufactory now in operation in this country. The melted glass, held in crucibles, is taken from the furnace and wheeled to the "casting-table," which consists of a massive cast-iron slab, on each side of which are ribs, or bars of metal, which keep the iron within proper limits, and by their height determine the thickness of the plate. The melted glass being poured from the crucible or pot, a copper or bronze roller is drawn over it by hand, and almost immediately after the plate is pushed into the annealing oven, where it remains for five days to cool. After trimming off the rough edges, the plate is subjected to the grinding process; for this purpose it is placed between one large, square table underneath, which is covered with pieces of glass of varying sizes, and two smaller ones above, while all revolve rapidly, while sand and water is supplied to assist the process. This grinding leaves the surface still somewhat rough, and it is then subjected to the smoothing process, which consists in using finer and finer emery and water. At this stage the glass is slightly opaque, but this defect disappears after the final process of polishing. This is performed by fixing the plate upon a table by means of plaster of Paris, when the surface of the glass is subjected to the action of a series of wooden blocks, covered with felt and attached to a frame, by which they are made to move over the glass. At the same time a polishing powder, generally a red oxide of iron, is applied. After this the plates are subjected to a hard polish and inspection, when they are ready for sale.

**WHOOPING-COUGH GERMS.**—A fungus grows upon the skin of apples and oranges, precisely similar to the fungus which forms the peculiar germs of infection in whooping-cough. Dr. Tschamer introduced scrapings by a strong inhalation into his lungs. On the eighth day a thoroughly developed whooping-cough set in.

## RELIGIOUS.

**MR. SPURGEON ON THE WESLEYAN PLATFORM.**—One of the most interesting incidents of the recent Wesleyan Conference in England was the appearance of Mr. Spurgeon on the platform. The president shaking hands with him, while all the ministers were on their feet, said: "Mr. Spurgeon, this is our way of expressing our acknowledgment of God's mercy to you. Your great success as an evangelist of the Lord Jesus Christ has gladdened the heart of the conference as much as if you had been one of our own ministers. The way in which you have organized your Church has filled us with amazement. We take this opportunity of welcoming you among us." Mr. Spurgeon said he was taken altogether by surprise. The kind things which the president had spoken had humbled him to the ground. While opposition roused him, kindness overcame him. If any denominations had a grip of truth he believed they were the Wesleyans and the Baptists. He belonged to the "know nothings," for he was determined to know nothing among men save Jesus and him crucified. Their business was to believe the Word of God and to preach it. He was old-fashioned enough to believe not only in the Bible, but in its verbal inspiration. He believed God had chosen the best words in which the Bible might have been written. But in these days there was no sure ground for some people, they allowed one doctrine after another to slip away from them. He counseled his younger brethren that most of their victories came by faith. They should have faith to believe what was unpopular, and to believe that the power of God would enable them to speak out the truth. He did n't know how he had come there; but he was glad to feel that they were all one. He saluted them as bishops. He was a bishop himself, but not as old as some before him. He saluted the laymen also who were before him. He was glad they had got laymen into the conference.

**THAT CHURCH QUESTION IN FRANCE.**—An account of an interview between M. de Freycinet and two French archbishops, who visited him in order to obtain some information as to

the future course of the government with respect to the further execution of the March decrees, is published in the *Gaulois*. The archbishops excused themselves for their appearance before the premier by saying that it was necessary for them to be informed in due time of the intentions of the government, because in the event of the March decrees being carried, numerous vacancies would be made in the charitable and educational institutions of their provinces, and they must take measures to fill up the gaps. The premier is reported to have asserted that the government had hitherto proceeded with great leniency, because it believed that the heads of the clergy would perceive the wisdom of conforming to the law of the republic. He could not promise them an indefinite prolongation of this forbearance. The government, he observed, had arrived at the extreme limit of procrastination, and would soon proceed without mercy. M. de Freycinet on being more closely pressed, said that the complete enforcement of the decrees would be carried out before the end of August. The prelates asked if the religious congregations could not expect to be treated according to the provisions of the laws regulating the right of association. "No," replied the minister, "religious communities of such a character are expressly excluded."

**PASTORLESS CHURCHES.**—The facts which came out at the recent General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church respecting pastorless Churches, give interest to what is called an "overture" to the assembly from the presbytery of Iowa City, showing what the presbytery believes to be in a large measure the cause of these vacant pulpits. The overture is an earnest, almost painfully earnest, protest against a too great dependence on the minister for the prosperity of the Church. And the evil is declared to be so great that it is difficult to frame a sentence that shall compass all its phases. Extraordinary mental gifts are demanded, and if the minister fails to give popular preaching and to build up the Church, he is driven from his place by various means, one of which is "the abominable prac-

tie of withholding the payment of his salary." The questions he is constantly confronted with are these: "How smart are you?" "Can you make the rental of these pews pay the salary and all current expenses?" "Can you steer successfully between the Scylla of orthodoxy and the Charybdis of liberalism?" Unwelcome as the statement is, the position of the present average Church appears to be that it is to succeed according to the ability of the minister alone. The entire responsibility is to be thrown on him. The language of his call, "That you may be free from worldly cares and avocations, we promise,"—a solemn promise that it is—is broken ruthlessly, and the pastor for want of his salary, which is purposely withheld, sees nothing between humiliation and finding another Church.

**NOT SO BAD FOR METHODISM.**—A well-known English Wesleyan minister who has a high rank among his fellows, is reported as saying he does not remember a single instance where a Methodist minister has forsaken Methodism for the religion of Rome. He adds that the names of all the members of the denomination whom he ever heard of as joining that Church he could more than count on the fingers of one hand.

**SUNDAY IN GREECE.**—A priest of the Greek Church at Athens has been making a special effort to stop the practice of keeping shops open on Sunday, and with very good success. His sermons were attentively listened to by the keepers of shops as well as by people in general. And the shop keepers have been led to agree that hereafter the doors of their establishments shall be kept closed on the day of rest.

**A UNITED PROTESTANT CHURCH IMPOSSIBLE IN FRANCE.**—All hope for reconciliation between the Orthodox and Unitarian sections of the Reformed Church of France is now at an end. The provincial synods have unanimously refused to favor a proposal that the attempt of the Evangelicals in 1872, to frame a confession of faith and impose it on all pastors, be abandoned.

**MUSIC NOT CONSIDERED A NUISANCE BY IRISH PRESBYTERY.**—The Irish Presbyterian General Assembly has again remanded the question of instrumental music in public worship to the presbyteries, and refused to bring

under discipline ministers who had introduced musical instruments in Church. So Irish Presbyteries may make music unto the Lord.

**ROME OPENS WIDE HER GATES.**—In connection with the rumors that English Ritualists are about to enter the Church of Rome, it is affirmed that the pope has granted every possible facility for the transfer of the Ritualists to the fold of the Church, and that he has already sent to them instructions as to the final concessions to be made.

**PROTESTANTS IN BALTIMORE.**—From Rome it is reported that the archbishop of Baltimore has informed the Vatican that it will be necessary largely to increase the church accommodations in his diocese owing to the number of persons "who are disposed to join the Roman Catholic Church."

**GROWTH OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**—For the present year its statistics show an increase over last in churches 54, in Sunday-schools 1,764, and in money raised for home expenses \$80,432. The total of benevolent contributions was \$1,098,691, and of home expenditures \$2,594,228.

**THE CHINESE MISSION SCHOOLS OF SAN FRANCISCO.**—These count 3,300 pupils on their rolls, with an average attendance of 1,100. Twelve of its young men have gone out to do mission work in California, Oregon, the Sandwich Islands, and China. So much for the Chinese being unwilling to accept Gospel privileges.

**RETALIATION ON THE RITUALISTS THREATENED.**—A writer in the *Record*, London, threatens the authorities in Church and state that if Mr. Mackenzie, "suspended as he is by court and bishop," is permitted to officiate in St. Albans, reprisals will be made by the Low Church party. "Non-conformist ministers will be admitted to pulpits of the Established Church." What a dreadful thing that would be!

**SHALL WE NOT HAVE CHURCH LIBRARIES?**—The Jewish community at Warsaw are organizing a library of Hebrew works in connection with their synagogue. Already upwards of two thousand volumes have been presented to the library from various quarters. Now should we not learn a lesson from the Jews and like them organize our reference

libraries in connection with the Churches. Why should not the Church have a library as well as a parlor?

**WHAT MANNER OF MAN IS THE BISHOP OF LLANDAFF?**—The bishop of Llandaff took position in the convocation of Canterbury against closing liquor shops on Sunday. We do not expect Englishmen, or, for that matter, any other class of Europeans, to be imbued with our temperance notions, but what manner of man must a bishop be who can oppose closing liquor saloons on the Sabbath day?

**MISCELLANY.**—The union of American Hebrew congregations now counts seventy-one congregations, and represents between 6,000 and 7,000 members. For such a small body their educational efforts are certainly remarkable. They have voted for the current year \$15,000 for the college they maintain at Cincinnati, and an equally liberal sum for the preparatory school at New York. There is a lesson here for older denominations. Let us strike

the proportion and see how we would compare with the Jews, whom we usually count such lovers of money.

—King Monata Yauvo, of Moressoumba, Africa, lately sent for Dr. Pogge to come to his court, and after a long conference asked the doctor to open his umbrella. “At this performance,” the doctor reports, “the whole court was intoxicated with wonder and delight.” Dr. Pogge was favorably impressed both by the people and the country which he visited.

—A manuscript of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, written on purple parchment in silver ink and adorned with miniatures, was recently discovered in Calabria by Messrs. O. Von Gebhardt and A. Harnack. A set of reproductions of the miniatures has just been published at Leipsic, and a collation of the text is promised. The discoverers would fix as early a date as the end of the fifth century, or beginning of the sixth, for both the miniatures and the text.

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## CURIOS AND USEFUL.

**THE BONAPARTES.**—The Bonaparte family, once so numerous and so formidable in the affairs of Europe, seems to be dwindling down to rather diminutive proportions. Of the four brothers of Napoleon I, Lucien and Jerome are the only two who are represented by living descendants. Cardinal Bonaparte being Charles Lucien's eldest son's son, and Lucien being Jerome's eldest brother, the cardinal is incontrovertibly the sole and real chief of the Bonaparte family in the ordinary sense of the word. Prince Napoleon Jerome, and after him his two sons, according to the constitution of the second empire—whose fall the prince now accepts by his adhesion to the republic—was undoubtedly the immediate heir of the emperor, and after the death of Napoleon III and before his own adhesion to the new rule, the chief of the imperial dynasty. This fact, however, can by no means entitle him to the qualification of “chief of the Bonaparte family,” given to him by his political friends. The cardinal is the real chief of the family, and all the other members succeed to him in

the following order: 1. Napoleon, commonly called Napoleon Charles, brother of the cardinal; 2. Louis Lucien, the eldest living son of Lucien, brother of Napoleon I; 3. Pierre Napoleon, his youngest brother; 4. Jerome, son of Jerome, eldest son of Jerome, the youngest brother of Napoleon I; 5. Jerome, his son; 6. Charles, uncle of the last; 7. Napoleon Jerome, the only living son of the first Jerome; 8. Victor, his eldest son; 9. Louis, his youngest son. Of these Prince Napoleon, number 7 of the above list, is the only one who seems to manifest any decided energy of character, and he is a republican.

**BIBLES WITH QUEER NAMES.**—An interesting collection of Bibles was recently placed on exhibition in London, which comprised copies of all the editions that, because of peculiar errors of the printers, or from some other reason, have been known by strange names. Among the Bibles on exhibition were the following:

*The Gutenberg Bible.*—The earliest book

known printed from movable metal types, is the Latin Bible issued by Gutenberg at Mentz, A. D. 1450.

*The Bug Bible.*—Was so called from its rendering of Psalm xci, 5: "Afraid of bugs by night." Our present version reads, "Terror by night." A. D. 1551.

*The Breeches Bible.*—The Geneva version is that popularly known as the Breeches Bible, from its rendering of Genesis iii, 7: "Making themselves breeches out of fig-leaves." This translation of the Scriptures—the result of the labors of the English exiles in Geneva—was the English family Bible during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and till supplanted by the present authorized version of King James I.

*The Place-makers' Bible.*—From a remarkable typographical error which occurs in Matthew v, 9: "Blessed are the place-makers," instead of peace-makers. A. D. 1562.

*The Treacle Bible.*—From its rendering of Jeremiah viii, 22: "Is there no treacle [instead of balm] in Gilead?" A. D. 1568.

*The Rosin Bible.*—From the same text, but translated "rosin" in the Douai version. A. D. 1609.

*The He and She Bibles.*—From the respective renderings of Ruth iii, 15—one reading that "She went into the city;" the other has it that "he went." A. D. 1611.

*The Wicked Bible.*—From the fact that the negative had been left out of the seventh commandment (Exodus xx, 14), for which the printer was fined three hundred pounds. A. D. 1631.

*The Thumb Bible.*—Being one inch square and half an inch thick; was published at Aberdeen, A. D. 1670.

*The Vinegar Bible.*—So named from the head-line of the 20th chapter of Luke, which reads as "The Parable of the Vinegar," instead of the vineyard. A. D. 1717.

*The Printer's Bible.*—We are told by Cotton Mather that in a Bible printed prior to 1702 a blundering typographer made King David exclaim that "Printers [instead of princes] persecuted him without a cause." See Psalm cxix, 161.

*The Murderers' Bible.*—So called from an error in the 16th verse of the epistle of Jude, the word "murderers" being used instead of "murmurers." A. D. 1801.

*The Caxton Memorial Bible.*—Wholly printed

and bound in twelve hours, but only one hundred copies struck off. A. D. 1877.

**NOB AND SNOB.**—These words are found in the first edition of Grose's "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," published in 1785, where the definition given is "a nickname for a shoemaker." In that sense, *snob* was constantly used in the slang of the prize-ring, until that famous British institution expired some twenty years ago. But when and how did the word come to be used in the sense in which Thackeray has immortalized it? The earliest use of the word in this signification that we know of is in Disraeli's "Henrietta Temple," where he speaks of the important distinction which "divides mankind into the two great sections of *snobs* and *nobs*." Now *nob* was a slang phrase for the head more than a hundred years ago, and it is easy to see the relationship between its original meaning and that in which it is used by the author of "Henrietta Temple." But it is not easy to see the relationship between the original slang meaning of *snob* and that now attached to it. Can *snob* have had any reference to the feet when applied to a shoemaker, and was it for that reason adopted as the antipodes of *nob*? That is the question—who will answer it?

**SCOTCH WORDS FROM FRENCH.**—A great number of words, common in Scotland a century or two ago, seem to have been imported from France. At the period when England and Scotland were separate kingdoms the communication between the latter and France was, we know, frequent, and a number of French were often located for lengthened periods in the east of Scotland. It is equally well known that a number of Scotch settled in France. Not unreasonably may we suppose that some of those French located in the east found their way to the west, and that a number of those who were for a time domiciled in France returned to their native country, bringing with them many customs and manners of the French. That a number of old Scotch words are partly French and partly unmistakable corruptions of that language can therefore be a matter of little doubt. From the Session Records it appears, for instance, that coverings for coffins were in use at funerals, and provided by the kirk session for the convenience of the public, for which the charges are

fixed. Of course these were in use prior to the introduction of the hearse, and when it was the practice to carry the coffin in "spokes." The cloth referred to is called the "morte-cloth." Clearly the "morte" is the French *mort* for dead, thus a cloth for covering the dead. "Pouch" is still a common word for pocket, French *poché*; "cluse" (sluice) French *écluse*. When children are at play, one wishing to stop the game for a moment to speak, etc., shouts "barley," an undoubted corruption of *parlez*. "Tumbling the cran," so called in Scotland; "tumbling head over heels" in England. Cran and crane will doubtless be admitted to have a common origin. In this neighborhood we have a farm called the Grange. What is the French grange but a barn? "Hotec-potch," a favorite dish in Scotland, is unmistakably the French *hochepot*, "Crack," in Scotland, to talk, tell a tale, etc. Is this not a corruption of *croquer*? "Corbies," common name for crows, French *corbin*; "fashed" to be worn out, vexed, or troubled, is from the French *facher*. So also of other words, which we can not here mention.

**NO SKYLARKS.**—The duke of Argyle while recently traveling in this country was not a little surprised to find no skylarks here, and since his return home he has taken occasion to speak of it in print, and has proffered us a little advice. Here is what he says: "One hears the migratory thrush (robin) every-where in the midst of the gardens and villas, of towns and cities, and in every little clearing of forest on the outskirts of human habitation. It is a pleasant song, but decidedly inferior to any one of its cousins in Britain. It is inferior in power to the missal thrush, in variety to our common "mavis," in melody to the blackbird. Near Niagara I heard one very broken and interrupted song of fine tone and of considerable power. But although I was in the woods and fields of Canada and of the United States in the richest moment of the Spring, I heard little of that burst of song which in England comes from the blackcap and the garden warbler and the common wren, and (locally) from the nightingale. Above all there is one great want which nothing can replace. The meadows of North America were to my eye thoroughly English in appearance—the same rich and luxuriant grass, the

same character of wild flowers, and even the same weeds. The skies of America are higher and wider and more full of sunshine; but there is no skylark to enjoy that 'glorious privacy of light.' 'The sweetest singer in the heavenly Father's choir' is wanting in the New World. I can not help thinking that it might be introduced. Of course the Winters of Canada and the Northern States would compel it to follow almost all the other birds which Summer there, and to retire with them until the return of Spring to Virginia or the Carolinas. It would be an interesting experiment. I do not know whether it has been tried. If not, I would suggest it to my American friends as one worth trying. It would be a happier introduction than that of the London sparrow."

**THE SOLDIERS OF MOROCCO.**—"The state of efficiency to which the troops have been brought," writes Captain Colville in his "Ride in Petticoats and Slippers," reflects the greatest credit on Kaid M'Lean. Officers and men all know battalion drill and skirmishing, with the manual and bayonet exercise thoroughly, and as a consequence, company and squad drill. When it is borne in mind that two years ago the Moorish army was simply an armed (and very badly armed) rabble, which did not even know how to form fours, this performance will be appreciated, the more so that on his arrival in the country Kaid M'Lean did not speak a word of Arabic, and had to give his instructions through a Jew interpreter, who was wholly ignorant of drill. . . . The uniforms are of the most nondescript kind, the only uniformity being in the fez caps on their heads and the yellow slippers on their feet. The remainder of the dresses, though something of the same shape, are every color of the rainbow—red, blue, green, yellow—here red trousers and a yellow jacket, there a pair of dirty white trousers, a green jacket and a blue waistcoat. There is scarcely more uniformity about the rifles than about the clothes. The weapon in use is an inferior breech-loader called the Wendel, which was palmed off on the sultan by the "braves Belgea." Bad as it is, it would be better than the old flint-locks, were the rifles of one size; but this is not the case, and as only one size of ammunition has been supplied, not one gun

in five will take the cartridge served out. The words of command are given in English, but the "cautions" are, of course, Arabic; the result is a rather ludicrous jumbling of tongues. Such sentences as "zeed zeed" (go on), "el right guide number one," "Lai harka-book, haddak el kaid meen, number four, mahl andek arkel, shoo, fours right!" (God burn your father, that captain of number four; you have got no sense! fours right!) are frequently occurring.

**DIAMOND CUTTING.**—The art of diamond cutting is usually supposed to have been invented by Louis Van Berquem of Burges, in 1456, but closer inquiry shows that he only introduced important improvements into a method already in use. It is said that there were diamond polishers at Nuremberg in 1373, and the same trade was exercised early in the following century at Paris, where a cross-way called "La Courarie," once inhabited by the workmen, still exists among the diminishing

relics of the past. Nor is it to be supposed that this art was entirely unknown to more ancient nations. In India, from the earliest times, a mode of releasing the crystal from its native husk was employed which probably differed less in principle than in application from that now used in London and Amsterdam. The gem engravers of antiquity not only worked extensively with the diamond point, but in some rare cases engraved the "indomitable" stone itself. In the Duke of Bedford's collection, for instance, is a diamond engraved with the head of Posidonius, and one bearing a portrait of a Roman emperor, was to be seen at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. After the barbarian invasion the art became the secret of a very few, without, it would seem, ever declining to extinction; for the diamond clasp which fastened the imperial mantle of Charlemagne at his coronation had the natural faces of the crystals rudely polished, and cut diamonds have occasionally been found on mediæval church ornaments.

## LITERATURE.

THE whole commonwealth of Biblical and theological students, and more especially those who use the English language, are to be congratulated on the completion of the ninth volume of M'Clintock & Strong's Cyclopædia.\* The alphabetical indications of its contents are Rh—St, showing that only parts of the words beginning with two of the letters of the alphabet make up the whole of this volume, with its 1,083 pages double columned and closely printed. We are assured, however, that one more volume will complete the work in its regular order, though there yet remains besides the balance of the letter S, all that falls under the last seven letters of the alphabet, of which two or three are of the class that show pretty largely as initials in this class of works. That final volume will probably appear about a year hence. And then, as a separate work, and yet very closely related, will be published a supplementary volume designed to fill up

any omissions, and more especially to bring forward any new matter that has been procured by the learned world during the years in which the cyclopædia has been in preparation, and especially since the earlier volumes were completed.

With these nine volumes already in hand, and with the now fully assured promise of two more, fully completing the work, one may pretty well appreciate the greatness of the enterprise, the immense labor that its preparation must have cost, and its value as a contribution to the very best class of Biblical and theological literature. Its design is not to increase the amount of learning in any of the departments falling within its scope, but by bringing together, fully digested and set in order, whatever has been hitherto written, to place within convenient access what else could be obtained only by extensive researches through the great libraries of the world, and often in works very difficult of access, and in all the multiplied languages of the earth—an amount of labor and of pecuniary expense that very few could devote to these matters.

\*CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIBLICAL, THEOLOGICAL, AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE, prepared by the Rev. John M'Clintock, D. D., and James Strong, S. T. D. Volume IX, Rh—St. New York: Harper & Bros. Pp. 1,083.

So extensive has the literature of Biblical and theological learning become, including as it is made to do in this work, Church history, sacred geography, and religious biography, that only such as make its study their life-work can be expected to become even generally acquainted with it, in its original forms. It is, therefore, only by such compilations, at once condensed and comprehensive, that the great body of students can avail themselves of these almost exhaustless treasures. And, accordingly, such works, if well and ably wrought out, are of incalculable value.

It is a fact well known to all who are at all acquainted with the case, that hitherto there has not existed in the English language, and scarcely in any other, any thing approaching to a complete digest of Biblical and theological learning. The older Biblical dictionaries, of which class Calmet's was for its time among the best, are now entirely obsolete by reason of the advances made in that department of learning during the last half-century, though in that special department Smith's Biblical Dictionary brings the subject down to our times in a manner quite satisfactory. But none of the modern dictionaries and encyclopedias of religious knowledge in English nearly meet the requirements of the case. There was certainly very great need of such a work when nearly ten years ago it was taken in hand by Messrs. McClintock & Strong, and during all that time it has been pressed forward, most of the time by the sole survivor, Professor Strong, alone, till now the end is already in sight, and by its successful accomplishment the whole community of students in those departments will become the debtors of the projectors and the completors of this superb and gigantic work.

The special features of this ninth volume are only such as the subjects falling alphabetically within its range called for. The word *Rome* and its cognates occupy nearly fifty pages; *Samuel* (prophet and books), twelve; *Satan*, eight; *Scripture*, etc., seven; *Septuagint*, seventeen; and *Socrates* seven. There are more than three hundred wood cuts; and best of all an original map of the Sinaitic peninsula (detached), "drawn under the immediate eye of the editor (Dr. Strong), and embracing all the latest topographical information, including the observations made during his recent

visit to that region." The mechanical work of the volume reflects great credit upon the publishers—the paper is good, and the letters, though small, are very legible. Altogether it is a decidedly satisfactory production.

SOME months ago we noticed in these columns the publication of the first volume of a new edition of "Fairbairn's Typology," by Tibbals & Sons (New York); with a brief estimate of the character of the work. We have now the second and completing volume,\* which agrees as to its outward qualities with the first, and the two together make a substantial, correct, and sufficiently elegant edition of a valuable standard work. It is, indeed, one of the works which every Biblical student should carefully study at an early stage, and then keep it conveniently within reach in all after times for frequent reference and the elucidation of such questions of Biblical interpretation as will not infrequently arise. As a "help to the better understanding of the sacred writings," not by the elucidation of specific texts and passages, but instead by topical illustrations and expositions, and by the development of general principles of interpretation, we know of nothing that can fill its place so well. It is indeed a hand-book of the philosophy of the symbols of the Old Testament in their relations to the Gospel—a subject of which every theologian and Biblicalist should be master. If we recollect rightly, this is the third American edition of this work; but neither the first nor the second was stereotyped, and, indeed, only limited editions were issued. The work has accordingly been entirely reprinted (and stereotyped) with new and sufficiently large types, and upon fine and solid paper; the press-work is good, and, not the least considerable excellence and usually the most difficult to secure, the proof-reading is exceptionally well done. The publishers have conferred a valuable favor upon the public in its reproduction in a style so satisfactory, for which it may be hoped they will be abundantly compensated by large sales. It has a good index.

\*THE TYPOLOGY OF SCRIPTURE, viewed in connection with the whole series of the Divine Dispensations. By Patrick Fairbairn, D. D., Principal and Professor of Divinity, Free Church College, Glasgow. Ninth edition with enlarged Index. Two volumes. Pp. 420, 484. New York: N. Tibbals & Sons, 37 Park Row.

"CHEVALIER" WICKOFF is a character. He has succeeded in keeping himself before the public during a pretty long life time simply by persistent efforts towards that end, without any thing special about him for which he should have been known, or why he should now be remembered. Born and bred in a quiet Pennsylvania town, and educated at Yale and Union Colleges, he next became a man of elegant leisure at Washington City, and then went abroad, not to study at the universities, but to see the world, and to be seen by as many grand people, and by some not so grand, as he could find access to. Somehow he procured admission as a "Knight Commander" to the Spanish order of "Isabella the Catholic," which, of course, he did not allow to pass for nothing in his case, and accordingly he has since been known by his title "Chevalier." And now, as he is growing old, he follows up his ruling passion by publishing his *Reminiscences*,\* in which his good-natured egotism, his keen perception of superficialisms, and his large acquaintance with men and things, are all made to do him good service. The book is especially rich in anecdotes of distinguished persons, in inside views of many things of which only the outside has been known, and in glimpses into the secrets of cabinets and councils that are carefully concealed while they were of any living significance.

*Andrew Harvey's Wife*, after appearing as a serial in some of the magazines on both sides of the ocean, is now, according to custom, brought out in a volume by Carter & Brothers, New York.† It is, as to its form, nothing especially different from the generality of its class, though probably it ought to be placed pretty high in that class, by both its literary and its moral tone. It is a decidedly well told story; the characters fairly good, the descriptions and discussions lively and piquant, and the moral tone wholesome. If people will spend their time reading fictions, and to a moderate extent it may not be harmful, they

might make many worse choices than by selecting this neat and agreeable volume.

THE "story" or novelette has been pretty freely appropriated and used as a vehicle for lessons of morality and religion. Sometimes well and ably, and again without either of these conditions. Helen Campbell, a writer who has heretofore wrought somewhat in that field, just now gives to the public still another\* of her productions, in which she seeks to illustrate by ostensibly fictitious characters certain phases of American social life, and to deduce from them valuable lessons respecting manners and morals. In all these things she is, as a writer, moderately successful; but the occult subject of "heredity" which plays a considerable part in the story is rather too deep for her sounding line. Like most of its kind it grows brighter toward the last and makes a good ending.

"BIOLOGY," or the Science of Life, is for two principal reasons a wide and difficult study. In itself "Life" is entirely unknown, probably can not be known, and all we know of it must be learned from its phenomena, and since these are very abundant and multitudinous in form and character, very few have ever become really masters of the subject. But since most people fancy themselves capable of forming opinions on any subject to which they have directed their attention, we are constantly greeted with a good deal of crude thinking and teaching. This is, perhaps unavoidable, and not to be deprecated, since along with its conditions not a little that is really valuable is developed. Just now we have in hand a work on this subject,† by one who has given it no little attention, prepared especially for the "Chautauqua" course of study, and therefore intended to be at once "popular," and scientifically correct, and moderately comprehensive, purposed not easily combined in one moderate sized book. The initial chapter treats of "the Science of Life," and to us many of its positions seem to be as-

\* *REMINISCENCES OF AN IDLER*. By Henry Wickoff, Author of *A Roving Diplomatist*, etc. New York: Ford, Howard & Hulbert. 12mo. Pp. 596.

† *ANDREW HARVEY'S WIFE*. By L. T. Mende, Author of *Water Gypsies*, etc. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 312.

\* *UNTO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION*. A Study. By Helen Campbell. New York: Ford, Howard & Hulbert. 18mo. Pp. 249. Cincinnati: Peter G. Thomson.

† *THE SCIENCE OF LIFE*, or Animal and Vegetable Biology. By J. E. Wythe, M. D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. 12mo. Pp. 295.

assumptions not proved rather than established first truths of science. "What is life?" and "how does it originate?" are questions in respect to which the learned and the unlearned are alike ignorant, and whoever ventures to speak authoritatively about it is pretty sure to go astray. A good deal that is told us about "protoplasm" and "bioplasm" and "tissue formations," etc., may safely be taken with a good many grains of allowance. After these "rudiments" the book contains a large amount of well ascertained and really valuable matter; but it may be doubted whether so much learning can be compressed into such a small space without sacrificing the needed fullness and clearness of statements.

WITH the very long and descriptive title, *How to Educate the Feelings or Affections*

and bring the Dispositions, Aspirations, and Passions into harmony with Sound Intelligence and Morality (By Charles Bray, Edited with Notes and Illustrations, from the Third London Edition, By Nelson Sizer, of New York), S. R. Wells & Company have published a duodecimo volume of two hundred and twenty-six pages, fairly well printed and rather liberally illustrated. Its lessons are given from living examples of generally well-known persons treated phrenologically, that is, physiologically, psychologically and craniologically. The work is, on the whole, well written, the arguments ingenious if not convincing, its style and methods fairly good. Without accepting the author's theory, which is everywhere present in the book, the intelligent and discriminating reader will find in it much to approve and that may be made profitable.

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### EX CATHEDRA.

#### THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

THE announcement is made that the work of preparing a revision of the Bible, which has been in active progress for seven years, is completed, as to the New Testament, and that within a very short time that part of the work will be printed and given to the public. The fact is one of no ordinary interest to all who use the English tongue, and, indeed, to Christians every-where, but especially to the Christians of Great Britain and America. For two hundred and fifty years our present authorized version has been in use, which, however, was not itself an original translation, but the last results of a succession of translations and revisions, going back to Wyclif's. And yet it was no doubt the most remarkable literary production that ever appeared in the English, or perhaps in any, tongue. Its influence over the English language and literature has been greater than that of any other work; perhaps in some sense greater than all others combined; while in the Church its power and spirit have been inestimably valuable. The Protestantism of England and of the whole world owes more to the English Bible than to any or all other instrumentalities employed by the Divine Spirit and Providence for the bless-

ing of mankind. But valuable as that work is confessed to have been, it has also been long known and declared to be faulty or defective in some important though minor particulars. At the time that it was made the oldest and incomparably the best manuscripts of the New Testament were unknown, and that used as the text from which the older translations were corrected is known to have been in many particulars quite unreliable. Later researches, under more favorable conditions, and a better scholarship with wider critical range have detected these errors, and pointed out the needed emendations. A few passages are found to be clearly surreptitious, having crept in through careless or unskillful copying, by which marginal glosses were inserted in the text. Others are discovered to have been misunderstood by the translators, and so misconstrued, and in very many more a defective knowledge of the force of the Greek verb, both in moods and tenses, on the part of the translators betrayed them into many serious mistakes.

The changes that have affected the English language during the two hundred and fifty years that the authorized version has been in use, has rendered both the style and the verbiage of the Bible antiquated, and in some cases

obsolete. It is wonderful to observe, however, how effectively it has held all religious discourse to its own forms and phraseology; so that it would be a thing quite intolerable to use the style of modern speech in prayer or other distinctively religious exercises. And yet any one not slavishly devoted to forms of speech, that at first were simply conventional and according to common use, but now made venerable by age and by especially sacred uses, must recognize the presence of some very considerable faults in the language of our present Bible. The Protestant idea that it is the high duty of the Church to give the Word of God to the common people, carries with it, by necessary implication, the duty of making such version as nearly correct as possible. Nor is it at all edifying to the unlearned to be informed by their commentaries or from the pulpit that the only Scripture accessible to them is so far defective that frequent corrections are called for in order to a just exposition of the text in hand. Even Sunday-school teachers have felt themselves called upon—very unwise perhaps, yet not strangely—to correct the rendering of the lessons in hand for the benefit of their pupils.

Of special and minute infelicities in our present version may especially be named the use of words either entirely obsolete, or else now used in senses quite different, sometimes the very opposite, from those intended in the Bible. These now call for correction wherever they occur, either in public or family reading, which is a most undesirable and damaging process. The mode of transferring the proper names of the Hebrew of the Old Testament into the Greek of the New, and thence into English is decidedly infelicitous, inelegant, and confusing, especially to merely English readers. It were generally best that proper names should be transferred with as little change of form as may be, and in all cases that any name taken from the original should always be the same in the English version. The venerable name JEHOVAH should never be translated. It is in the highest and most exclusive sense a proper name, having no equivalent in any language.

It had long been conceded that a revision of our English Bible was very much needed before the work was taken in hand; but the difficulties in the way of its execution seemed to

be so formidable that nobody seemed willing to undertake it. Private individuals have made new versions, varying in value from second-class down to utter worthlessness. But to that course two insuperable objections stood opposed. First, no single individual could possibly make an adequate version of the whole book; and second, if such a work were so produced it would not be generally accepted; and any thing short of a very general consent in such a case would necessarily result in failure. The scheme was at length put into shape by the convocation of Canterbury—the most nearly representative body of English speaking Christendom—and the methods proposed were so liberal towards all classes of English Dissenters and the Scotch Presbyterians and the whole body of American Christians that it was heartily accepted and entered into by nearly every denomination. Even in Great Britain a large portion of the work has been entrusted to others than Churchmen, Presbyterians and Wesleyans in particular; and in this country the head of the working committee is a Presbyterian, with Baptists, Methodists, and many others for fellow-laborers. Some very high and exclusive Episcopalians have complained that they were not more especially consulted in the matter, and seem ready to fault the work in advance; and certain rationalists, or extreme "liberals," complain that the emendations are not likely to be sufficiently radical. These things, however, go to prove that a happy medium had been observed.

It is to be understood that the work now to be given to the Christian public is not a new Bible, nor indeed a new translation; but instead the old one of our fathers "translated out of the original tongues, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised." So nearly will it conform to the authorized version that we were personally told by one who has been a chief worker in its production that it might be read from the pulpit and the change not detected. And yet the corrections are neither few nor unimportant. It is also conceded that the status of doctrinal controversies will be but slightly affected by the change. That Papists and Protestants, Rationalists and Ritualists, Calvinists and Arminians, as such, will be neither gainers or losers by them. Slowly and stead-

lly it will probably grow into public favor, and become a book for scholars before it comes into general use. But beyond doubt it will be the English Bible of the future.

#### RELATIONS OF INFANTS TO THE GOSPEL.

THERE is good ground for the suspicion that among Methodist theologians the subject indicated at the head of this article is not altogether well understood. Expressions are sometimes heard, made both publicly and in private, and are also found in books and reviews and newspapers, that confirm this suspicion. Our older standards are indeed sufficiently explicit in their treatment of the subject, but our later teachers are not always in harmony with them, nor yet are they agreed among themselves.

The forty-eighth section of the Methodist Discipline (for 1876) declares, "We hold that all children by virtue of the unconditional benefits of the atonement are members of the Kingdom of God." This was inserted in the Discipline by the General Conference of 1856, and is without authority, except as it agrees with older doctrinal expressions, for the body that ordered it was forbidden to "establish any new standards or rules of doctrine." It is, however, generally accepted as a not infelicitous presentation of the generally received doctrine of the Church on that subject. But it does not effectually determine the questions in respect to which the discrepancies referred to are found to exist, since it does not define the scope and sense of the phrase "kingdom of God," nor indicate the conditions requisite for a place in that kingdom, and which are precisely the things that are at issue in the case. The moral condition "of the nature of every man that naturally is engendered of the offspring of Adam," and their consequent judicial relations, and how far the grace of the Gospel may have become practically effective in them,—all these are evaded in the words above quoted.

Some would say, we think well and wisely, that by virtue of the Father's gift of "the heathen," that is, all nations, to the Son, "for an inheritance," and because "Jesus Christ by the grace of God tasted death for every man," therefore all souls are his, and *ipso facto*, of his kingdom; not, indeed, by any regenerating process wrought within them; but

by the unconditional action of God's grace; and because baptism is the distinctive mark of those who are of that kingdom, as well as a sign of prospective and purposed regeneration, it is right that "the baptism of young children is to be retained in the Church."

Others, of late, have somewhat indefinitely intimated that all infants are in a state of actual regeneration, by virtue of which fact they are "of the kingdom of God," and that they are entitled to baptism because they are so regenerated. This novel doctrinal rendering may, indeed, be harmonized with the words quoted from the Discipline, though it is obviously not in agreement with the traditional teachings of Methodism.

The doctrine of "original sin" was very much insisted upon by the Methodist fathers, and they were accustomed to prove that doctrine (as well as by other methods) by the fact that sinful propensities are uniformly detected in very young children. But the whole force and pertinency of that argument depends on the assumption that those evil dispositions remain in all children till taken away by the regenerating power of the Spirit, in a consciously apprehended experience. Mr. Watson (see *Theological Institutes*, chapter xviii., vol. ii., pp. 57-9) discusses this whole subject with characteristic force and clearness, and reaches conclusions quite the opposite of those who plead for "infantile regeneration." Respecting the "free gift" which came upon all men through Christ, he remarks that its results can not be *immediate*, since there is found "a corrupt nature or spiritual death in all mankind." Children who grow up to adult age display sinful dispositions as soon as they can at all manifest their true characters; and he adds, quite pertinently, that "there is no more reason to conclude that they who die in infancy were born with a pure nature than they who live to manhood." "Infants are not, indeed, born *justified and regenerated*; and, therefore, to say that original sin is taken away, as to infants, by Christ, is not the correct view of the case; but they are born under the free gift which is bestowed on them in *order to justification of life*."

The force and fitness of this putting of the case depends largely on the correctness of the use of the three words "in order to," there given as the proper equivalent of the Greek

preposition *etc* (Romans v, 18,) rendered in our Bibles *unto*. The ultimate purpose of the "free gift" that has come upon all "men" (including, of course, infants) is "justification of life;" but whether that bestowment was designed to become *immediately* effective in the moral transformation of each soul, or whether it was a provision by which all men may be saved through subsequent processes of grace, may be an open question. Mr. Watson would say, "The 'free gift' is bestowed upon all men, *in order to justification of life*," as a provisional rather than an accomplished arrangement. By virtue of Christ's death the salvation of all men is made possible; but the practical effectuating of that work remains to be wrought out in each case by the ministration of the Holy Spirit. In adults we see the connecting condition—faith in the receptive subject; but by what process it is effected in those who die in infancy we are not told, nor are we really interested in the matter, since it is not our concern.

By the phrase "kingdom of God," is evidently to be understood all that became Christ's by the covenant gift of the Father and by the purchase of his sacrificial death, which clearly includes the whole human race. Every man, however great a sinner he may be, until cast out into hopeless perdition, is in a high and sacred sense "of the kingdom of God," and he is therefore under obligation to keep its laws and to render obedience to all its requirements, and he is also within the possibilities of its grace, which will be realized in answer to his faith. And as infants "are by the unconditional benefits of the atonement" of that kingdom if they die in their infancy, since they are *passively* involved in the curse of Adam's sin, so may they be *unconsciously* delivered by the grace of the second Adam. By this view of the whole case the absurd and unscriptural notion of "infantile regeneration" is avoided, while the most satisfactory assurance is afforded that they who die in infancy have in Christ an all-sufficient Savior.

This view of the case, and to our seeming it alone, presents a rational and Scriptural basis for the doctrine and practice of Infant Baptism. The primary design of that service is to designate its subjects as belonging to Christ. It is "a mark of difference whereby Christians

are distinguished from others," and separated from the outlying world, (which, though of right it belongs to Christ, is nevertheless in fact, Satan's kingdom), and formally initiated into the Church which is Christ's kingdom. And because all children rightfully belong to Christ, by virtue of the ratified covenant of redemption, Christ's ministers are called to recognize their relations to the Church and its glorified Head, and to set upon them the seal of their redemption, which, if they should die in infancy is at once realized; but which should they live to years of understanding must be made effectual through the obedience of faith.

The notion that baptism should be given only to "believers," and as signifying a new birth already effected, has never been received by the Church, either Patristic, Eastern, Roman Catholic, or Protestant, and it finds no support in the New Testament, nor among the apostolical fathers. It primarily signifies that those to whom it is given are conditionally entitled to the benefits of Christian atonement, and that the Church, in giving that sacrament accepts the recipient as an heir of grace, recognizing the mutual obligations of the several parties to the transaction. "It is also a sign of regeneration or the new birth," the spiritual quickening and purification of souls born in sin, by which they may be raised into newness of life, and saved "by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.

The Church's "Order of Baptism" implies throughout the above designated conceptions of the subject. The subject is recognized as one "conceived and born in sin," and needing to "be born of water and of the Spirit," in order that he may be formally brought into the kingdom of God; and prayer is offered that "all carnal affections may die in him," implying that they are not already destroyed. The unsuitableness of this service, in the case of adult converts is painfully manifest whenever brought into use. Our Church's Ritual, which is substantially an inheritance with our ecclesiastical ancestry, clearly implies that baptism is designed to precede the actual experience of that which it signifies, and that like its predecessor in the older covenant it is especially and eminently a pledge of grace yet to be revealed to and experienced by its subject.